

# SMITH'S

JUNE, 1917  
5 CENTS

MAGAZINE



E. COOLIDGE  
TRUDE PAHLOW  
ELIZABETH JORDAN  
ALMAN F. DAY  
FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT  
MELBA O'HAGAN  
MELBORN SHORT  
MELBORN JARBOE  
MELBORN HERRICK MYERS  
LILLIAN WHITNEY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
GERT PRESSLER

## **A Few of the Good Things Coming in the July Number of SMITH'S:**

### **"LOVE ME FOR MYSELF ALONE"**

A novelette by Francis Perry Elliott, author of "The Haunted Pajamas," "Pals First," etc. A story that will delight any one who loves Youth and Comedy.

### **THE MOTHER OF MIRANDA**

Kay Cleaver Strahan, author of the famous "Peggy-Mary" stories, contributes this sparkling tale of a young mother with an up-to-date daughter devoted to "The Cause."

### **THE GOLD ROD**

Dane Coolidge's unusual serial reaches its end with some remarkable final chapters.

### **BRINGING 'ROUND ARBUTUS**

Holman F. Day guides Cap'n Sproul through a characteristic adventure that is as funny as any he has had this year.

### **HER ADORABLE FIST**

A summer love story of a writer of advertisements, who is also a student of handwriting, told with delightful humor by Ralph Bergengren.

### **THE HOUSE OF LARRABEE**

A tense little drama by John Redhead Froome, Jr.

### **WHY DON'T YOU CHEER UP?**

The charming, bright story of a girl who had many burdens to bear, but who finally came to laugh at her sorrows.

### **ANNETTE KELLERMANN**

is the subject of Dr. Whitney's article for the Beauty Department, and it is well worth reading by every woman who desires grace and perfect physical development.

### **Other Interesting Features**

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**Get SMITH'S at the Nearest News Stand June 5th**



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Wedge Copper Mining Co., Suite A, Herz Building, Reno, Nev.

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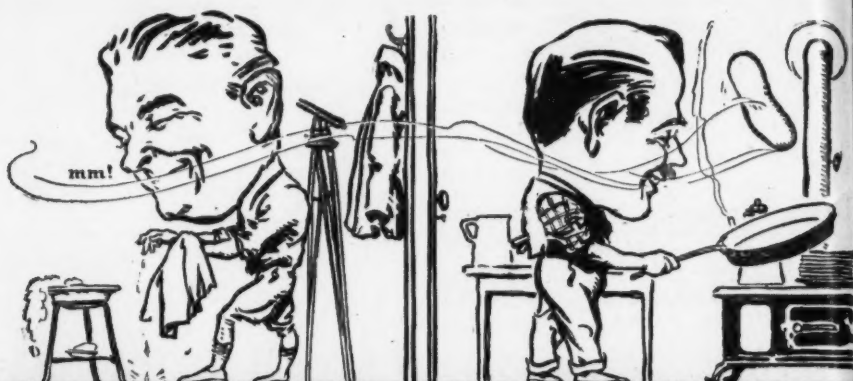
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**"Your Nose Knows"**

Quaranteed by  
*The American Tobacco Co.*





Vol. XXV

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

No. 3

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

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# City Physicians Explain Why They Prescribe Nuxated Iron to Make Beautiful, Healthy Women and Strong, Vigorous Men

NOW BEING USED BY OVER THREE MILLION PEOPLE ANNUALLY

Quickly transforms the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of weak, anaemic men and women into a perfect glow of health and beauty—Often increases the strength of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 100 per cent in two weeks' time.

IT is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually in this country alone are taking Nuxated Iron. Such astonishing results have been reported from its use both by doctors and laymen, that a number of physicians in various parts of the country have been asked to explain why they prescribe it so extensively, and why it apparently produces so much better results than were obtained from the old forms of inorganic iron.

Extracts from some of the letters received are given below:

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, says: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron."

Pallor means anaemia. Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale. The flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails and they often become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks. In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degenerated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste-pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked are responsible for another grave iron loss.

Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt.

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston Physician who has studied both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions says: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders."

"If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby save the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, gripple, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood."

Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with a blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was notwithstanding



F. King, M.D.



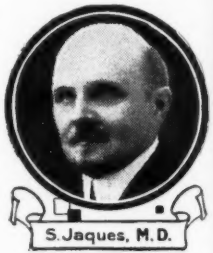
E. Sauer, M.D.

his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 40 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50, after taking Nuxated Iron a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth.

Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly-looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time, simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the arena; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine, nor a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy, in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent, or over in four weeks' time provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



S. Jaques, M.D.

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

Volume 25

JUNE, 1917

Number 3

## Old Fires *That* Smoulder

By Grace Margaret Gallaher

Author of "Peaceful Was the Night," "A Free Spirit," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. VAN BUREN

It is not often that a baffling mystery story is also one of a surpassing love and faith, full of charm and romance. This story has these qualities—perhaps because it all happened on the picturesque old Eastern Shore of Maryland, and then—it has been told by Miss Gallaher.

THE flame leaped in the rosin-soaked log, flinging a raveling of light across the bed, rouging the cheeks of the dying woman, kindling her eyes and flashing out sparks from the strange Oriental gems in her earrings. Propped high against the carved headboard, her wonderful hair coiled into a crown, her hands starred with jewels, she might have been some queen of Ind, clutching in her faltering grasp the scepter of glorious satrapies.

Anne, watching in the shadows, pitiful, yet unsorrowing, toiled in her mind to recall some generous act, some tender word, to her mother or to herself—poor clingers to her grace!—that might gild the black page of this woman's account with them.

"Alan!" An eager whisper from the bed.

"Right soon now, granny, he'll be here."

"Best be quick." The voice gained strength. "This old engine's runnin' down pow'ful fast."

The girl made a sound of pity.

"Oh, you-all will put the old woman

underground mighty soon—thankin' God for it," she croaked. "But don't you fool yourselves—you aren't rid of me like that. I'll torment you-all yet!"

A frightful malignity warped her face; her lean fingers threatened like specters. Anne held a stimulant to her lips.

"Poor granny!" beating back her repulsion.

The old woman dozed again and made no sign that she heard. The nurse entered.

"I'll stay. You rest yourself a while, Miss Anne."

The girl went down the stairs, dim in the night light, through the dark parlor into the library, which lamps and a fire made cheerful. The room was long and high, the whole west wing of the house, and set out with old carved furniture. Old portraits hung on the walls; books lined their sides; old silver, bronze, and glass stood on the tables; a great silver bowl was full of perfume-breathing roses. But a room wins its soul from the soul of its mistress, and in this one lurked something

fiere and sinister that caught at Anne's throat as she crossed the threshold.

"How this crazy old house does shake! Some day 'twill blow straight out to sea."

She straightened a picture, swung out of line by the November gale, and steadied a table. The hearth looked comforting; she sat down on it close to the blaze.

"This wicked old room!" in the habit of lonely folk to talk to themselves. "There at the window they found Tench Trimloe's body, when his brother shot him, in 1803, and that's the chair Randolph Trimloe died in, cursin' his runaway daughter. Oh, we-all are a horrible family! The East'e'n Sho's right lucky to see the last of us. I wonder was she ever good and sweet?"

She raised her eyes to a painting over the mantel, whose wide canvas and heavy gold frame covered all the chimney space. It represented a young girl in white, flowers in her hands, standing at the head of a flight of stairs. The girl was beautiful and brave, and her impetuous eyes challenged Anne's as if to a duel.

"Mighty lovely, granny," the granddaughter told the painted face, "and mighty hard, even 'way back then."

The eyes mocked, the smile scorned, the flower-twined fingers threatened, "I'll torment you-all yet!"

Springing to her feet, Anne fled across the house into the homely, comfortable kitchen, crying, "Oh, Aunt Meriky!" and flung herself into the arms of a mountain of a black woman.

"My Lawd Gawd A'mighty!" ejaculated the negress piously. "Yo' seed a ha'nt?"

"It's pow'ful lonesome yere, aunty!" her face buried in the blue gingham bosom.

"Lawzy, honey bird, I got somethin' right yere for to cure dat. Hol' up yo' pretty haid an' look 'bout yo'."

Anne faced the brilliant smile and blazing blue eyes of a tall young fellow. "Nanny!"

He caught her in his arms and kissed her, regardless of her protesting cry:

"Jimmy Trimloe! Where ever did you come from?"

"Australia, Africa—and some more," casually. "Aunty, fetch out some of your good things for a man that's plumb starved."

"Ain't he de same ol' lamb?" rejoiced Aunt Meriky.

"You pore little trick!" He seated himself at the table. "You live all 'lone in this caravansary with that old—with granny?"

"Why, Jim, you Rip Van Winkle, I haven't lived yere since I lost mother, six years ago!"

She seated herself at the other end of the table, opposite her cousin.

"Where the deuce do you live, then?"

"I'm in an office up 'mong the Yankees."

"How'd gran let you go?"

"She set such store by me!" Her lingering voice cut into irony. "I was eighteen. I packed my little old trunk and went."

"That's you! Did you try my grape-vine route?"

They both laughed like children.

"I didn't have any one to hold the candle for me. Beside, I was of age, sah!"

"That's eleven years ago. I'm twenty-eight now, and you're twenty-four." He mused a while. "Makin' money, Nan?"

"Fifteen per—that's board and lodgin' and sometimes a new hat."

"Granny supplies the fun?"

"Granny! Don't talk foolishness!"

"You pore little friendless, ignorant girl, however did you get a-goin' up No'th?"

Suddenly Anne laughed, and all her shy little charms ran out and danced—



Ann faced the brilliant smile and blazing blue eyes of a tall young fellow.

her dimples, her quick color, her tender and appealing glance.

"Oh, I'm not without resources."

Jim Trimloe took her in discriminat-  
ingly.

"You bet you're not!"

"How 'bout you, Jimmy? How come you yere now? You couldn't know granny was sick. The nurse just sent me word yesterday."

"It's right queer." Then abruptly, "I reckon the old lady has barrels of coin, eh?"

"I don't know." It was abhorrent to count up the gains while that poor creature upstairs lay dying.

"Oh, mah Lawdy, yes, sah!" Aunt Meriky took a hand, with the familiarity of the old darky servant. "Ol' miss, she just nat'rally rolls in riches, she do."

"My grandfather left her everything he had. It was a big fortune for those days. Then your grandfather invested it smartly for her. It's been growin' sky-high all these years. I reckon it's close on two millions. It's queer, I say. I hike all the way from Africa to the East'n Sho' to smite the rock—otherwise granny's heart—for ten thousand or so, and fall kerplunk into half a million."

"Are you—pore?" anxiously.

"Footed it all the way from Africa to Maryland," with an unconcerned laugh. "And my debts! Holy Christopher!"

Anne stood up.

"Come see granny."

"What's the matter with to-morrow mawnin'? I've come clear down the bay this rough night."

"Listen, Jim—it's just hours. Say a word to her and then you can go to bed."

She led him through the twilight house, her hand tight in his, her big, lawless, brave cousin, back out of the years and the leagues!

The sick woman's eyes flew open at the man's step.

"Alan?"

"No, granny. It's Jim," drawing him to the bed.

"What's he come for? Money?" in icy scorn.

"To see you before——"

"The worms get me?" She pushed a lean hand against his breast. "You think you're finely rid of the old plague, you and Redgate and Anne, yere, and you-all are ready to parade around in your new fortune." Her voice was a mere gasp. "But I tell you, it's not to be such smooth sailin'! I'll reach a hand out of the grave! I'll torment you yet!"

This horrible threat, twice uttered, stunned Anne. She sank on to her knees, her face hidden in the bed, shuddering.

Jim stood tranquil, inscrutable, watching anger and spite and all the poor, brief emotions of humanity fade out, brushed away by one touch from the wing of Eternity.

"Have you sent for a priest?" he asked the nurse.

"He has to come up the bay. He can't get here till midnight."

He touched the kneeling girl, who stumbled out after him.

"Mammy's fixed your old room for you."

"Hi, mammy!" he hailed a little squirrel of a woman, seen through an open door.

Anne slipped down to the kitchen.

"Aunt Meriky, you were raised right yere 'long with granny. What-all is it makes her hate us-all so, exceptin' just Alan? Jim and Red are her own blood kin."

The old woman stirred the fire as if it were the ashes of a great remembrance.

"Yes, yes, honey chil', I's growed up yere, an' ol' miss an' me, we's foster sisters. Yo' granny was de han'somest an' de likel'est gal on dis yere whole East'n Sho'. Miss Henrietta Tench—that's yo' granny, chil'—was a-gwine to marry Marse Talbot Moale——"

"Why, she did marry him, for her second husband!"

"Don't yo' be so peart, a-jumpin' into mah story befo' I's begun it! Ol' Marse Tench, he wouldn't 'low he onliest gal to marry no pore man, so he broke it off, an' he flaxed roun' till he found Marse Colonel James Trimloe, a mighty rich an' proud gent'man, an' he married Miss Henrietta to him."

"How did granny ever let him?" She thought of the iron-fisted woman who had ruled her childhood. "Wasn't granny of a legal age to marry whoever she liked?"

"Lor' sakes, hon," the old woman told her tolerantly, "yo' nebber knowed ol' Marse Tench. He didn't care for no *legals*. So Miss Henrietta, she married Marse Colonel Trimloe, an', oh, my king, de dance he led dat pore gal, a-cussin' an' a-swearin' an' a-ravin' nigh all de time! He'd raise he han' to he wife like she was he houn' dawg."

"Not strike granny!"

The old woman nodded till her turban bobbed.

"He was de debbil's own chil', an' he acted mo' an' mo' outrageous scan-



dalsome all de time. An' so," as a natural sequitur, "yo' granny jest nat'rally hated he two sons, pore little Marse James an' Marse Redgate, an' when dey was married an' had each a li'l boy ob der own—Marse Jimmy an' Marse Redgate—ob co'se she hated 'em right much, too."

"But they were *innocent!*" cried Anne distressfully. "And her own blood kin!"

"One mawnin' Marse Colonel James, he took one ob he tantrums, an' he roar an' he ramp at Miss Henrietta, an' he fall down daid—so!" She thudded her hand on the table. "Miss Henrietta, she mou'n in her clo's an' she keep shet up mighty tight. But by 'm by 'long come Marse Tal Moals again, an' she begun to perk up some."

"My grandpaw," murmured the girl.

"Marse Tal, he'd married a mighty fine lady ovah on de othah sho', but she was daid, an' he brung home a pore li'l pindlin' baby chil'—yo' maw. He began a-courtin' Miss Henrietta all ovah again, an' by 'm by dey married, an' he brung up de two li'l boys ob Marse Colonel Trimloe, an' she brung up de li'l gal ob Marse Tal's first wife."

"Oh, pore mother!"

"Don't yo' grieve no mo' fo' her, mah sugah lamb. All de troubles ob life is ovah fo' her." The old woman's rich voice was infinitely tender.

"I forgave granny long ago," gently.

"Yo' granny, ob co'se, despised yo' mammy," Aunt Meriky went on in a matter-of-fact tone, as if the cruelties of such feuds were everyday affairs.

"By 'm by, yo' maw was married, an' Marse James an' Marse Redgate, dey was married. But 'long befo' dat time, Miss Henrietta an' Marse Tal, dey had a son deyselves, an', oh, mah chahiot ob glory, how she done favoh him! She pet him an' she kiss him an' she pomper him up. Yo' see, he was her son an' Marse Tal's son."

"Yes, I see."

"Dey's all gone—Marse Redgate, Marse James, ol' Marse Talbot, an' li'l Marse Tal, an' pore Missy Anne, but dey's lef' li'l Marse Jim an' li'l Marse Red an' li'l Miss Anne an' li'l Marse Alan, what is yo' cousin an' Marse James an' Marse Red's cousin."

"And we all detest Alan," Anne murmured under her breath. "It's a right sorrowful old story, aunty. I reckon I sort o' knew it myself, some of it. Keep the fire up for Father Meade. Good night, you nice old thing!" She clasped the old woman in a quick hug.

On her way to her room, she stopped in the library to see whether lights and fire were burning. She leaned against the mantel, dreaming sadly of "old, unhappy, far-off things."

What a mixed-up family hers was, and how bitter the brew thus stirred together! She spread out the facts in her mind as if she were laying down a hand of cards. There were the two sons of the first marriage to Colonel Trimloe—Redgate and James—each of whom she had always called "uncle," although, of course, they had been no kin at all to her. She remembered them well—big, hot-tempered men whose farms had been only a few miles away. They had both been drowned in a terrible storm on the bay; she shivered at her child's memory of that night. Uncle Jim's wife had died that same year, and Uncle Red's the next. That was why Jim and Red had come to be raised here at granny's. What glorious days she had lived with them, escaping, by an inch, drowning, shooting, breaking her neck—all the perils linked to a devotion to boys crazy with youth and courage! She laughed to herself as some of her adventures flocked into her mind.

"Granny was as mean to Red and Jim as she knew, but even she couldn't rule 'em," in swift triumph. "And all just because she didn't love her first husband, their grandpaw!"

Jim, when only a boy, had run away from "the narrow things of home," carrying twenty dollars and a box of chocolates in his pocket as a starter in life. He had wandered all over the world since. Anne's knowledge of him had been gained from a few meager letters, bearing outlandish postage stamps, and she had heard nothing from him in nearly two years now. It was like Jim to walk in upon her as if he'd just been across the bay fishing.

Redgate, a staid fellow, had endured his grandmother's tyranny till he was twenty-one, had taken the miserly sum she had offered him, and had gone farther south, to enter business with his mother's people. He had never been back to the farm.

Next, Anne's mind dwelt upon Alan, the adored grandson of an adored son, her own kin and kin also to Red and Jim. She remembered his father, Uncle Talbot, as a brave man, his mother as a right sweet woman, yet what a sour little rag of a fellow he had been, afraid of fighting the boys, bullying her behind their backs! Talbot Moale had lived on the farm always, managing it for his mother. At his death, which had happened young, his wife and son had stayed on, although Alan had been no manner of use. At the earliest moment, Alan had wrung from his grandmother every possible penny and, careless of her age and loneliness, gone to the city, taking his mother with him. He paid Madam Moale a visit whenever he needed money.

Anne pictured to herself her own mother in that household—like herself the one little girl with three big boys. In spite of Madam Moale's hatred of her stepdaughter, the child could not have been altogether unhappy, for she had been so dear a creature that every one had loved her.

"Mother always told me grandpaw and Uncle Red and Uncle Jim and

Uncle Tal were mighty good to her," the daughter comforted herself, her eyes on a low chair by the window where her mother had used to sew.

Anne Moale had married young and gone away. After a few years, she had returned with her baby, her husband dead, her money gone, her heart broken. The brothers had died, and the little sister had been left to the mercy of the stepmother. Too frail to support herself and her baby, she had "bowed her neck in the hungry time for bread." Anne could remember hearing her mother whisper to herself in the night:

"How salt his bread,  
How slow he fares,  
Whose weary tread  
Is up and down another's stairs!"

When that tired mother had been at last at peace, Anne had steeled her courage for the great adventure, to earn her own living.

"You haven't pluck enough to earn money, Miss Anne!" Madam Moale had jeered. "You'll starve!"

Her mother's sorrows had burned in Anne's hot eyes.

"I'd rather!"

Yet, for all that parting, at the news of her grandmother's illness, Anne had raced down from the North, her heart full of pity for the old woman dying all alone.

"She hasn't a friend on the whole East'n Sho'," the girl murmured, as the old house called up long-ago quarrels, forgotten feuds. "What a pore, hopeless way she lived!"

Was it the portrait over the mantel that stared till her flesh crept on her bones? She raised her eyes and caught one flicker of a face pressed against the pane. A Southern girl, born to impulse and to courage, she flung open the long French window and stepped out into the night.

"Evenin', Miss Anne."

The mild voice and her own name calmed her.

"Come in out of the rain."

"I'm pow'ful wet," the soft drawl went on. "I just stepped ovah as I was gwine pas' in mah li'l boat, to ask aftah Miss Henrietta—how she's a-makin' it through. I'm Cap'n Miller—Clayborne Miller from up beyond a piece."

He was a big man, with a beard and startlingly large blue eyes, like a child's. There were few of the signs of age upon him—his beard was brown, his shoulders erect; yet, in some subtle inner way, the whole man drooped toward decrepitude.

"Yo' ain't heard Miss Henrietta—yo' grandmaw—speak o' mah Great Meadows Fahm, have yo'?"

"Why, no," wonderingly. "The Great Meadows Fahm belongs to granny. She—"

"It's mine, that fahm is—every acre of it!" Fury like a wave of the sea swept over him, drowning out all his gentle hesitations. "She's bound in honor an' justice to will it to me!"

"Deed, granny will do the right thing about it," Anne soothed him, wishing she could trust her own words.

His mildness swept back like one wave following another.

"Yes indeed, miss. I don't reckon I'd better stay yere no longer, drippin' rain ovah all yo' things. I'll bid you good night." He seemed to melt into the darkness.

In the upper hall, Anne found Jim and drew him into her room.

"Listen—you ever heard of Captain Clayborne Miller?"

"Of course I have. He's an old sea captain yere. Why?"

Jim studied the pattern in the rug while she told him; then plunged the query at her: "You ever hear much about my Grandpaw Trimloe?"

"He was a mighty outrageous-tem-

pered man, and granny never loved him."

"Captain Clay's the chief reason, Anne. His mother was the beautiful daughter of grandpaw's overseer. She married Clay Miller and died when her son was bawn. Grandpaw gave her husband a good many thousand dollars, I reckon. This fellow's about the age of my father. He went long voyages to sea. That's why you didn't meet him when you were a child. He got hurt on shipboard, and he's been sort of simple ever since."

"What did he mean by the Great Meadows Fahm bein' his?"

"Grandpaw left it to him in some sort of a paper—I never saw it—and forgot to sign it, and granny wouldn't let go of it."

"Jim"—Anne struck her hand passionately against the door—"is there any more wickedness this family can do?"

Jim shrugged.

"Your kin's all right, dear. It's the Trimloes that kick the beam."

"Did she ever really love anybody in her whole life?"

"*Your* grandpaw and Alan."

"Alan!" with deep scorn. "Do you know what he is like?"

"I used to."

"I work in the office of the man who was his partner. Alan cheated him, ruined him—now he blackens his name."

"I guess likely."

"He drinks—I've never seen him really sober—and gambles and cheats, and his pore wife—"

"Married, is he? Got children? I've lost track of all my kin, off there in the East."

"No children. He married Charlotte Hillen, from Harford County, a sweet little thing till he terrified her so she's just a mindless dolly. He's got thousands out of granny. Why,



She raised her eyes and caught one flicker of a face pressed against the pane.

the day I came, she had me read her a letter beggin' for money."

"He was a hound from the beginnin'—kicked his dogs and leathered his horses and bullied the servants. Can't you see him when we were kids?"

"Yes—and you and Redgate thrashin' him and he whinin' to granny."

"And she takin' it out of our hides for it and maltreatin' you, too——"

"There's the priest now!" She turned downstairs.

"If ever a woman needed confession, granny's that woman," Jim muttered, as he followed.

The dying woman made her confession and took the viaticum in a daze from which she did not rouse at dawn, when Redgate Trimloe reached the house. At sunrise, Alan, too, arrived. When his name was said into her ear over and over, she did lift to a spark of fire, kissed him, spoke his name and took his hand, then dropped asleep again. An hour later, still holding his hand, she slipped away into the sleep everlasting.

The next three days were filled with the hurrying activity that follows death in a remote place. Anne had to plan and direct everything, to arrange all details of the funeral, to notify kin and friends—the dead woman had few of the latter—living miles away, to keep the house going with

servants who wished to give up all work to abandon themselves wholly to clamorous grief, for, as Uncle Oliver, the butler, expressed it:

"Ah feel dislikeful to dese yere labors; when ah mou'ns, ah mou'ns."

She had no time to talk to either Redgate or Jim about their lives since she had seen them, or to tell them of her own experiences earning her living; still less had she leisure to listen to Charlotte, Alan's wife, complain of her husband's money troubles, or to answer Alan's questions about the value of various family treasures.

She flew from room to room, from house to stables, Redgate and Jim eager to help her, but unable to get hold of the old life enough to be really useful. She was so tired that she went through the funeral, with its heart-touching services and long drive to the graveyard, in a daze, her brain whirling over the old words, as she listened to the storm splashing the carriage windows, "Blessed are the dead the rain rains on."

The night after the day of the funeral, all Madam Moale's near kin sat in the library, waiting for Lawyer Pote to read the will. There were only the four grandchildren—Redgate and James Trimloe, Anne Moale Carrington, and Alan Moale—and Alan's wife, Charlotte. The room was still and somber; the people constrained and restless.

Anne studied each one with a musingscrutiny. Redgate was the handsomest—a tall, regular-featured young man, with kind eyes and a grave smile. Next him was Jim, every line of face and figure strong and bold and hard; Charlotte, on the couch, tremulous and fluttering and weakly pretty, a woman without significance of any kind; and Alan. The mark of the beast was on him, haggard, white, the ashes of a man burned out by sin and strain. She read in his weary eyes and trembling hands the pages of his life that she had seen written and many others that her innocence could not decipher. He reddened slowly under her gaze.

"This old East'n Sho' isn't the Holy Land it used to be," he began nervously. "Once upon a time, you could hang your diamond necklace on a fence and find it there when you came back. Doctor told me to-day a regular New York gang had been workin' up in Talbot. Robbed Colonel Green of every cent and all the silver he had in the house."

"When?" Anne asked politely, al-

though she felt no real interest in any of those things to-night.

"Last week. And Old Lady Howe's house was entered last night, but the dogs got them goin'."

"This house is mighty lonesome. It must be miles from anybody," Charlotte quivered out from her corner.

"It's only a mile," Alan shot over his shoulder at her roughly.

"Three white men and two black ones in the house ought to make us tolerably safe," Redgate suggested sarcastically.

"A dozen men wouldn't secure us against professionals," Alan insisted. "Anne, did granny keep her jewels in the house?"

"All of them, loose in her dresser drawers, and rolls of bills, too."

"It's not safe!" Alan protested.

Jim left the room, Anne fancied in disgust.

"I used to own an old bulldog pistol. I reckon I'll hunt it up." Alan, also, went out.

"Anne," Redgate began at once, "you need granny's money right much?"

"Fifteen per, Red, is all I got in the world." Neither one heeded Charlotte.

"The money means success to me. I've put all I got in a big thing. If I can brace it up with twenty or thirty thousand more, I'm a made man; if I can't, I stand to lose every cent."

"Alan needs help, too," Charlotte thrust in. "He's got all tangled up in some sort of trouble."

"Every one of us thinkin' money, money—poor granny's money," Anne laughed sadly.

Alan came in.

"Can't find the old shootin' iron," he remarked. "Red and Jim and I used to fire it at a target."

"This is my pal." Jim held in his hand a variety of weapon known in the army as "a young cannon," a huge Colt's automatic.

Charlotte cried out feebly; Anne reached for it.

"Hi, my king!" Aunt Meriky's favorite oath. "Let's see it."

"You always could tote a gun, Anne," Jim laughed. "'Member how I taught you to shoot?"

Anne examined the weapon wisely.

"This is a right live cocker, Jimmy."

"Where I come from, a man can't afford much time to crank up his gun."

"Who's that?" Anne swung on a pivot toward the long window.

"Don't shoot. It's Lawyer Pote." Redgate opened the window.

But instead of the lawyer's neat, formal person, a big, loose figure in a slicker loomed into the light.

"It's just me." The man smiled in uneasy excuse. "I reckoned likely now you'd found out somethin' particular 'bout my Great Meadows Fahm." His voice died out in a murmur.

"Why, it's Cap'n Miller!" cried Anne, drawing away. There was something not quite canny in this man, who crept up to windows like a shadow.

"Hello, cap'n."

Jim gave him his hand, and, after an instant, so did Redgate. Alan stared at him loweringly, his hands in his pockets.

"We none of us know anythin' about my grandmother's property," he said curtly. "The will hasn't been read yet."

"Won't you come in out of the rain?" Redgate hurried to cover up Alan's speech.

"Sit down yere." Jim drew him unresisting toward a chair. "Lawyer Pote's comin' right soon with granny's will. You stay listen to it."

A sound from Alan swung Jim around upon him.

"He's goin' to hear what's done with my grandfather's property!" in a low challenge.

Alan shrugged.

"Have it any way you like," and he sat down apart from the others.

Cap'n Clay drew off his slicker and held it awkwardly from him. Anne laid the pistol on the mantel and went to him quickly.

"I'll hang it up for you in the saddle room," with a gesture toward the door.

The stranger found a chair deep in the shadows, Jim took one next to him with defiance, and Anne, in a queer partisanship, seated herself on his other side. No one spoke. The relief was great when Uncle Oliver opened the door from the parlor to announce:

"Lawyer Pote done come."

The lawyer, long a friend of the family, set about his task at once.

"First, I should like to say that the terms of the will I am about to read are exceedingly distasteful to me. I regard them as unjust. I labored with the late Henrietta Moale to execute another document. She refused steadily. I am bound to say I regard her as of sound mind. Second, by the will of the first husband and also of the second husband of the testator, all property, real or personal, belonged to her."

He paused a moment where he stood, according to the ceremonious old custom in which he had been bred for such occasions, and looked sadly at the intent faces before him. He had read so many wills; he had seen such disappointments. Then he began to read clearly, slowly.

The will began with legacies to old servants, to the church, and to two or three friends. The lawyer's unstressful voice read on:

"I bequeath the farm called the Great Meadows to my grandson, Alan Moale."

A furious cry burst from Captain Clay Miller:

"That's mine by right!"

"The Trimloe Estate—land, house, and barns, all outbuildings, all stock—I bequeath to my two grandsons in equal share, Redgate Trimloe and James Trimloe, with the proviso that



they pay both first and second mortgages upon the property within two years. I further bequeath to them the sum of one thousand dollars apiece. I bequeath to my stepgranddaughter, Anne Moale Carrington, the sum of one thousand dollars. I bequeath all my other property, real and personal, including the contents of the house upon the Trimloe Estate, to my grandson, Alan Moale, to have in use during his lifetime. I desire said property, at the death of Alan Moale, to pass to the heirs legal of his body. If said Alan Moale die without legal offspring, I desire all my property, of whatever kind, to be divided between my two grandsons, James Trimloe and Redgate Trimloe."

No one spoke. Even Alan could not rejoice in such an overwhelming ruin of his cousins.

Lawyer Pote filled in the silence by an offer to go over the affairs of the estate with the heirs at any time they might wish to appoint. Alan thanked him confusedly; Redgate shook his hand and murmured something; Jim stood perfectly quiet, his eyes on the floor, his face queerly white. Cap'n Clay Miller stole up close to him in his noiseless way, his eyes aflame.

"She was a——" The last word fell away in a soundless whisper. He was at the window, then gone.

Jim gave a great start, stared after the captain wildly, then bolted from the room. Alan, too, slipped away, Charlotte covering his retreat with some murmured excuse. Anne pulled up on her courage.

"Lawyer Pote"—the slim hand she gave him was cold—"you're right good. Thank you, sah."

"It's an iniquitous will!" The man of law looked down at the young, soft face in angry pity.

"You must have supper now and spend the night."

"Thank you, Anne. I dined at Sister

Mary Gertrude's, and I promised to be back there for the night. It's only a couple of miles on."

Redgate helped the lawyer mount, while Anne held the lamp on the driveway. Then Redgate bade her a vague good night and hurried upstairs.

"Poor boy!" The girl watched him through the twilight hall. "He's goin' up to help Jim. They always thought pow'ful much of each other. Uncle Oliver!" calling into the house.

"Yes, miss." The old man shuffled forward in the shadows.

"Put out the lights. We-all are goin' to bed. I'll close the library."

She blew out the lamps, then stood a moment in the high room. The rain droned in the eaves; the fire flashed on the wall; the picture over the mantel came alive, the beautiful face flamed, the lips taunted:

"I'll torment you-all yet!"

Anne ran like a hare through library, parlor, and hall, up to her own room.

The next morning the rain dwindled away; a valiant sun fought with the sword of the wind to beat back the clouds, a wind that raged with winter's might. Anne, sickened with the evil old house, reeking now with the triumph of one man, the ruin of two others, flung on her coat and hat to go out as soon as the first gleam shone.

"Yo' sho'ly ain't projectin' gwine out in dey li'l' boots an' dat good frock, honey lamb?" Mammy met her at the door of her room.

"All I got, mammy."

"Yo' li'l' rubbah boots an' yo' ol' slickah am a-hangin' right down in de saddle room, jest de same place whar yo' done lef' 'em."

Childish memories infolded Anne like the garment itself, as she slid into the slicker. How proud she had been when Jim had given her his old one! How snug in it she had gripped the tiller of the boys' sloop, or lain out on

the bowsprit to reef jib, while the bay slopped in buckets of water over the lee rail!

"I've shore growed up to dis yere," she mimicked mammy as she buttoned her tall slimness into it. "What's this in the pocket?"

Her eyes actually filled with tears as she pulled out an agate marble, trophy of Jim's, or even her own, powers at alley tows. The gay colors were like her hopes in those days of a fairy future. All the hardships of childhood were forgotten; past years were rain-bow-hued.

Accoutered for the storm, she trudged along familiar lawns and across well-loved fields. Pity for Redgate and Jim's wrecked chances had been all her thought; now her own affairs jostled and shouted for sympathy.

"A thousand dollars is somethin' wonderful at interest!" She laughed ironically. "It'll let a little stenographer at fifteen per live like a fightin' cock. And my Grandpaw Moale helped granny double and thribble her money, she always said. Why, there're the boys!"

This was her first view of her cousins that morning, as they had breakfasted before her.

She waved across the fields and hurried to reach them.

"You pore boys!" thrusting an eager hand into an arm of each. It was her first word of sympathy since the reading of the will.

"It's—unjust." Redgate swallowed the oath.

Jim swore like a trooper, ending with: "And it's an outrage on you, too, you pore li'l chil'!" holding her hand hard in both his.

Anne leaned her face against his arm. In another minute she would be sobbing; she caught hold of her will.

"Look! That cloud sure does mean

rain. Let's run for the Meadows Fahm barn."

The old barn was warm and dim, and smelled of summer fields humming with bees. Anne sat down on a stanchion, Redgate seated himself beside her, and Jim paced up and down the barn floor.

"At least you've got the Trimloe Estate," Anne sought to comfort them.

"She couldn't leave that to a Moale," Redgate answered. "That's been in the Trimloe family two hundred years."

"Mortgaged for all the value," countered Jim bitterly. "It takes all the year's profit to pay interest on it."

"If she was worth over a million, why did she mortgage it?" wondered Anne.

"To spoil our inheritance for us," Jim flung over his shoulder passionately.

"Won't Alan do anythin' for you?"

"He!" scorned both the cousins.

"Listen, boys—you must ask him, 'deed you must! He can't want to profit by his grandmother's wicked, cruel vengeance on two innocent people!"

As if by enchantment, the door opened to let in Alan, seeking shelter like themselves. He had been drinking, and he peered doubtfully into the shadowy depths.

"Who's yere?"

Anne ran to him impulsively.

"Alan!" He was her kin; the same honorable blood flowed in his veins; surely he would do right. "Jim and Red are your own kin. They've been shamefully treated. You'll make it up to them, won't you?"

Redgate swallowed over something big.

"Old man," he said with difficulty, "if you'll share up on some of this with us, it'll keep Jim and me from goin' under."

Alan blinked his hot eyes at them.

"I don't have the right to share, as

you call it. I have only the use of granny's money till I die. Then you fellows get in on it." He laughed, for he was younger than either.

"The interest on nigh two millions is a right smart sum of money," Redgate explained, still patient.

"If granny had wanted you to have it, she'd have willed it to you."

"Don't talk foolishness," Jim broke in roughly. "She hated Red and me, but you needn't."

"Oh, no, I've always loved you." He leered around at Anne.

"I don't ask you in the name of affection, but of justice." Jim held himself in curb. "That money belonged to my Grandfather Trimloe."

"And a fine specimen of a gentleman he was!" jeered Alan.

"He expected granny to leave it to his sons and grandsons," Anne broke in.

"He ought to have put it down, then, in good, legal language."

"Listen, Alan! 'Deed you can't refuse your own blood kin!" Anne begged.

"Listen, Anne! 'Deed I can! There's a way out for you fellows." He laughed again unpleasantly. "Just tap me on the head with that lump at the end of your arm, Jim, and the whole boodle's yours."

"I could kill you, and easy, you pore weakling!" The "lump" of a fist squared solidly.

"Had practice in Africa, eh? Niggers only, I reckon."

Jim leaped upon him, powerful, dangerous. Alan went to the floor. Anne leaped, too, and her arms clasped Jim with all their strength.

"Don't, Jim! He's not worth it."

Redgate pulled Alan to his feet.

"We can't kill you," he assured him coldly, "although Jim and I wouldn't weep if you should leave this world right soon by some means or other."

Alan's pale face was poisonously inflamed.

"I'd see you all rot in a ditch before I'd give a cent of my money to save you, Redgate Trimloe, and you, great hulking brute, Jim, and Anne, you fire cat!"

He jerked open the barn door and started out unsteadily into the rain. Anne caught her breath sobbingly, her face hidden in Jim's shoulder. She could hear his heart slugging against his chest and feel his arms grip her savagely. She twisted around in his hold, and the faces she saw terrified her.

"Dear boys," she implored, "don't take it like this! I know you can make it through somehow. You-all go see Lawyer Pote in the maw'nin' and talk it over with him. Let's drop that hateful old Adam and pretend like we were little tricks out yere in the old barn. Don't you mind how Mose and Uncle Oliver put us up a mighty big swing right yere, and we did circus stunts on it?"

For the sake of her trembling lips and appealing eyes, the men lent themselves to that game ever dear to women—"let's pretend" things are not as bad as they seem.

When they went back to the house, however, grim night settled upon them. At dinner the two women were the only talkers. After it Jim and Redgate went at once to the former's room; Alan piled the library table with accounts and settled into them; and Charlotte sat like an unhappy image staring into the fire.

Anne tried to talk till Alan's frowns silenced her; tried to embroider till Charlotte's eyes fidgeted her; tried to read till her own worries crawled over the page. The tall clock at the head of the stairs sang the hour chimes.

"Nine!" She almost shouted with joy. "I'm off to bed. Good night, folkses!"

Up in her own room, she did not

undress for a long time, packing her bag for the morning's journey North, writing some letters, gazing out over the wind-swept, moon-drenched lawn, with the bay gleaming at the end of it. She heard Redgate open Jim's door and say gloomily:

"Good night, old sport."

"Dear boys!" she murmured. "They're goin' to ask what-all they *can* do in the mawnin'."

The next minute Charlotte's voice called:

"Good night, Redgate."

Then she tapped at Anne's door, and pushed it open.

"Anne dear, it's eleven o'clock."

Sure enough, the chimes rang out that hour.

"Oh, I'll be good." Anne hastily dropped her clothes, blew out her light, and jumped into bed.

But she could not sleep. The wind moaned in the chimney, galloped on the roof, hammered at the windows, and banged at the doors. The old house plunged like a ship at sea.

"I can't stand my door!"

She ran to the loose-boned old thing and propped it wide open with a heavy stool. She could see out into the lighted hall, while her own room was entirely dark.

"Now I *will* go to sleep."

Sheep over a wall, ships on the sea, stones in a well—she counted them all. At last she slept and dreamed, ugly, frightening dreams. Some high, sharp sound rang in them and a cry, faint, yet wild.

Anne sat up in bed, trembling.

"Did I hear that, or was it just my dream?"

She listened, with every nerve stretched taut and the blood pounding in her ears. The gale crashed on every side—nothing else. The clock outside her door sang the half chime.

"That's half past somethin', but what? I don't reckon I heard any

truly cry. 'Twas just in my dreams," reason told her.

But Anne was a Southern girl, with the swift act in her blood. Out of bed she sprang, into her wrapper and slippers, and downstairs as straight toward the library as if the dream cry were still sounding from that quiet room. The west parlor was dim and empty; the library showed light under the door.

"Alan's up yet," she thought as she opened the door of that room.

A puff of smoke, a spurt of flame—the fire beast exultant in its lawless freedom. She saw in a glance that the hearth rug was ablaze and the carved wooden sides to the fireplace, and that Alan sat quietly in the armchair by the table, where she had seen him last, his back to the door. A lamp at his side lighted all the room. She ran to him, her hand on his shoulder.

"Alan!" quick and low. "Wake up!"

His head sagged forward; he seemed to crumble down into his cushions, but still his hands gripped the arms of the chair. Her own hand was wet and red. She bent over him. His white shirt was red; a pool of red spread over his knees; spatters of it dripped on the floor.

"Alan!" in a whisper now. "Wake up!"

She shook him tremulously. His mouth opened as if in a kind of horrible, dumb speech. His hands dropped away, flaccid, from their hold. The girl stared from him to the fire in an attempt to measure distance. Alan was halfway across the room, but an acrid smoke began to rise from some varnish, a snake of fire glided toward his chair.

She pulled the chair from under him, so that he slid to the floor. She took him under the shoulders and dragged him, long and limp, out of the library, through the west parlor, into the hall. Even in the horror of it, she was wildly



"It's just me." The man smiled in uneasy excuse. "I reckoned likely now you'd found out somethin' particular 'bout my Great Meadows Fahm."

aware that her handling did not start the blood.

"Blood won't flow in a dead man," she whispered through lips that clung together.

She dropped him on the hall floor, ran back to close the library and the parlor doors, and sped, silent as ever, up to Jim's room. She stepped in without knocking, saw Jim lying in bed right in a broad trail of moonshine, leaned over him, put her red hand on

his cheek, and said in the same low voice:

"Jim, Alan's hurt! The house's on fire!"

Jim answered as calmly as if she had waked him to breakfast:

"All right. I'm with you."

The hideous unreality of it broke a little at his voice; she sobbed once as she sped back to Alan. Jim was down almost as soon as she, with a queer, dressed look as if he had gone to bed

in his clothes. He carried the upper hall light in his hand. This he passed close to Alan's face.

"What's afire?"

"Library."

"Take his feet. To the kitchen."

They stumbled through the east parlor, the dining room, and the pantries, into the kitchen, clear in the moonlight. Jim ran back for the lamp. Anne found brandy and pushed it into Alan's mouth and poured it on his forehead. He made no motion of any kind.

"I'll get mammy. She's a nurse," she whispered. Somehow she could not find any voice in the presence of this grim thing.

"What's happened?" Redgate walked in through the kitchen door, dressed even to an overcoat.

"Alan's killed. House's afire." Jim got up from his knees. "Shake up Mose, and send him hell-for-leather for the doctor. Anne, wake up the servants."

Like a spirit, Anne flew up the back stairs, woke mammy and the four others who slept in the house, stole to Charlotte and very gently told her Alan was in the kitchen hurt, then raced back to the library, where Jim and Redgate were organizing a bucket line. She flung herself into the battle like a demon. The chimney was of brick, the woodwork of solid timber, the walls were soaked from the long rains. Slowly the beast slunk down, struggling to the last, and died on the ruined hearth. The blackened, drenched family stood in a wreck of tables, chairs, pictures, and ornaments, and looked haggardly at one another in a saved house.

The negroes had worked magnificently in an uproar of shouts, cries, even laughter; the white people in tight-lipped silence. Now Jim, who, throughout the whole fury of labor, had been the commander, working like a lion himself, spoke:

"We've got to let everythin' lie just as it is till the sheriff comes. Mose, you rouse the overseer. Red, you ride for the sheriff. Anne, you go to Charlotte. I'm goin' to stay yere, to go over this room with the doctor."

"Is there a doctor?"

Anne groped her way back to the world, out of the chaos of smoke and heat and strain through which she had fought endlessly, it seemed.

"Mose got him. He's in the kitchen."

A longing to sleep smothered Anne like the fumes of a drug. She dipped her hands into one of the half-filled buckets and splashed the water over her head. Her wrapper was soaked already; her slippers leaked water at every step. Heedless, she went into the kitchen, where the lamp still burned on the table. The room was empty, but a dark trail up the stairs showed her where Alan had been taken.

He was lying on his own bed, with that wonderful look of dignity death gives even the meanest face. The old negro woman was with him; Charlotte was stretched beside him, clasping him in hysterical grief; and a strange man was pouring medicine into a glass.

"You're not Doctor——" Anne began vaguely.

"I am Doctor Rowden's assistant, Doctor Tall," the stranger interrupted curtly. "Nothing can be done for Mr. Moale. He is beyond need now. If ——"

"He's——" The word would not come.

"Yes. Instantly. Will you take his wife away and give her this opiate? She ought to sleep. I'm going to see how this occurred." He was sharply businesslike.

Anne wanted to cry to him, "I am the one who can tell you," but her voice failed. She turned, instead, to Charlotte, and began to coax her out of the room.



The inquest was held at the mansion the next day, the doctor, as coroner, presiding.

"It's just old Doctor Rowden, and he's goin' to find out how poor Alan died."

Anne said this over and over to herself to steady her brain before the sinister words, "coroner," "inquest." The dining room looked wan and drear in the November light; the faces of the jury were unfamiliar. She had not been to bed at all since midnight of the past night, and she felt sick from weariness and shock. She knew hardly anything of what had happened after the fire, for her whole time had been filled with caring for Charlotte, who was still frantic in her grief. She had not even seen Jim or Redgate.

Doctor Rowden, as coroner, sat at the head of the dining-room table, each witness in turn taking his place at the foot. Next to the doctor was a little old man with a great nose and busy eyes—Charlotte's father, Fowler Hillen, brought from across the bay by telegram. Over the back of a chair hung a ghastly reminder of Alan—the clothes that he had worn when killed. Anne was the first witness.

"Now, Nanny"—the doctor had held her in his arms as a newborn baby—"tell us exactly what you saw and heard last night."

Moistening her lips, Anne told all that had happened, with a kind of sad simplicity far from the melodramatic.

"That's all. Thank you." Doctor Rowden asked no questions.

"One moment," Mr. Hillen's sharp voice. "You're sure the clock struck half past eleven?"

"No, sah," quietly. "I said some half hour."

"How long between that and the shot and cry you heard?"

"I don't know if I did hear them."

"If you did, how long?"

"I don't know, sah," again. "Maybe a minute, maybe ten."

The next witness was Doctor Rowden's assistant, young Doctor Tall.

"I heard my bell ring last night. I looked out and saw a negro in the moonlight, holding a horse and shouting, 'Marse Alan, up to de Trimloe mansion, done got kilt! Come a-runnin'!' I recognized the horse and Madam Moale's groom. I ran down as soon as I could and took his mount, which was streaked with lather. I knew it was Rattler, the fastest horse in the country. There were lights all over the lower part of the Trimloe house, but some one said to me, 'He's in the kitchen.' I found a man on the floor, a colored woman and a white woman beside him. The white woman was in hysterics. The man was dead."

"How was he killed?" Hillen snapped it at him.

"A shot fired into his chest had gone through his heart. He had died instantly. The bullet had dropped out in the back and was still in a fold of his clothes."

"How long had he been dead?"

"An hour at the longest—perhaps only half an hour."

"Did you notice the time?"

"Not there, but when I left my house, I looked at my watch—that's my habit—and it was just twelve. Rattler could do the distance from there here in ten minutes."

"Did you go into the library?" The old doctor again.

"As soon as I found I couldn't do any more for the murdered man. The two Trimloes and the servants were there. The room was all mixed up. On the floor in front of the fireplace was a heap of broken glass and china and things, a big picture, and an upset table. The mantel was burned away."

"Did you see blood on the floor?" asked the doctor.

"Not in a pool. It had been tracked

all over the room. I picked up that pistol. It had one empty chamber. The bullet fitted it. Later, I heard from Miss Anne the story she has just told you."

"Death could not have been self-inflicted?" the one doctor asked of the other.

"The shot would then have had to be fired at less than two feet distance, and the cloth would have been singed. This shot was fired from at least ten feet."

"Mr. Redgate Trimloe."

Redgate testified as quietly as if no personal concern entered into it.

"I talked with my Cousin Jim till eleven o'clock, but when I went to my room, I knew I could not sleep. I looked out into the moonlight, and in spite of the wind, decided to go out into it. I walked down the drive to the road. There I met Charles Jordan, a man I knew when I was a boy. He was goin' down to our wharf to load his skipjack. He was just in from one oyster trip, and he was goin' to start again at dawn if the wind fell. I walked to the wharf with him. Julius Brown, my grandmother's overseer, and Captain Clay Miller were there, too. I talked to them while they worked. I noticed you could see this house plainly from the wharf and that all the windows were dark except the library. That was full of light. One of the men spoke of it, and I said my Cousin Alan was sittin' there."

"Could you see into the room?" from Hillen.

"No—too far away."

"Go on," said the doctor.

"I talked till Charles Jordan had unloaded his wheelbarrow and started up to his house for another load. I walked with him to the road; then he turned south and I north. I entered the house by the kitchen, as I had left that way, and found Jim and Anne on their knees beside Alan. I ran for

Mose, who is a jock and can ride all around me, to get the nearest doctor."

Charles Jordan was called to corroborate Redgate's story.

"How long would it take to get from this house to the wharf?" asked Hillen.

He pondered.

"Five minutes to the road, five along the road, four down to the wharf—fifteen, sah, about."

"How long did Redgate Trimloe talk to you?"

"Nigh fifteen minutes."

"So that he was gone, in all, about forty-five minutes."

"Yes, sah."

Julius Brown told the same story. He was the one to whom Redgate had remarked upon the light in the mansion.

"An' Cap'n Clay said he 'lowed he could make out a man's shadow in the room. He's been a sailor an's got mighty smart eyesight. Then he went up to his house," Brown finished his story.

"When?"

"Right 'way—soon as he spoke. He had forgot some of his traps."

"When did he get back?"

"Fifteen or twenty minutes, I reckon. It takes about that time to come an' go to his place from the wharf."

"What did he bring back?"

Julius Brown hesitated.

"I don't know 'bout rememberin' that, sah. I didn't pay any kind o' attention. I noticed he brought back a bundle an' threw it into the locker on the skipjack."

"Could Captain Miller have got to the Trimloe mansion and back in twenty minutes?" asked Hillen.

"No, sah. Cap'n Clay's a right live man, but he couldn't make it through in not any such rate of speed as that—no, sah."

"Did he seem hurried when he came back? Did he pant, or like that?"

"No, sah. He spoke up like he always does—ca'm an' slow."

"What did he say?"

"I'm back with it, an' jumped aboard. Cap'n Clay's mighty active that way, havin' been a sailor, but no manner o' racer, as you might say."

"Could a man get from the wharf here by crossing the crik? That crik can't be more than thirty feet wide."

"Twenty-eight. I measured it myself," a juror spoke up.

Brown shook his head.

"Too far to jump, an' nary boat. Madam Moale was always lookin' out so nobody should land on her lawn an' I had my orders to keep every boat off the wharf, too. She wouldn't let her own folks paddle across, an' she wouldn't let outsiders. She give her consent to my skipjack because I was her overseer, but even I dasn't to keep a bateau or a duck boat to the wharf."

"We searched both sides of the creek early this morning," interrupted Doctor Tall, "the overseer and I, but we found no boat nor any sign in the mud that a boat had been landed."

"An alibi for Miller," Hillen announced.

However, the doctor called upon him to testify, and Captain Clay, vaguer and gentler than ever, told how he had looked once at the mansion, had thought he saw a figure move in the room, had remembered that he had left his extra blanket on shore, and had hurried off, looking no more in that direction. He and Brown had been wakened about an hour later by Mose, who had come for the overseer with the news of the murder.

Charlotte testified next, in a jerky, tear-broken way with which her father showed scant patience.

"I went to bed at eleven. I left poor Alan in the armchair by the table, readin'. He said he'd come soon. Redgate came out of Jim's room and said good night to me. Then I knocked on

Anne's door and said she ought to be in bed. I took a good while to undress—I always do."

"Where is your room?" from Doctor Rowden.

"In the east wing, over the dinin' room."

"Did you hear any cry or unusual sound?"

"No, sah. I don't believe I could 'way off there in the other wing of the house. I saw Redgate after he left the house."

"That was when you first went upstairs?"

"No, sah, a long time after that."

"You don't know what you're talkin' about," her father snubbed her.

"I'd brushed my hair right much, and sewed up a tear in my dress, and undressed, and read my 'Book of Hours,' and cleaned all my rings, and got into bed, and tried to go to sleep, but the wind was awful and the moon shone spang in my face, so I couldn't. I got up and pulled the blind shut, and there he was in the driveway."

"How did you know who it was?"

"When he walked off, I knew it was Red or Jim. Both walk just alike—a kind of a long swing. Alan called it the Trimloe lope."

"Do others see a resemblance in the walk?" Doctor Rowden appealed to the room.

Anne answered for all.

"You can't tell them apart."

"But Redgate was at the wharf by that time," Hillen argued. "You looked out as soon as you went to bed—the time he says he left the house."

"'Deed I didn't," determinedly. "I never glanced out till the moonlight worried me."

"Next witness!" called Hillen, turning away impatiently. He had taken the inquest into his own hands.

Mose, the black groom, testified next, a "boy" Jim's age, very bright and alert.

"I's been gone all de time ol' miss

was a-dyin', ovah on de West Sho', lookin' out 'bout a hawse. I comed home last night, right late. Mah mammy, she done tol' me how Marse Jim, what was raised 'long wid me, was yere, an' askin' to see me soon as ebber I comed, right in he room, fo' he gwine off yarly in de mawnin'. I jest eats a bite, an' goes right up to Marse Jim's room, an' I sets on de chair an' he lies in de bed, all he clo'es off, an' we done talk 'bout fishin' an' huntin' an' de good times we-all used to hab long time ago. By 'm by, Marse Jim say, 'Go 'long now. I got to sleep,' an' I goes home by de kitchen do', so as I won't wake nobody up. But first off, Marse Jim, he feel like he want to know de time o' night, an' I asked de ol' big clock at de haid ob de stairs, an' it done say twenty-five minutes past eleben o'clock. I done wind mah watch by her."

"Did you go down the back or the front stairs?"

"Ain't no way to de back stairs out ob Marse Jim's room. I took mahself offen to bed, but, land mah gracious, dat ain't no night fo' bedtimes! I ain't mo'n look at mah hawses—see if dey all alive whiles I ain't been yere—an' got up to mah room ovah dey stalls, when 'long comes Marse Red, hollerin' fo' me to light out fo' de doctah."

Mose was tried in every way to change his statements, but he stood to them.

A queer little sound came from witenesses and jurors as James Trimloe took the chair at the end of the table. He was so quiet and grave that Anne, who knew him for a roaring blade, clenched her hands at the stress of his danger.

He told nothing new. At the end of his testimony, Doctor Rowden held up a pistol and passed it to Anne. She remembered it at once—the lightning-cocked Colt.

"Do you recognize that, Nanny?"

"No, sah." She wondered what instinct had flung the lie from her before her will could act.

"Do you recognize it, Jim?"

"Yes, sah. It is my own."

"Where did you have it last?"

"I can't remember anythin' about it beyond night before last."

He told how he had brought it down to the library and shown it to them.

"I laid it on the mantelpiece when Lawyer Pote came," cried the girl.

"I can't remember at all." He shook his head despairingly.

Next Lawyer Pote told the terms of the will, showing a motive for murder in the two cousins, as, at Alan's death, they would inherit the entire fortune.

"Thomas Stow."

An unkempt tramp of a fellow took his place in the witness chair.

"I'm goin' South, walkin'——" A general smile stopped him, but he went on stoutly: "I slep' night before last in a big barn out beyond here. I slept most of the next day, too. I woke up because two men an' a girl came in. They didn't see me hid up in the hay, an' they was talkin' money. Then a third feller come in. I couldn't recognize none of 'em again, but I heard their names. Alan was one, an' Jim, an' the girl was Anne. The third feller had a queer handle I didn't get. They began to quarrel, an' Jim, he told Alan he could kill him easy. Alan came back at him, an' Jim laid him flat, so he took the count. T'other feller pulled Alan up an' he hiked out. After that they talked kind o' low, an' I lost some. It was most about games they used to have when they was kids."

"How'd you know about the murder at all?" Hillen's ferret eyes probed him.

"I hiked 'long after the folks left the barn an' got supper from a farmhouse about four miles south o' here," the tramp went on. "Then I decided to sleep in another barn I saw off in the

lots. A stone rolled on me an' hurt my foot kind o' bad, so I had to hole up there. The farmer nosed me out early this mornin'. He was full o' a murder, an' I told him what I hear'n the afternoon before. He hauled me right up here in time for this meeting."

Doctor Tall testified again that he had found mud and blood upon the porch outside the library window, but that nothing could be made of that, as some of the servants had run back and forth across it to the spring for water to put out the fire, while others had gone to the kitchen.

"There were several footprints, among them a woman's small shoe. Miss Anne's, I found."

Anne smiled for the first time. She had come up to that window the afternoon before and hung her slicker in the saddle room just behind the library. It seemed a hundred years ago now.

Doctor Rowden took hold of the edges of the table and spoke straight on in a dead-level voice; it reminded Anne of the day he had told her that her mother must die.

"You have the evidence, gentlemen. Two solutions seem possible. Alan Moale met his death at the hands of a stranger, who, entering to rob, found him seated there, snatched up the pistol he saw lying on the mantel, shot Alan in self-defense, upset the lamp in an attempt to escape, and set the house on fire. There have been two robberies lately near here. A broken lamp was found in the wreckage near the hearth. The terrible crime is easier to believe in a stranger than in one near of kin.

"Against that is this fact: If a stranger had entered by the window, Alan would have risen to meet him; if from the door, he would have been nearer the pistol than the invader. A thief would bring his own weapon, not trust to a chance-found one.

"The other solution is that some person known to Alan Moale did the mur-

der. Three persons had reasons for disliking him or for wishing him dead: Clay Miller, who claimed the Great Meadows Farm—he has proved an alibi; Redgate Trimloe—he also has proved an alibi; James Trimloe; of him you are to remember that all his movements are accounted for till eleven-twenty-five. If he committed the crime, he had only five minutes in which to get downstairs, through two rooms, seize the pistol, and start a flame in the room from the fireplace, in order to consume the evidences of his crime.

"It is a hideous crime to charge upon any man; how much more a kinsman! James Trimloe may have quarreled with Alan Moale, have aimed the pistol in rage and unexpectedly discharged it, have been smitten by the enormity of his act, have flung the weapon from him, have fled from the room, overturning the lamp without noticing in his agitation that he had done so, and have hidden in his room to take counsel with himself. Remember, gentlemen, he had only five minutes to do all this."

The thin voice of Hillen cut in:

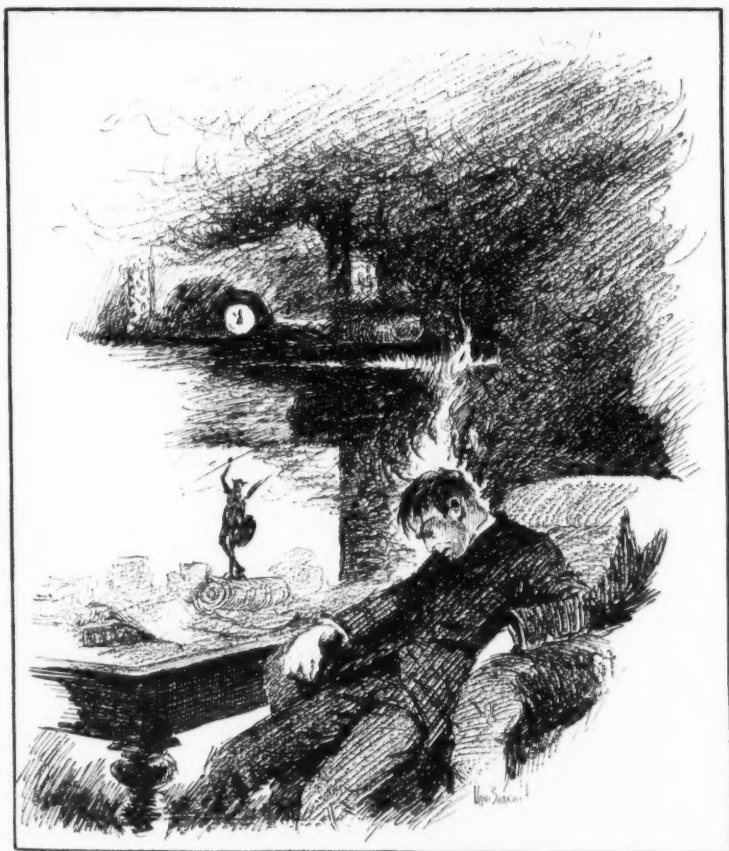
"If that boy told the truth about the time! Twenty minutes past eleven and twenty-five minutes past look mighty like to a right smart number of men *that* time of night."

Jim raised a strained face.

"I want to speak," in a deep, slow voice.

"It may be used against you," cautioned the kindly doctor.

"I had no friendship for my Cousin Alan. He"—his eyes rested on Charlotte—"he never treated me right. I was bitterly disappointed at my grandmother's will; it was an unjust one. I am ruined for the want of some of her money. Alan's death benefits me. I cannot pretend to mourn him. But as surely as some day I shall lie down in the dust, I had no part whatsoever in



Alan sat quietly in the armchair by the table, where she had seen him last, his back to the door.

his slaying, nor do I know anything of the man who did it. God witness for me!"

"I pray so!" The old doctor covered his face with his hands.

Anne stepped over to Jim's side; she put her arms around his shoulders and took his hand in hers.

"I know you are innocent, Jimmy. I will believe you if everybody in the world is against you."

Jim held her hand in a vise against his chest.

"Nanny," was all he said.

The jury were out fifteen minutes; then their foreman reported:

"We hold that Alan Moale came to his death at the hands of some person unknown, but we hold, also, that evidence points to James Trimloe as the guilty man, and we recommend that James Trimloe be held in custody with-



out bail, pending his trial in the regular court of this county."

The inquest was ended.

Anne watched Jim ride off with the sheriff to the county jail in a stupor of weariness too deep to be pricked by any emotion. She helped him pack his bag; she besought the sheriff for considerate treatment of him; she bade him keep up his courage, as he would be free in a week—all in a numb languor. It was monstrous, ridiculous. To-morrow she would resent it passionately; to-day it was all part of the nightmare of things. She was forced to argue with Redgate, with Charlotte, with Mr. Hillen, till her brain ached, her tongue hung dry in her mouth. All shuddered away from the ghastly thought, yet all believed that poor Jim, in a whirl of rage, had shot Alan, then set the library on fire to conceal the crime.

"Do you-all believe our Jim would burn us all in our beds?" She looked at Redgate with eyes that seemed somehow pushed back into her head, as if by all she had seen this last day.

"No, I don't," Redgate answered, with miserable patience. "I think he meant to wait till the room was all in flames, smell smoke, run down, take a look, and rouse the household in time for every one to escape."

"You're no kin of his to desert him now!" she cried out dreadfully and ran from the room.

She went to bed early that night, but not to sleep. She held Charlotte in her arms, and long after the widow had wept herself to slumber, she watched the white lawn with its blue-black shadows that wove themselves into shapes of madness—now Alan lurching forward onto the floor, now Jim dancing upon air at the drop of a noose.

At dawn she slipped out of Charlotte's hold, dressed, and went out through the silent house. She longed to breathe air untainted with fear and

hate and death. Rain had begun again, so she looked for the slicker in the saddle room, a storeroom for outdoor belongings in the west wing, just back of the library. The outside door, never locked, swung open in the wind, and the pale, cold light showed human semblances in coats hanging over rubber boots, but not her slicker. The nail by the door on which she had hung it was empty. She pulled down a long cape of her grandmother's, wrapped herself in that, and started out.

The cool rain freshness washed some of the ghastly stains from her soul. She could begin to think of her own part in the black business without nausea, and look to Jim as a man still alive and strong to fight for freedom.

"Red'll go North after the funeral, for the smartest Yankee detective and lawyer raised, and we'll have Jim out in a week."

That morning she rode her own old mare, Fancy, to see Jim. The county jail was no Redding Gaol. Jim was in one of the sheriff's own bedrooms, watched through an open door by a smiling deputy, who moved out of hearing while Jim and Anne covered every point in the case.

"It's a mighty mean outlook for me, Nanny," Jim told her quietly. "My pistol, my awful need for money, my quarrel, my hot temper— All that's there to help me is your word about hearin' the half hour and Mose's about lookin' at the clock for me at twenty-five minutes past. You know what this county'll make out of a negro's testimony, and one that was raised along with me—my mammy's son."

"If you'd done it, Jim, you'd have had an alibi ready."

"Shrewd work, Nan! If I'd gone for to do it, the jury will say. But they'll prove me put above myself by Alan's taunts and shootin' him in a passion and settin' the room on fire in a crazy panic at my guilt."

"As if a Trimloe would be afraid to face up to his own act!"

Jim smiled in spite of his misery.

"The gallows is a right big proposition to face up to, ladybird, even for a Trimloe bawn and raised."

"Who did do it? That tramp?"

"Not likely. Listen! I've plotted it out like this: Some ornery little old thief crept to the light, saw Alan asleep in his chair—he was half seas over at dinner—crawled in for his watch or the silver candlesticks, hit somethin', and woke Alan. The thief seized my gun, drew on Alan, shot him, and cut. He knocked over the lamp, and that did the rest. If we could find that thief——"

"We will find him! Jim, Charlotte insists she saw Red go down the drive at half past eleven."

"Somebody else."

"She says she'd know that walk in Jericho."

"Oh, she's all off her time." He dismissed it definitely. "Charlotte's got no head, ever, and nobody blames her now, pore girl."

The deputy came over to say time was up.

"Keep smilin', son." Anne tried to be jolly. "We'll have you out in a week."

"Rough work smilin' when your neck aches." He ran his fingers around his throat and snapped them in a knot.

Anne drew his head against her breast.

"Never!" She kissed his forehead with the cold fervor of a vow.

She left Jim without another word and rode slowly back through the quiet, chill afternoon, her thoughts as comfortless as the day, for however much she might *know* in her own heart that Jim was innocent, and however stoutly she might declare him so to a doubting world, it was a *very* dubious world; she could feel that on every hand.

It was almost night when she turned

into the mansion grounds, that dreary blind man's holiday when both weariness and hunger combine with the powers of darkness against courage.

As old Fancy plodded up the darkening drive, her rider had a crawling sense of being followed.

"Get up, Fance." She kicked the horse with her heel.

Poor old Fancy had no more "get up" left in her; she shook her head in protest and stopped stock-still. Anne turned in the saddle and searched the shadows under the trees.

"Who's there?"

Nothing stirred; the owls hooted in the woods and the loons screamed in the meres.

"Co-oe-oe! Co-jock—co-jock!"

Anne urged the mare along with the groom's call for fodder. She jumped to the ground with a gasp of relief in front of the lighted house, leaving the mare to find the stable herself. Her foot shrank on the step. Not into the library! She ran around toward the kitchen, near which Aunt Meriky and the house girl, Judy, were gathering late apples.

"Well, mah lambie, how yo' fin' Marse Jim?"

"He's well and——"

"Who dar?" Aunt Meriky clutched Anne's skirts. "Mah chance ob salvation! I's a-seein' ha'nts an' sperits every which place!"

Anne twitched her skirt loose and darted in the direction of the negro's pointing hand. Everything was as before.

"I wonder if any one hid in the saddle room that night. Red"—her cousin had run out at Aunt Meriky's shriek—"you reckon any one could have been in yere?"

"It was searched the first thing."

"Let's look now."

Only the usual coats and boots, saddles and whips.

"Why, yere's my slicker back! That's funny!"

Redgate did not notice.

"I'll lock the outside door, too, if you feel like it worries you, Nan. If you've got any time to-night, I wish you'd help me straighten out granny's papers. Alan ran a race through 'em that day before he was shot. They're all over his dressin' room, a regular witches' brew."

"I'll do it right after dinner."

A witches' brew indeed! Anne found that her dead cousin had mixed up old letters, deeds, receipts, diaries—the contents of ancient desks for over a hundred years.

"You take the floor," Red directed. "I'll clear up the tables and chairs."

Anne's heaps were evidently from Colonel Trimloe's desk, neatly marked and tied packets—a strange orderliness in a man to whom tradition gave the reckless temper of a buccaneer. Alan had not broken the strings; each year was by itself. She stowed them back into the empty drawers without examination. One packet did halt her, because it was marked in a different hand—her grandmother's tall, thin letters: "Colonel James Trimloe's last papers." She held it a minute, slipped the string, and saw some letters in envelopes directed by various hands to him and an envelope unstamped and inscribed in the colonel's own writing: "The Great Meadows Farm."

She drew it out in an impulse too quick to check. She saw a sheet of paper, yellow and soft with age, a few lines in Colonel Trimloe's precise, beautiful hand—another odd variation—and the date, November, 1845.

"Fifty-seven years ago!" Anne murmured. "Granny married again just two years after he died."

Her eyes followed the delicate tracing on the page:

"When I am dead, I charge my wife, or other heirs, that they give without

delay the six hundred acres of land known as the Great Meadows Farm to Sarah Mary Williamson Miller, commonly called 'Sally May,' or, if she be deceased, to her son or daughter, for her and for her heirs forever. This land I once promised her."

There was no signature, no witness; it had no legal bands, only those of honor—sand or iron, according to each man's make.

Anne's very finger tips tingled with the life of old tragedy quick within that moldering sheet.

"This land I once promised her." What tears, what blood, what sin and agony, had been in that promising! If that long-gone Sally May could speak from her forlorn young grave!

Anne tucked the paper into her belt, sorting again without examination all the rest of that evening.

The bustle in a house the morning after death,  
That saddest of industries enacted upon earth,

again kept Anne hard at work, with no time to seek clews. Wearily she helped unroll all the grim pageantry of woe that comforted Charlotte. Once, during the services in the lonely, wind-swept graveyard by the bay, where slept so many hot-souled Tenches, fierce Trimloes, gentle Moales, she looked at Charlotte's sorrowful crape, at Redgate's anxious forehead, at Captain Clay's wistful eyes, at Jim's handcuffed wrist, and at "the handful of sad-colored ashes" that once had been Alan, and the tragic coil of the week fashioned itself into one phrase set to a dying voice:

"I'll torment you-all yet!"

A readjustment of those in the carriages for the return from the graveyard found Anne and an old cousin alone together. Anne caught a glimpse of Captain Clay Miller looking about helplessly, unheeded and unprovided

for. She leaned out of her carriage toward him.

"Captain Miller," softly, "drive with us."

The house of the cousin was soon reached; the two others jogged on alone. Sometimes the sailor watched the girl with a misty, dreaming glance; sometimes he seemed really asleep. The carriage lurched and splashed into Great Meadows Creek; Great Meadows Farm was now entered.

Captain Clay's eyes flew open; his wistful face changed to one of cunning and stealth—the animal look that had startled Anne the first night she had seen him.

"Miss Anne," in a whisper, "have you heard Mistah Jim or Mistah Redgate speak o' my land, the Great Meadows, yere?"

"They own it between them now, I believe," very gently.

"But it's mine, mine." His lips quivered like a child's. "Colonel Trimloe promised mah mothah befo' I was bawn, an' he promised me when I was a li'l' trick no mo' than so high."

The girl thought of the dim old paper in her drawer at home.

"I know he promised you, Captain Miller," sadly. Then, lest hopes never to be realized should wake: "What makes you long so for it, captain? You got your little house down 'long the road, and your likely garden. You haven't wife or child to heir it. You're rich enough."

The bent shoulders straightened, the drooped head reared high, the dreamy eyes glinted fire; a captain upon his own quarter-deck rose before her, the blood of a strong race keen within him.

"I ain't thinkin' o' money, nor what money buys. I want a part o' the land that was Trimloe freehold when first the white man took this sho' an' has been Trimloe freehold evah since. Trimloe name, Trimloe land, is the way the sayin' goes yere, an' the God

Who made us both knows I got a right to both!"

Anne's loyalty to race flared back to him in fellowship.

"You own it by right and justice, and you ought to have it by law!"

He sat straight, still the captain of his ship, but he said no more, and presently he called to the driver to stop.

"I got a short cut home yere," and without other farewell, he slipped from the carriage.

Anne watched him cross the open fields, and her heart twisted again in pity and indignation as she noticed the Indian fashion with which he covered the ground—"the Trimloe lope," Alan had called it in Jim and Redgate.

The next morning Redgate went North for help for Jim, and Anne went to the jail. She had no discoveries to cheer Jim, so she told him of her talk with Captain Clay. He watched her with brooding eyes.

"If a man could look ahead to see such things, he'd hold his hand most times," he told her.

Anne showed him the paper.

"Half a century of dishonor, Jim," softly.

"Listen, Anne. Think of granny's pride—to have admitted—what she must—by that gift."

"Pride! I'd 'a' been too proud to show a soul I knew—any of it! I'd 'a' given the land with a flourish—'See what a lavish husband I have! Gifts to everybody!'"

"Nanny, you've never loved a man."

She opened her lips to say, "No." Then she stopped, with eyes that grew large and clear, as if a light shone deep down, a long way behind them.

"Granny didn't love him, Jimmy—'deed she didn't."

"Grandpaw ought to have given money in trust for Captain Clay. He did that for father and uncle, which they spent long ago."

"Trimloe name, Trimloe land,"

Anne quoted. "He doesn't want money."

Jim repeated the words after her in a muse.

"It's been a runnin' sore in that pore fellow's side. In granny's, too, maybe. Leave the paper yere, Nanny. It'll give me somethin' to think of in the long nights." He saw the jailer drawing near to put an end to their talk for that day.

All the way home from the jail, her thoughts plodded heavily in tune to Fancy's jog, through every turn and twist of evidence, every knot and kink of circumstances. She planned an inch-by-inch hunt through house and grounds. Something must come of such an effort. Why, she'd go through the grass on her hands and knees, from the house to the jail and back, if that would help Jimmy! She was so eager for morning light to come that she went to bed at once, leaving Charlotte and her father alone in the parlor, for Charlotte had settled limply down at the mansion, in impotent expectancy of others' efforts toward finding Alan's slayer.

The next day Anne began her hunt for the real slayer. She had no idea where to begin, nor how to keep the trail if scented. She began with the library, left just as at the end of the fire, and searched every corner of the room, then out on the porch, through the garden beds, and on the drive. Many feet had muddled traces there. She followed the long drive slowly in its slant to the gates—the mansion was on a knoll—till she came suddenly upon Charlotte, walking with her father.

"It was right yere I saw Redgate that awful night," Charlotte touched the ground with her foot.

The drive curved there sharply, and the death of several trees had cleared an open space, plainly visible from the house.

"He was walking mighty fast when he came out into the moonlight and turned off onto the grass."

"You didn't say he went on the grass, Charlotte," Anne protested.

"Didn't I?" indifferently. "Well, he did. I watched him to that tree. Then I pulled down the blind."

"But that's not down the drive."

"It was at least half past eleven, too," Charlotte said, rather pettishly, "for all father tries to face me out of it."

"And it was Red!" Anne said it to herself more than to the other.

"Deed, I don't know who else has that queer swingin' walk, do you?" Charlotte answered.

"If I did—" She bit off her ending, "I'd know who murdered Alan."

Parting from Charlotte, she stepped to the tree her cousin had pointed out. There she sighted by all points of the compass—to the drive, to the house, to the creek. She followed the last to where the green turf began to spring and bubble, and looked down over the marsh into the slow-moving stream. She could have jumped from firm ground across the marsh into the creek, which was only a foot deep there, but she knew it hollowed to six in mid-stream. The other side showed the same reedy strip before solid shore. The creek ran up its equal width to the road, where a bridge spanned it. Beyond the road it began to narrow till it trickled away into a patter from some spring. If the unknown criminal had fled here, he could have lurked under the clump of oaks, have swum over, and hidden in the trees on the other side till silence in the skipjack let him crawl away before the hue and cry began. Water told no tales.

Anne followed the lawn over its smooth green—Madam Moale's special pride—to the stone wall, over that and along the road and so down to the wharf. The days after the storm were the golden gifts of autumn, such as the

Eastern Shore loves to lavish on its friends. The girl thought how content she would have been to loiter through its shimmering haze. She searched all along the other side of the creek, especially under its few trees, for some sign that a hunted man had taken cover—crushed reeds, trampled ferns—which her woodcraft would discern. But if he had passed that way, he was a woodsman, for he had left no trace. She walked to the wharf, empty of all boats, and leaned over the bay, as still this morning as a pond. A flick of light winked in her eyes. She picked up an agate marble, woven with rainbow colors.

"Like the one that stayed all those years in my slicker pocket."

Rolling it over in her hand, she quartered the ground again to the mansion, still seeking a sign.

"I'll put this in the other pocket," freakishly.

She dropped the marble into the empty pocket of her slicker—"I'll ride better so"—and put in her hand to pull out the other agate. The pocket was empty. She looked on the floor, even out on the lawn.

"Queer!"

She examined both pockets and found one torn at the corner, as if a nail had held it and it had been jerked away.

"Some one's worn my slicker—torn my pocket and lost my marble—and this marble is mine! I'm a right smart 'tec'!"

She studied the small glass ball as if it were an Indian crystal, holding within its clear body all prophecy and all knowledge.

"*Who'd* wear it? Tell me that. The menservants have all got their own, mammy, aunty, and Judy never stir out in the rain, and Red and Jim are too big."

Still, she asked Charlotte at lunch, and Jim, when she rode over to see

him that afternoon. Jim's mind was taken up with affairs other than his own peril. He had seen Lawyer Pote and found out many things about Madam Moale's fortune from him.

"Listen, Nanny. There isn't anythin' like two millions. Half a million's all it'll reach, and the estate is dipped to its eyes. When Red and I have squared up and loosened the clamps those money lenders twisted on me, I'll have about enough left to buy you a Christmas present, sister."

"You'll pay all your debts, Jimmy, won't you? Take a fresh pack and a new deal and play the game straight and safe?"

"Every debt." His eyes met hers with a gentle steadiness different from their usual bluff encounter; his voice, also, had a quality of softness new to it. "If I go out, you'll get my share."

"What do you mean?"

"I've got to see old Red first, and things can't be all smoothed out flat, exactly, but Pote says we can divide up, in a way, and I can make just as sure 'nough a will as if I weren't hanged. You won't have to bang the box for any old Yankee then."

"Don't, Jimmy, don't! I can't bear any more 'bout wills and money! I'm plumb crazy now over 'em!"

She slipped down to the floor and hid her face against his knee.

"Don't yo' carry on like dat, now, sugah lamb," he imitated Aunt Meriky's liquid accents. "Marse Jimmy, he's gwine to be declared innocent by de jedge an' de juries an' all de white folkses, an' he gwine ride in he coach all roun' dis yere East'n Sho', lak I rec'lec' he great-gran'pappy, Marse Tench, done."

He stroked her pretty, bright hair, curling over his knee. Anne pressed his hand against her wet cheek and laughed gaspingly.

"Bet yer the lawst cent in yer



pocket." She struggled to talk like a Yankee.

"Done!"

"Your kin will work their wits dry for you, my pore boy!"

"You're no kin to me, Nan," he shot back surprisingly. "The Church allows you, all right, for Red—or me."

She did not catch his meaning.

"You're my dearie cousin Jimmy, who taught me to sail and paddle and swim and ride and—"

"Climb trees and whistle and throw a ball and vault with a pole. Nan, you were a monkey to climb!"

"Am still." She stretched herself up on her toes to her slim, lithe height. "We'll climb together to some of our old friends yet, sonny."

Pleased to have brought a laugh, she left him.

"Jim's game as they raise 'em," she told old Fancy, as she made the saddle. "I will get some help for him to-morrow!"

Nothing rewarded her the next day, however, although she hunted all the other side of the mansion, out through the lawn to the woods, if by chance the murderer had escaped that side.

She wearied herself out tramping up and down lanes, woods, over stubble fields, ending the day with a disheartening report from the sheriff, who, with his deputy, had searched all through Talbot, Queen Anne, Caroline, and the other near counties, and had found no tramp or unknown person who could not account for himself that night. An



Her arms clasped Jim with all their strength. "Don't, Jim! He's not worth it."

immense reward was posted. Hounds were running the woods. The Eastern Shore is a hard place in which to hide or from which to flee.

That night, when Redgate came back with a lawyer and a detective from the North, she was too worn out to talk with them.

The next morning Redgate took the two men over to the jail to question Jim, a consultation that took so long the jailer would not allow Anne to see him at all.

"Not this mawnin', Miss Nanny," he told her kindly. "Yo' see I've stretched my office till I've heard it crack, to let you in every day; 'deed I have."

It was that day Anne found her clew to—she knew not what. When she rode back from her futile visit to Jim, she turned Fancy loose in the stable and walked again to the spot on the bank of the creek which she had examined before. She sat down where a bar of sunshine dropped through the trees, her eyes seeking the blue sky through the russet and gold leaves.

"Wonder if I could climb like I used. Jim and I could skitter up this tree fast as cats!" in a rush of freakish desire.

She gazed at the house, lonesome as if deserted, dropped her riding skirt, stood up in coat and breeches, and planted a foot in the low crotch of an oak that grew far out over the creek, bent like a brewer.

It was easy work.

"It's like somebody had a walk up yere, 'deed it is," as her feet found notches and smooth branches. "This oak's grown mighty much since I was up it a dozen years ago."

She crept out over the water on a long branch that swayed prettily to her weight.

"My king!" She clutched the bough in her amazement. "Will you look at that!"

She reached out and loosened from a

twig, sharp as a thorn, a strip of the tough cloth that lined sleeves, pockets, and neck of her slicker.

"I'll stake my last horse that fits the tear in my pocket!" She crammed it into her coat.

A tight knot of her brows brought out this:

"Somebody climbed this tree in my slicker. He tore the pocket, and my marble rolled out. What was he doin' yere, hidin' from Jim and me and all the rest right there in the library? But what did he want of my slicker? And the marble didn't roll out till he got 'way over on the wharf. What was he doin' on the wharf? He couldn't have climbed down and gone around there by the road, because Julius Brown and Captain Clay were there in the skip-jack. I reckon a crazy man took my slicker and hid yere. But that marble?"

She looked down into the water, cleared now from the mud of the rains, far into its amber depths, where fish flashed in and out of her ken and a great turtle paddled by majestically. She edged out to the tip of the bough, which swayed and dipped, but did not crack.

"Chariot ob fire"—her oaths were all learned from mammy and Aunt Meriky—"I can see those old sunken piers right under the trees!" peering beneath her. "I'd forgotten they ever were."

She swung gently back and forth.

"I wonder!"

She grasped the bough firmly with both hands, slid her leg over the side as if she were dismounting from a saddle, hung by her hands, and, as quietly as she could, dropped into the water.

She landed luckily, with only a small splash, clung to the fringes of the bough for steadiness, and found herself knee-deep in the creek, but safely planted on the flat base of the bridge, long ago destroyed. The piers reached out nearly to midstream; she could pick a cautious way ashore without getting in

deeper. Under the low-drooping willows of the other shore, she searched on hands and knees among reeds and tree roots and mud.

"Ah!"

Was it the print of a bare foot? She brought her face close to the ooze, but she could not be certain. High on the bank she considered things with a head whirling as much from the race of ideas as from her circle in space. Some one had crossed the creek by the tree and the hidden piers, some one carrying her slicker. That some one was the murderer of Alan. But the slicker had been brought back, two days after the murder. The criminal was right here in the neighborhood. He went about with people, for he had lost her marble on the wharf. Had he been carrying her slicker there when the marble dropped? How did he know he could cross the creek? Or had he sought the thick shadows of the tree in a frenzy of concealment, gone too far out on the bough, and fallen, by chance, to safety?

She took her spinning head in her hands. Across the still day sounded the dinner horn for the stableboys. Another problem before her! Her skirt was rolled up at the foot of the oak on the other bank. How was she going to get back unseen in this unpicturesque doublet and hose? She studied the swaying willow on her side. Could she climb that and drop from it to the oak, as at that minute a gray squirrel was doing?

"If I were a killie now——" her eyes on the little, volatile creature. "Well, yere goes."

She waded out on the piers, took off well, and swam half a dozen stiff-booted strokes to the other side.

At the hall door Redgate laughed for the first time since the tragedy.

"Nanny Carrington," he jeered, "you fell in the crik!"

Anne, holding up a demure riding skirt, nodded.

"'Deed, I did, and it's mighty cold!"

Yet, before she changed, she found her slicker and fitted the string of cloth into the tear.

She counted the hours till morning when she could share this wonderful find with Jim, before she told even the detective. It put Jim's innocence beyond a doubt; everybody must believe now. As to the real murderer, to Anne that was a far less important matter. Only let Jim be free, out in the sunshine from under the horror of blackness that shadowed him.

She was off like a shot the minute her breakfast was finished, goading poor old Fancy to feats of speed undreamed of by her in years, and charging the jail like a squadron of cavalry.

She burst the news out at Jim, and he repaid her with a douse of cold water.

"Nobody would tote a slicker up a tree, sister," he explained prosaically. "That string of cloth was *blown* there. Judy or some of the girls borrowed your slicker and sneaked it back. You lost your marble yourself. The one on the wharf belonged to a pickaninny. The man didn't take to the trees in the dead of night—even a moonlight one. He'd break his neck. Has Lanager found anythin'?"

Lanager was the detective who had been off scouring the county ever since he had arrived.

"I haven't seen him," meekly. Her own faith was unshaken, but she would not counter Jim till she had better weapons.

"Never mind." He was concerned with something else. "Recognize it?" He held a paper toward her.

Anne took it with the subtle awe the story always touched in her.

"The deed that your grandpaw made and never signed."

"Read this." Another paper, in Jim's

small, neat hand, a curious throwback to his grandfather.

Anne read:

TO CAPTAIN CLAYBORNE MILLER: I give you at once, for you and your heirs forever, the deed of all the land called the Great Meadows Farm, and all buildings, houses, or barns built within the limits of that land.

(Signed)

JAMES TRIMLOE.

Witnesses:

SAMUEL POTE  
REDGATE TRIMLOE  
PETER LANAGER.

"It's not a regular deed, of course," Jim went on. "That can't be made out till things are all settled up, but it will let the old man know he's got his land at last."

Anne gasped stupidly.

"It's the best land on the whole East'n Sho'," she murmured.

"So Pote said."

"Does Red give it, too?"

"No. I bought it from him."

"What did he say?"

Jim shrugged.

"Nothin' much—somethin' about grandpaw's acts half a century ago not bindin' him."

"Why do you do it?"

Color showed in his tanned cheek, a spark glowed in his eyes.

"Blood's thicker than water," in a low voice; and then, lower still, "When I heard that night I'd been cut out of granny's will, I knew what hell is. I want to save the old man out of *that*. We Trimloes have done wrong enough. I'd like to be remembered for some good."

Anne reached him her hand. The soul of the woman stood up in her eyes, but the man's look was inscrutable.

"Will you take it to him, Nanny, right away? He's talked to you about it."

Anne made ready to go.

"Tell him it's not the true deed, and he can't occupy the land yet—maybe not for months—but it's all his."

"Let any one dare say you—love money!"

Jim stretched his arms wide.

"I do love money." He let them drop to his sides. "But I reckon I love some things more. Run 'long, Nanny. Time's up."

He shook her hand quick and hard in their wonted unemotional fashion of good-by. The depths below the surface of this daily meeting were black and bitter waters; they dared not stir them, lest they find themselveswhelmed.

"Good-by, Jimmy, honey," Anne answered lightly, and waved a gay hand.

Out in the courtyard, she hid her face in the mare's mane.

"Oh, Fancy, Fancy," she whispered, "we-all just *got* to save him! We-all 're the onliest friends he has, really."

She rubbed out the tears with a quick dash of her sleeve, sprang into the saddle, and whistled up the mare.

"Come up, lady! We-all must find Cap'n Clay, right quick."

Poor old Fancy was tottering with weariness as Anne trotted her into the dooryard of Captain Clay's farm. It was straight down the road from the mansion—a small place, very neat and well cared for. The owner was not in the yard, nor did he answer her knock, so she rode around to the orchard behind the house. Halting at the fence, she called him on a high note:

"Captain Miller! Captain Miller!"

"What say?" The voice came from the air.

Anne could just make him out in the top of a cherry tree, sawing off a branch.

"I'll be right there." He recognized her.

She watched him swing from one bough to another, clinging with his bare feet as well as his hands and reaching the ground with a light spring.

"You're a mighty nimble climber,

cap'n." He could not know it was the praise of a fellow gymnast.

"Sailor since I was nine years old," he called as he came toward her. "I don't reckon there's any tree in this yere country I can't climb, old as I am."

Anne hardly heard him, her eyes growing great with fear. The gait like her cousins', the man Charlotte had seen on the lawn after Red had gone to the wharf, who had walked with "the Trimloe lope," the passage across the creek by the oak tree and the hidden piers, the obsession in this man's mind over the Great Meadows Farm—she saw it all in a leap—a woman's leap to a conclusion, with nothing to leap from. Alan in his chair, half asleep; Captain Clay entering, a familiar face that did not startle; a quarrel; a crack-witted man's snatch at the pistol in terror or rage; a rush of panic into the night; the overthrow of one of the lamps; the frenzied race back to the wharf before too long absence—

"Good evenin', Miss Anne." He was now close to her and speaking with his usual slurring softness.

And Jim was giving half his inheritance to this—murderer!

She drew on all her steadiness. She must not betray herself to this super-cunning creature. More than all, she must fulfill Jim's bequest.

"If he knew——" She shuddered.

The end seemed to come in Jim's own stanch voice: "He'd give it just the same."

She leaned from the saddle and laid the two papers in his hand without a word.

He drew out his spectacles, rubbed them, put them on slowly, and began to read, syllabbling each word to himself. His hand shook, his moving lips trembled. Anne watched him, hawk-eyed for any change in his face; it came like a flood of light in a dim

room, or a strong tide on the dead shallows. Helplessness and futility and disappointment were swept away by pride and power and joy. He was again the captain of his own ship.

"Aftah all the years!" he cried in a deep voice. "Mah own has come to me aftah all the years!"

Anne shook with the awe that sees "God move on the face of the waters."

"How did you get it?"

"I've just come from Jim."

"Jim's a good boy."

"He is a good boy, Cap'n Miller," she cried wildly to him, "and he's in peril of his life now!"

"Oh, nothin' ain't gwine to hurt him. We-all know he's innocent," still in his voice of power.

"But other folks don't, cap'n. Oh, won't you help set him free?"

He did not heed her.

"Tell James Trimloe that Clayborne Trimloe"—her start at the name did not touch him—"says, 'You've given me a lifetime o' happiness in a single day, a lifetime o' happiness.' And tell him Clayborne Trimloe says, 'God bless you! God bless you!'"

His face was sweet with the great fulfillment; all that life had denied him in circumstances and in manhood beamed forth rich and strong and brave. Anne forgot everything but the radiance of the receiver, the splendor of the giver.

"God will bless Jim—I know He will!" she cried and struck her hand in Captain Clay's.

Next day she told Jim all about it, told it with roses in her cheeks and stars in her eyes—Captain Clay's joy and his blessing, and her own thought of the act.

Jim badly needed a fire to warm his chilled heart.

"Lanager can't find hair nor hide of any other man round the place that night," he said despairingly. "And

Fontaine wants me to plead self-defense—says it's my only chance."

"How?" bewilderedly.

"Alan jumped for the pistol to shoot me. I got it first, shot him, set him in his chair, and bolted out in a crazy panic. I didn't know I upset the lamp and started the fire."

"You didn't kill Alan!" It was not a question.

"What makes you believe I didn't, Nanny? Everybody else is sure I did."

His eyelids sagged heavily from lack of sleep, his look was haggard, his face ravaged. Anne saw him again as he had been that first night in the kitchen—his gay smile, his hardy glance—and her heart ached unbearably. She could have given the simple, the mighty answer of all who love in all ages—"I think him so because I think him so"—but she must hide simplicity behind mere proof, and he clung to her like a child in the dark.

"You'll stick by, won't you?" he begged.

Anne held his hot hands in her cool ones.

"To the end of the world, dear."

He closed his eyes.

"Self-defense may let me off with ten or fifteen years."

The despair in his face terrified her; a death of the soul threatened him worse than a death of the body.

"Jim, Jim"—close to his face—"you'll stick by, too? You won't plead self-defense?"

His eyes opened wide, tired, hopeless, steadfast.

"To the end of the world."

She went over again patiently each step she had trod that night of horror, sharpening each point in his defense. Jim listened as eagerly to this story that he had conned over achingly in the sleepless dark as if he heard it fresh to-day. He was discouraged and weary from his long argument with the lawyers.

She held his hand between her two, patting it as if he had been indeed her child, and told him all the droll happenings incident to life on a Southern plantation. He hardly listened at first, then he smiled, and at last he laughed.

"Lor', chil', you done conjure dat 'ere circumstance," he reproved her at the end of her story of Uncle Oliver's "exhortin'" Sunday, at a meeting of the Sons and Daughters of Job.

"No, sah. You've been bargain' round the earth so long you've forgotten how folks in your own country talk," she laughed back, happy to lift him, even for a minute, from his despair. "Good-by, Jimmy."

And because her heart was leaping against her breast with an agony of pity, she waved gayly and blew him a kiss.

That night Redgate and the lawyer went over with her every line of evidence for and against Jim.

"Of course there's a fortnight to the trial yet," Redgate comforted her, "and no one can tell what may turn up, but it looks now like self-defense was his only chance."

"Red, do *you* believe he murdered Alan?"

"No! That means cold-blooded plot-tin', but I do believe he shot him, to save himself and because Alan tantalized him crazy."

He said it reluctantly, yet with conviction. Anne looked at him like a sleepwalker and went straight out of the room.

The days that crept along—to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow—were a cruel strain on the girl. Each one brought Jim nearer his trial, yet not one brought any help to him. She knew he bore a steady grilling from the lawyers and Red to offer self-defense as his plea, and she suffered with him. She continually ran upon Captain Clay, who seemed to beset her path, and she found him always in a





Was it the print of a bare foot? She could not be certain.

happiness as sweet and naïve as a child's.

He sang old sea songs, in a droning voice; he whistled; he gathered the last wild flowers for her; he described wandering plans for farming the Great Meadows. He was now just a simple old man, but one unspeakably content. How could she shatter his dream? How disgrace him? Yet could she let Jim *hang* for him?

She could not even share this crushing load with Jim; he was too burdened already for her to add a finger's weight to his pack.

Doctor Rowden comforted her one day as they rode together.

"That Clay Miller you bowed to?" he asked. "I'm growin' blind as a bat. Clay's tickled to pieces over some little old secret he's hidin'. Found Captain Kidd's treasure, maybe. Poor boy"—the doctor was a dozen years older—"he was as likely a young captain as this shore ever raised, but that accident in the China Seas touched his wits and he's been losin' them fast ever since."

"Is he really crazy?"

Her voice throbbed with relief; no one would sentence an insane man.

"Not that, precisely, but haphazard, fly-up-the-crik, liable to take notions sound men wouldn't, and act on 'em."

For a while she sustained her hopes with this. She could tell all she knew, have Jim freed and Captain Clay committed for trial; then a commission of doctors would set the old man free, as not in his sane mind. Then all hope failed her, for Lawyer Pote knocked out that prop when she asked him what would be the sentence of a man not mentally right who had committed a crime.

"He'd be shut up in a lunatic asylum."

"I don't mean a right crazy man, just sort of light-witted, like—like Captain Clay Miller."

"Clay Miller is as responsible for his acts as I am," decisively. "Queer and emotional—yes; but if he had—well—murdered Alan, say—he'd be hanged for it by any jury in *this* county."

The month of Alan's funeral had swung around. Anne filled baskets with flowers from Madam Moale's conservatory and started for the graveyard.

She slipped away by herself, for Charlotte's constant following of her—"tagging," she termed it secretly—wearied her unspeakably, and she was too sweet-natured to break from her openly. Down by the gates, she found the carriage waiting where she had sent it on ahead and Mose, who, since Jim's imprisonment, had attached himself to her in an especial way, driving.

As they cleared the gate, Mose turned in the dusk of the old phaëton, the whites of his eyes gleaming.

"Miss Nanny, I got sumthin' I gwine tell jest yo', 'cause ef it gwine to hurt Marse Jim, yo'll keep shet 'bout et."

"'Deed, I will."

"I tol' 'em at de 'quest I ain't seed nobody roun' de house dat night Marse Alan was killed. I done see Marse Jim."

"You couldn't!"

"Yes'm—him or Marse Red. 'Twas lak dis yere: I took de cut to de stables pas' de back ob de lib'ry. De saddle-room doo' was a-bangin' an' a-slammin'. Et was al'as er ornery critter. I stood a-studyin' 'bout et, hangin' open dah. I didn't heah nothin' an' I didn't see nothin', but, mah lan', dere was Marse Jim a-walkin' up de path to de po'ch!"

"Where did he come from?"

"De kitchen, ob co'se, right back ob me. He hadn't no shoes on he feet, but he had dat Trimloe walk dey tells 'bout onto him fo' sut'n."

"What did he do?"

"He clumb up on to de po'ch an' he scrunch down nigh to de window. Den he tu'ned an' run inter de saddle room."

"He *must* have gone into the library, Mose."

"Fo' de Lawd, Miss Nanny, he never went no time inter no lib'ry."

"What did he do next?"

"I donno. I jes' kep' on 'long to de stables an' I didn't see no mo'."

"Could you see into the library or hear anythin'?"

"No, missy, I couldn't see nothin' an' I couldn't heah nothin'. Dat's all dey is to et."

"Don't you tell one soul, Mose, mind!"

Mose rolled wise eyes at her.

The man must have been Captain Clay. Mose could not invent such a story. But he must have gone into the library; moonlight shadows played tricks.

Here was another nail in Jim's coffin! Of course, if Mose kept quiet! But could he? Under the torment of a cross-examination, all this might be twisted out of him. She leaned her head back and lifted the flowers up to hide her face. Mose could think she was crying over Alan if he liked—or over Jim; she didn't care. Her tears were salt in her mouth; the whole

world, so blue and still and lovely, seemed a bitter place to her.

Mose left her at the graveyard, to return after he had done some errands in the village. She put flowers on the two new graves; then tenderly brushed the leaves from her mother's grave and laid there pale, sweet roses like to the fragile woman who slept beneath.

Still Mose did not come; so she wandered down to the end of the inclosure and seated herself on the low wall. She grew aware of a saddle horse cropping the grass outside, and a man near her moving among the graves. The man was Captain Clay, and he was placing a few stunted chrysanthemums upon a grave. It touched Anne that he had come so far with so poor a gift. She gathered up a tall stalk of Madonna lilies and carried it to him.

"I'd like for you to have these, please."

His face was veiled and sad and quiet, a face one lifts from a grave made in years long gone.

"Thank you, miss," simply.

The place was like a poet's dream of rest; old yews drooped shadows over the graves, the stones were lichen softened, a tangle of brier roses wove green network over the mounds, and through a gap in the wall the bay, which ever winds in and out of the life of the Eastern Shore, shimmered a heavenly blue.

Anne could make out on the grave the captain was tending only the words: "Aged nineteen years."

"Your sweetheart?"

"No'm. I nevah had no sweetheart. Mah mothah rests yere."

"Sally May?" involuntarily.

"Sally May Williamson, m'm. I nevah loved nary othah woman."

"I thought she died when——"

"I was bawn? Yes'm. Mah gran'-paw tol' me all 'bout her many an' many a time. She was his onliest child, an' his wife died young. Mah mothah was beautiful to look at, they say—

dark hair an' eyes, same as you got. It seemed like gran'paw couldn't think o' nothin' else but her an' her sorrowful end. I reckon his heart was broke."

"She was just a little girl."

"But she could love like a woman, miss. Did you yere her story, evah?"

"Yes," quietly. She could not bear the poignancy of it here in this place of peace.

"She wouldn't nevah believe a word again' him, not even to the end. She went sort o' lost-witted, as you might say. They married her to another man, but that didn't signify; her heart was all his. She wouldn't let her fathah ever say one ha'sh word. She nevah cried out that it was hard. It was 'all right,' again an' again. The man she married was away when the end came. She died in her fathah's arms, an' the last words she said was: 'Tell him I loved him just the same!'"

He touched the grave with the point of the lily stalk.

"Gran'paw talked so constant to me, I feel like I knew her mahself—her li'l' cute ways an' her pretty smile an' her winnin' laugh. I reckon I'll find her right quick, come Resurrection Day."

He pushed down a bit of sod with his foot.

"I've dwelt on her sorrowful life many a night on mah ship, alone under the stars, an' someways, she so young an' havin' no mothah an' lovin' him like that—especially the lovin'—I can't see how it'll be counted again' her."

Anne remembered another woman long ago who was forgiven much because she had loved much.

"I ain't never talked to any one 'bout her since gran'paw died," he went on. "Some was hard on her an' I couldn't bear that. Some didn't 'low she ought to rest in blessed ground, nor have flowers on her breast—leastways not white ones."

Anne took the lilies from him, and,

kneeling by the grave, placed them among the green leaves.

"Thank you, miss."

She saw that his eyes were full of tears.

"That's why I honed so fo' the Great Meadows Fahm. He'd promised it to her fo' a marriage present. I took it a'mighty hard to have her disappointed in that, too. I reckon you know I got it now, don't you, honey bird?"

He looked up into the blue sky, where pigeons wheeled far off, their wings flashing white in the sun. Tears were in Anne's own eyes. He brought his gaze back to her.

"Ain't it strange how she stood by him like she did?"

"No!"

"When everythin' an' everybody was agin' him?"

"No!" The answer rushed from her headlong, like water bursting its dam. "She was obliged to believe in him, lovin' him like she did. If she'd lost her faith in him, why, she'd have died! If I couldn't know Jim was innocent—the way I feel—" She flung her hands wide before her, helpless to tell her heart.

"Jim!" He started back as if the man stood in the path before him. "Oh, he's all safe. He—"

"He *isn't* safe! He's got to be hanged, I tell you, or go to prison years and years and maybe die there!" She caught hold of his arm beseechingly. "Oh, Cap'n Clay, if you know any least little bit of evidence to help him, you won't hide it, you won't let him suffer for—" Her voice trailed away huskily.

The old man's face was expressionless and dull as she had seen it that first night.

"I don't know nothin', miss," he said in his usual gentle, feeble voice. "I was down to the wharf or up to my house the endurin' time."

Anne turned from him with a ges-

ture of despair and started toward Mose, who was just driving into the entrance. Captain Clay hurried after her.

"Listen, miss. You—you—feel to him—like mah pore li'l' mothah—to —"

"Yes, yes!" She stopped short.

Mose leaned out of the phaëton to see what it was all about, and Captain Clay caught sight of the black, intent face and pulled himself up with a jerk. He passed his hand over his forehead as if he were brushing something away; then he shook his head slowly several times, murmured in a vague whisper: "I didn't know 'twas like that to her. I didn't know—" and walked back toward the lower end of the graveyard, where the lilies on Sally May's grave shone in the afternoon light.

Anne took several steps toward him.

"It's no use! He won't! He can't!"

She ran to the phaëton, climbed in, and nodded to Mose, too burdened and forlorn even to speak to him.

That night Anne told Redgate and the detective all she had discovered of the possibility of crossing the creek on the tree and of her find of the marble and of the strip of cloth. She did not speak of her suspicions of Captain Clay, nor did she repeat Mose's story; that, she felt, would only strengthen the chain of evidence against Jim or weaken Mose's reliability in regard to the time marked on the hall clock.

The men listened; then patiently explained away every trace of evidence as "mere coincidence."

"And you-all reckon you're mighty smart!" Anne's long lashes drooped on her cheeks meekly to hide the scorn in her eyes.

Long after she went to bed, she tossed in the grip of a black despair. Suppose Red and the others were right. Suppose Jim had done it in self-defense and now dared not own it even to them. She ranked the reasons in front

of her, hard, bright rows of them. Jim was passionate; Alan had been merciless; the pistol went off almost of itself.

She knelt by the window, her arms on the open sill, looking up into the stars, so far away, so happy. By and by, she grew calmer. She thought of little Sally May, the overseer's daughter, who had been a princess in loyalty. She, too, would believe to the end—even if the end were the old graveyard.

She dropped asleep and slept till high morning.

"Dat dere Cap'n Clay Miller, he been round yere two times dis mawnin' to see yo'," Aunt Meriky told her at breakfast. "He got somethin' he bound to tell you. He's a-comin' back 'bout noon."

Anne rushed through her breakfast in a fever of haste and hurried out onto the lawn. Captain Miller was nowhere in sight; only Redgate was walking down the drive to the gate with Lawyer Pote and the Yankee lawyer. Anne followed them, too restless to stay in the house. At the gates, they halted and looked across the highroad to where the county commissioners, in a slow progress of repair after the storm, were clearing out broken trees.

"I reckon she's ready," one of them called to the two negroes who were hacking into the heart of an oak.

"Clear there, you-all!" shouted the commissioner, as the giant tree swung languidly from side to side.

The mansion group drew away; the doctor, riding by on his horse, reined back; three men scattered across the road. The tree continued nodding and dipping as if it meant to sink gracefully to the ground. Then suddenly it shook itself, hurtled through the air with lightning speed, and struck the road in a crash of branches and dust.

Everybody jumped. Doctor Rowden's colt reared, whirled around, kicked furiously, and bolted.

"Doc'll ride him down!" Lawyer Pote swung his hat for the old man's horsemanship; then his face changed. "Trouble! Look!"

Captain Clay Miller lay on the ground among the leaves of the oak, struck by an iron hoof.

"Quick! Carry him to our house!" Anne flew to him.

Since it was the nearest room, the bearers laid him in the library. His eyes were closed, his face a dreadful waxy color, his breath stertorous. Anne prayed beside him in an agony of fear, lest, like that old-time keeper of a secret, he might "straightway pass within the dread and narrow door of death, never to be questioned more this side eternity." But in a few minutes he opened wide his peculiarly blue eyes, and tranquilly looked about the room. All confusion had been cleared away; no sign of the fire remained but the scorched mantel and Madam Moale's portrait leaning against the wall.

"She brought most of it to pass." The hurt man spoke in a natural voice, and pointed to the portrait.

"Cap'n Clay," Anne begged as urgently as she dared, "can't you tell us about the night of—the fire yere?"

"I got it bad, doc?" his calm look on the physician.

"Right bad, Clay."

"Ef I got somethin' to say—eh?"

"Say it now and have it off your mind while you can."

His voice began to drowse.

"'Deed, I got somethin'. I been here twice fo' it. You send fo' Jim Trimloe. It's fo' him——" His eyes closed again.

"Tell me! Oh, tell me now!" cried Anne passionately, but he was sunk in a drowse.

An hour Anne sat on one side of the lounge on which he lay, the doctor on the other. Redgate and Lawyer Pote wandered in and out of the room. The kick had crushed the captain's ribs into

his lungs, which were filling with blood that from time to time oozed from his lips. But gradually his breathing eased; his face gained a sort of life. He opened his eyes again and said naturally, as if going on with a conversation never interrupted.

"It's queerer'n anythin' yo' ever heard of—that murdah. 'Twarn't nary man that shot pore Alan—nary man."

"He's flighty," whispered Redgate to Anne, who flung him a look of despair.

"'Deed, I ain't flighty." The dying man heard him. "Jim yere yet? Never min', you-all can tell him I ain't flighty an' I am tellin' the truth, same as it was in my confession. Dyin' men don't lie." His face twisted whimsically. "I reckon it ain't wuth while."

A drop of blood quivered on his lip. Anne wiped it away and bathed his face again. He began in the same casual way.

"I didn't go fo' to come ovah yere that night. I had started up fo' mah slicker, but he said Alan was up all alone. Then I ran down to the sho' where the old piers is, an' I looked across the crik an' I could see him plain in yere—in this room. I thought o' the Great Meadow Fahm—him heirin' it from Madam Moale—an' it made me wild. I was goin' to plead fo' it with him. She ought to have lef' it to me. It was mah right."

Anne's eyes were drawn as by a magnet to the smiling, mocking portrait. "I will torment you-all yet."

The slow voice moved on.

"It was a li'l ol' duck boat drifted in with the tide from somewheres 'way off, all battered by the storm an' caught in one o' the piers that was undah watah. She tempted me. I jumped in an' made the other side. I got out an' waded ashore careful. I hadn't on no shoes. I let the boat go out to sea. The tide took her out again, but down, so she didn't pass our skipjack. Julius didn't see her."

He seemed to weary of his story. His fingers pulled at the quilt; his face began to wear that remote expression that tells death is near.

"Go on, dear! Please go on!" Anne stroked his hair away from his forehead and sought to hold his strangely far-faring soul with her ardent, quivering one, aflame in her eyes.

He smiled faintly, as at the eagerness of a child.

"Don't yo' fret yo', honey," very tenderly; then, in his tone of disinterested narrator: "I crep' up on the po'ch, quietlike, in mah bare feet. Alan was asleep in a big chair facin' the window—"

He closed his eyes; gray shadows fell across his cheeks.

"What happened next?" cried Anne piteously.

The door opened; the sheriff and Jim entered. Captain Clay recognized them with a faint movement, hardly a start.

"James Trimloe," he greeted the young man in a stronger voice. "As I looked through the long window, came a great, roarin' blast o' wind. That picture, her picture"—his finger pointed to Madam Moale's portrait—"it broke its cord. It crashed down. It struck the pistol on the shelf. The pistol leaped into the air. It exploded. Alan jumped up, an' he met the bullet full in front an' fell back into the chair. Othah things went—a table, a lamp. I didn't stay. I ran into an open door. Somethin' came down all ovah me. 'Twas a slicker. I hurried down the drive an' 'cross the lawn to the crik. I hadn't any feelin'; only I wanted to get 'way off somewhere. The boat wasn't there, of course, but I've crossed that crik mighty often on the tree. The slicker was heavy, but I kep' hol' of it, though now I knew it wa'n't mine. I hed to wear it because Julius would wonder what I went fo'!"

He looked about him with the indifference of the dying.



"I was frightened about it. I couldn't tell nary man, even when Jim, yere, was clapped up in jail. Then Jim gave me the Great Meadows Fahm an' she begged me, the li'l' girl did, so I come to tell her. It's past belief, but the picture set off that pistol. God's my witness. I go—soon—befo'—Him."

A long silence followed, while he lay with closed eyes. Then he spoke fast, as one who is pressed for time.

"James Trimloe." His hand groped on the cover. Jim laid his hand in his.

"Sally May——" The voice broke.

No one answered. All stood with white faces.

"Sally May Williamson!"

"Here, dear." Anne's hand was in his.

He looked straight up at Jim.

"Do you love her like a true man should fo'evah?"

Jim's eyes met Anne's with a look that caught hold of eternity, and Anne answered it, just they two alone in the world.

"An' yo'll wed her like a man should, come the first day yo're able?"

"If she is willin'," in a whisper. Their voices seemed like intruders from an alien world. "Will you, dear?"

"What say?" Sight and hearing were dimming fast.

"Yes, Jim." Anne spoke in a clear voice.

"An' you'll give her the Great Meadows fo' a marriage present?"

"I will," like part of the service.

"That's—all—right." His lips were forming the words in syllables. "James—an' the li'l' sweet—girl— She—the ol' madam—meant—to hahm 'em—but—I've made it—all right."

Jim and Anne held his chilling hand fast in their warm ones, their thoughts a little on their own coming happiness, a great deal on Captain Clay's. To Anne, the picture of her grandmother seemed to smile now with blessing, as if all hatred had been cleansed away in that river which flows around the world forever.



### SORROW'S DRESS

SORROW wore a dress of brown,  
When she walked with me through town,  
Very somber, very dull;  
Dresses should be beautiful.  
Quaint it was, not quite the mode;  
Here and there ripped stitches showed.  
I was half ashamed to be  
In such shabby company.

All day long my mood was dark.  
Sorrow followed to the park;  
Heard with me one robin sing;  
Saw one butterfly a-wing.  
Something loosened, I suppose  
For her petticoat of rose—  
Rich and silken, I confess—  
Trailed and showed below her dress!

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

## Preparedness

By Emily Newell Blair

THE king is dead. Long live the king!" But yesterday, in magazines and women's club papers, from public platform and pulpit, in the halls of Congress and on the school ground, over factory, nursery, and the affairs of government, there was lauded and acclaimed Efficiency. Before that, Conservation was the magic word, and before that, Coöperation, and so on back to the days when Rousseau let loose upon the modern world the mightiest one of all—Equality. To-day, Efficiency is forgotten, and Preparedness, crowned and sceptered, sits upon the throne of men's reason and directs their thoughts. Verily we are a people swift to change and slow to think. Kings we will not brook, authority we deride, but give us a slogan and we bow the vassal's knee.

Preparedness! We have it applied to the church sewing society's program, to the family budget, to the summer wardrobe, and to the nation's destiny. And in every case precedence is given to it over all other needs; its paramount claims are as humbly recognized as if our yesterdays had given us no ideals to reach, no work to finish, our present offered us no needs to serve, no wrongs to right, and our future held no claim on us other than that of self-preservation, and this, again, whether we apply this panacea to individual problems or to national protection.

How long will we as a people do our thinking in tabloid form; we on whose rationality rests our country's hope segregate our thought; we on whose coöperation depends America's contribution to the ultimate race ignore the complexity of our problem and put our trust in slogans or general cure-alls?

Preparedness has its place, and an important one, in the policy of any nation. It is that action that ties the present

to the future. But a nation should not only prepare to preserve what it has. It should also develop that which is worthy of preservation. Preparedness, military preparedness especially, so appeals to our instincts of fear and self-preservation that we forget to ask what it is we are to defend. Worse than that, these instincts once roused, we lose our sense of proportion until our vision of what we are striving to be becomes blurred. Thus we deal to the future a far worse blow than that of physical defenselessness.

For there are worse things that can befall a nation than to yield to the superior military power of an invader. She may rot beneath fear and selfishness; she may forget her purpose and lose her ideals; she may die inwardly and have nothing to bequeath the race. To die is natural—nations, as well as individuals, come to it in the end—but to die and leave nothing, make no impress on civilization, to have lost the vision—that is death indeed.

And as there are worse things than death, so there are greater victories than those of arms. Greece fell, yet she rules the art of to-day; Israel is an outcast, and she moves the heart of Christendom; Rome was invaded, and her conquerors became the conquered—they were absorbed by Roman ideas, adopted Roman law. To-day half the world is what it is because Rome was, and her invaders are all but forgotten. Alsace-Lorraine was conquered; is she less French?

There is a spirit that maketh alive against which princes and principalities wrestle in vain. Any nation rich in material things will be the prey of the envious. She must pile up battleship upon battleship, gun upon gun, and number her soldiers by the million; yet in the end this very armament will leave her weak at the core, and she will decay if she does not fall. But a nation in which justice rules, in which every man has a real stake, an equal opportunity for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, will arouse, not covetousness, but emulation. Such a nation must produce men that cannot be conquered. With nations,

as with individuals, it is not what they have—that gives immortality; it is what they are.

It is a question whether it is Germany's soldiers that have made her strong—and even her enemies concede the strength—or the fact she has almost eliminated poverty; whether it was militarism or her *kultur* that raised her to world stature. It is likewise debatable whether it was England's volunteer system or her East Ends—and even her friends are put to it to defend the squalor of them—that have made her mobilization so slow; whether her navy or her deep-seated love of liberty make her so stanch a foe. But no one questions that it is to the quality of the French soul, the purity of its idealism, and the depth of its capacity for sacrifice, that the whole world, enemy and friend alike, pays homage.

Military preparedness has its place, but the real patriot to-day will not be he who owns blind allegiance to this latest monarch of our minds, but he who owns a larger patriotism, one that demands a country worthy of protection and, so demanding, weighs carefully the value of preparedness in the whole scheme of democracy, and its cost, seeking the correct proportion between the amount of protection required and improvement of what we must protect.



# Amateurs

By Gertrude Pahlow

Author of "The Cross of Heart's Desire," "Spring Term," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. L. LAMB DIN

**The delightful story of Lady Mary de Normandie's Soldiers' Relief Fund.**

NO battle march since the world began was ever so resistless as the march of June upon England. With blossoms for banners and perfume for powder and the small, sweet litany of lark and linnet for battle boom and crash, she sweeps from the Solent to the Firth, and not a heart in all her path is doughty enough to withstand her, unless it has begun to atrophy. Certainly the heart of Barry Leicester, already a little shaky with the quiver of home-coming and beating full of England as he tramped the country road between the scented hedgerows, was as pulp before her onslaught. If he had been a poet, he could not possibly have refrained from bursting overtly and loudly into verse in pledge of his capitulation. As it was, he whistled, switched at the grass with his stick, and remarked:

"Jove, it is a jolly old mudhole, England!"

All war—except the lovely war of June—is of course a grim and dreadful thing, and the war from which Barry had lately been invalided home was rather grimmer than the general run. It had narrowed his eyes and thinned his brown cheeks and drawn two distinctly discernible lines around his young mouth. He would never be again the carefree boy he had been two years ago. But then, if one must go to war and see horrible sights and hear horrible sounds and have a peep-hole made through one with a bullet,

it's not so bad to come back for a D. S. O., and to be a captain at twenty-six, and to have a special perquisite of light duty that enables one to loaf without feeling a slacker, and to see England's June again. So Barry, ignoring the unstable feeling of his legs, trudged along blissfully, imitating the pipe of the linnets and wondering what he had done to deserve such luck.

Presently, rounding a turn of the shady road, he came upon a picture such as only England can show—a long, low, gabled house of sun-ripened brick, smothered in roses, hedged by box and yew, and entered by a walk of dull red flagstones under a rose-hidden arch. Barry drew a long breath of delight at sight of it. The time had been when it would have seemed only a charming commonplace, for he was Herefordshire born; but the blackened ruins of France had taught him to appreciate sun-washed serenity at a different value, and these roses were the rosiest, these box borders the greenest, these window curtains the whitest, that ever refreshed a war-worn veteran's eyes. Suddenly, as he looked on them, he realized how tired he was, and how pleasant it would be to accept the invitation of the low rose-bowered gate.

"Gad, I wish I knew 'em!" he thought. "I'd like to stop a week with 'em. I wonder if I couldn't dig up an excuse to stop a minute, anyway."

He went a little nearer to the house, walking slowly, partly from fatigue and

partly from reluctance to pass it; and all at once, coming abreast of the gate, he stopped short with an exclamation. On the arch, canopied by the swaying rose vines, there was a small, neat placard:

ANTIQUES ON EXHIBITION

TEA SERVED

FOR A SOLDIERS' RELIEF FUND.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Barry. "It looks as if I had my bid!" He scrutinized the last line and added thoughtfully, "It looks as if I had my orders, too."

This made him frown a little; he did not like to think of his orders in connection with this charming house. But now his legs, backed by his taste and his conscience, insisted on stopping; and without more ado, he lifted the latch of the low gate and went in.

Inside, the garden was even more delightful than from without. There were fragrant rows of phlox and clove carnation confined in clipped box borders, and glorious blue masses of delphinium outlined by the prim charm of orange marigolds; and along the beautiful tawny front of the house, tall spires of hollyhock stood sentinel with fairy trumpets. Barry stood looking about him, forgetting his errand and even his fatigue in his pleasure at being once more in a Herefordshire garden. And while he looked and sniffed, presently there was a rustle among the roses and a light step on the path, and a low voice, feminine and unmistakably young, said:

"Oh—good. morning!"

Barry turned with a slight start. Of course he had hoped, from the instant of beholding this house, that there was a girl inside it—that is the first hope of every normal male heart at twenty-six—but experience had taught him that most charming houses are occupied by elderly fat couples, and he had

strangled the hope at birth. Now, when he found himself face to face on the flagged walk with an actual girl, he was so astonished that he could only repeat:

"Oh—good morning!" and gaze at her blankly.

To gaze at this particular girl was not, for a war-worn veteran, any waste of time. She was in the early twenties, fair-haired and blue-eyed, and clad in a crisp blue frock with a broad white collar; she was inclined to roundness—just pleasant, well-nourished roundness, not the kind that has to stand up twenty minutes after meals; and—believe me or not—she had the English complexion of song and story, the authentic roses and cream—not rose salve and cold cream—that you have so often sought and so seldom found. You and I, not being new from the contemplation of smoke-blackened corpses, would have thought her a fresh, wholesome, charming-looking girl, but to Barry she was a heavenly vision, no less.

The vision waited a moment or two for him to explain himself, and then, as the pause lengthened, appeared to give up hope and inquired:

"Did you come on an errand?"

Recalled to himself, Barry flushed under his tan.

"I—I—oh, I came to see the antiques!" he said hastily. "May I, please?"

Oddly enough, at this natural request it was the girl's turn to flush.

"The antiques!" she said. "Oh, yes—they're—they're inside. Will you come in?"

She turned as she spoke and led the way along the path and up the two stone steps to the open door. Barry followed, observing her with some perplexity. The back of her neck was one of the most agreeable spectacles he had ever contemplated—cream white and cream smooth, with little locks of ash-gold hair waving up from





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it; but even his deep appreciation of it could not make him forget her odd expression as she had turned away. What a singular thing that she should be surprised and disconcerted at the mention of the antiques, when a sign on her gate urged passers-by to view them! He had another unwelcome recollection of his duty. But of course it was absurd to associate his duty with this girl.

"They aren't arranged," said the girl, turning to him again as they crossed the threshold. "I—we—thought it was better to leave them just as they are. The whole house is rather an antique, in its way."

He stopped at her side and looked about him. The hall was wide and low, paneled from top to bottom in age-dark oak, fretted with carving. From it on each side, doors opened on

dark, mellow rooms enriched with beautiful old furniture and lavishly brightened with silver bowls of flowers; and at the back, a broad staircase, with an exquisitely carved balustrade, branched in the middle and led by low, hospitable steps to the rooms above. From the outside, the house might possibly have been an amplified cottage; from within, it was obviously a condensed mansion. Barry looked again, with vague wonder, at the girl. There was certainly something odd about this. But now he did not care; the sight of chairs made him so tired that his only real anxiety was about how long he could stand up.

"This table is thought interesting by some people," said the girl, assuming a businesslike manner and indicating a massive carved object by the big fireplace. "It was given by George III. to my—to a former owner of the house, and the story is that it's the one on which he signed the Stamp Act. But I don't believe it myself, and you don't have to. And this chair is another of those royal odds and ends—used to belong to Charles I. It's stupid to jumble periods together like that, isn't it? But then it's worse to stack them up in separate rooms, like a museum."

"You've got some extraordinary things here," observed Barry.

"Oh, well enough," said the girl. "They're awfully tiresome to live with. That's enough for the hall, don't you think? Let's go into the library. There's a lot more lumber there." And, presenting the back of her pretty neck again to Barry's view, she led the way rapidly out of the broad hall into the room at the right.

Barry followed her very slowly, for his legs were growing more and more recalcitrant. The library was long and low, lined with books and beautiful with time-stained paneling and morning-fresh flowers. Against its dark, ancient background, the girl looked like

one of the gentians on the center table—an anachronism, yet wholly in place. She began to move down the room, continuing, with an obvious effort, her rôle of showman.

"That desk belonged to John Knox, and that *prie-dieu* to Bloody Mary. And here's a chair that was Chesterfield's, and a footstool that was Pope's. And this sofa used to be at Strawberry Hill."

"I wish you wouldn't go so fast," said Barry. He began to be conscious of a lightness in his head as well as a wavering of his legs, which, in his vague mood, he attributed to her rapid utterance and swift movement from one exhibit to another.

"I want to get it over," said the girl. "It's so fearfully boring, isn't it? This snuffbox——"

"But one can't follow you," complained Barry. "The things are so far apart—and you say them so quickly—and the room is so big—and the road was so long—— Would you pardon me if I sat down?" he concluded politely; and, without further warning, the stiffness suddenly crumbled out of his spine, and he fainted on Horace Walpole's sofa.

When he opened his eyes again, the girl was bending over him, deftly sponging his face and holding a bottle of smelling salts under his nose. Her blue eyes and fair hair, and the comforting quality of her ministrations, made him think for a moment that he had awakened in a highly conventionalized heaven; but as he drew a deep breath, preparing to surrender to perpetual bliss, he inhaled so pungent a whiff of salts that he choked instead, and sat up with a gasp.

"I beg your pardon!" he said, with shamed contrition. "What have I been doing? Making a fool of myself? I'm awfully sorry! I thought I was over those tricks, or I shouldn't have shown my face here. I'll go away at once."

"Indeed you'll do no such thing!" said the girl. "You'll lie down again exactly where you are. I don't know what I was thinking of not to make you rest before. I saw at once that you were a soldier and that you had been ill. Were you wounded?"

"Yes, a little," confessed Barry. "I haven't been out of hospital very long."

"What do you mean by tramping about the country like this?" demanded she. "Don't you know you're not fit?"

"Fit!" said Barry indignantly. "I'm fit to go back to the front. I've been telling 'em so for three weeks. I'd be there, anyway, if they hadn't given me this silly duty to keep me at home."

"You're on duty *now*?" exclaimed the girl. "How preposterous! In your condition!"

"It's not real man's size duty," said Barry. "Fact is, I think they manufactured it to please that pig-headed ass of a surgeon. He was bound I should stay at home and out of doors. But perhaps I *did* begin tramping it too soon. I feel a bit shaky." He paused in embarrassment. "I—I believe I saw something on your gate about tea," he added. "Of course it's the wrong time of day, but—do you suppose I could go and get a cup?"

"I do not," said the girl decidedly. "I suppose you're going to stay just there until you've had some proper luncheon. You need real food, and I'm going to get you some this instant. *Please* lie down! If you had any idea how I adore nursing people, you'd know what a favor you were doing me by being ill."

Barry obeyed her without reluctance. It was a remarkably painless experience to lie on a Strawberry Hill sofa and be ordered about by a dictatorial rose-and-cream antiquarian; and he did feel very limp in the legs and giddy in the head when he thought of stirring. The girl, moving quietly and efficiently, covered him with a light rug, put a

bell within reach of his hand, gathered up her restoratives, and went out of the room; and Barry lay looking about him in a delicious daze.

It was not long before the girl came back again, a white-covered tray in her hands. With her deft, quiet movements she cleared a little table, disposed the food upon it, lighted the spirit lamps under the dishes, and drew the repast up before him. It was easy to see that she was a born nurse. Barry watched her blissfully, taking delight in her dexterity and her fresh wholesomeness and in the thought that her attention was centered exclusively upon him. When, her preparations finished, she came to his side with an extra pillow, he looked up at her with a smile so beaming that it was almost idiotic.

"Your luncheon's ready," she said.

"I know it," he answered. "But I'm having such a good time now——"

"Come, sit up," she commanded. "You must eat, you know."

Barry sat up obediently; but though the fragrance of the chop sizzling in the little chafing dish gave him a thrill of enthusiasm, he could not focus his attention on the table, with the girl still standing beside it.

"I don't see how I can unless you do," he objected.

"Well, I'm going to," said she. "They're laying the table for me now, in the dining room."

"Oh, please eat here!" besought Barry eagerly. "Please! I won't eat mine unless you do."

"Won't you really?" asked the girl, regarding him doubtfully.

"Not one bite," said Barry firmly. "I can't possibly eat alone. I shall starve to death if you don't stop with me."

"Well, that would be a mistake, in the condition you're in now," said the girl gravely; "so perhaps I will."

She rang the bell, and, on the re-



"I beg your pardon!" he said, with shamed contrition. "What have I been doing?  
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sponsive advent of a neat black-and-white maid, directed:

"Serve my luncheon here, please, Parkins, as soon as it's ready." Then, drawing Chesterfield's chair up to the little table, she seated herself opposite him. "Here I am, you see," she remarked. "Now go on and eat your broth like an officer and a gentleman."

"Then you'll have to eat half," said Barry, "or I shall only spill." And, the broth being bestowed in a little bowl with another little bowl inverted over it, he divided it, and set one portion before her.

"Very well; I'm frightfully hungry," said the girl; and there being but one spoon, and Barry having appropriated that, she began adaptably to sip from the little blue bowl, over which her blue eyes looked out æsthetically harmonious. "This is really my luncheon, anyway," she explained. "That's why you got it so quickly. They're cooking me some more, but I should have expired before it was done."

"So should I," said Barry ravenously. "I should have kept my oath not to eat without you, and it would have killed me in from fifteen to twenty

minutes. This is the first real exercise I've had, and I started out at nine o'clock on only a couple of eggs or so and a little bacon and toast and marmalade. It's a mistake to think you can work without food."

"What is your work?" inquired the girl. "You started to tell me, but you didn't finish."

"It's—it's——" began Barry, and then stopped short, flushing. "Let's not talk about work now," he said in confusion. "It's no subject for a festive board like this. Tell me about the antiques, instead."

"Oh, let's not talk about the antiques!" said the girl. "I don't like to think of them. Tell me about your wound. Where did you get it?"

"At Verdun. I was in the Douamont garrison at the beginning of the attack, when things were pretty thick; and of course, with so much stuff flying about, you can hardly help picking up an odd bit now and then. I got quite a sizable souvenir."

The girl's eyes narrowed as she looked at him.

"Haven't I seen your picture in the papers, quite lately?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't believe so," said Barry hastily. "Nearly all Johnnies in uniform look alike."

"On the contrary, they look exceedingly different," said she. "What is your name?"

"Nothing interesting," he answered uncomfortably. "Just Barry Leicester."

"Barry Leicester! Oh!" exclaimed the girl, her face flushing. "Oh, then you're Captain Leicester, the D. S. O.! Just think—just think what an honor for me, to share my lunch with a hero!"

"Oh, rubbish!" said Barry, flushing responsively and looking intensely miserable. "You've got me mixed with somebody else. I wish you'd tell me about that snuffbox. It looks awfully interesting."

"I wish you'd tell me about your

defense of Douamont," said she, looking at him with eyes like blue stars. "How glorious it must feel to be you, to have laid down your life for your country, and to have saved hundreds of other people at your own risk—how glorious!"

"It feels deuced uncomfortable to have a hole between your ribs and a bad photograph of you in the paper, if that's what you mean by glory," said Barry. "And it makes you feel a beastly sneak, too, getting credit that doesn't belong to you. There are thousands of chaps over there doing more every day than I've ever thought of doing in my life, and nobody making any row over it."

"Nobody could possibly do more than you did," said the girl, with her habitual decisiveness, "and nobody could possibly deserve more praise. It isn't like the old kind of courage in war—prancing on battlements and leading dashing charges. To hold on as you did, in the face of discouragement and defeat, with nothing spectacular about it—that takes more than courage—it takes heroism."

Barry squirmed.

"Please let's talk about the antiques," he said unhappily.

"Oh, *bother* the antiques!" cried the girl, with sudden heat. "I *loathe* the hateful things! How would you like to live smothered in antiques, with the war going on and the world bleeding and suffering all around you?"

The entrance of the maid with reinforcements interrupted the conversation, and the girl, her ardor checked, busied herself in serving Barry with chops, salad, and tea. He watched her with absorbed interest; and presently, glancing from her to the portraits that hung in a long row on the wall behind her, he was struck with a vague, haunting note of likeness.

"You've Percy blood, haven't you?" he asked her suddenly.

"Yes, confound it!" said she, with vehemence.

"Why confound it?" inquired he, a good deal startled. "I should think it was a very nice thing to have."

"You wouldn't if you were steeped in it and soaked in it and reeking with it!" said she. "If all your life were stifled with tradition, and you were buried in musty relics and never allowed to touch reality, would you like that? If there were work for you to do—just crying for you to do it—would you like to sit all day in Queen Elizabeth's chair and reflect that your great-great-great-grandfather got himself beheaded for a nuisance?"

"I believe," said Barry, staring at her open-eyed, "why, I believe you're a De Normandie!"

"Well, and what if I am?" said the girl. "Does that keep me from being a human being? Haven't I a right to live, and work, and be something in the world besides a clotheshorse to hang a lot of moldy old ancestors on?"

"But, Lady——" began Barry, and stopped inquiringly.

"Mary—the last of the lot," supplied she.

"Lady Mary, it's enough, you know, for a person of your lineage just to be. You're an institution, you know, like Parliament or the Crown. There's no occasion for you to do anything else."

"Oh, you talk exactly like Aunt Caroline!" cried the girl. "It's enough to make one *swear*! I thought you had some sense." And she got up indignantly and left the table.

"What is it you want to do?" inquired Barry placatingly.

"It wouldn't interest you," said she crushingly.

"I wish you'd try me and see," said Barry humbly. "And I haven't any tea."

She sat down, grudgingly, and filled his cup.

"I do this for you only as a humani-

tarian deed to a sick man," she explained, "and not as one intelligent person to another."

"I'm more intelligent than I look," pleaded Barry. "Please tell me. I'll try to forget what a thundering swell you are and regard you only as a fellow Briton."

"That's just it," she said. "If I were really a fellow Briton, I'd have nothing to complain of. Look at yourself. You're a Leicester, but nobody objects if you undergo dirt and danger in the trenches. Look at all the women who are working in the factories and fields and hospitals. Nobody's keeping them from earning their citizenship and serving their country. It's because I'm a miserable combination of woman and aristocrat that they want to turn me into a dough dumpling."

"What do you want to do?" asked Barry again.

"I want to be a nurse," replied Lady Mary de Normandie. "I want to do hard work and dirty work, and get tired, and be of some use, like other women. Is it my fault if my hands are soft? They're just as strong as the hands of the woman who rubs them with cucumber cream every night. I could make them hard soon enough. And I *will*, in spite of all the ancestors since Adam! I *will*!"

Barry drew a long breath as he gazed at her flushed face and shining eyes. She no longer looked to him like a heavenly visitant; she looked like a glorious human being, strong and fearless and sweet.

"By gad, Lady Mary," he said softly, "if England were made up of women like you, it *would* be a country to die for! Or to live for!"

She sighed.

"If one could only begin!" she said longingly; and she rose and began to move restlessly about the room. "Why *doesn't* somebody come to see the wretched antiques?"



The mention of the antiques recalled Barry, with an uneasy start, both to the passage of time and to his duty, and, pushing back the little table, he, too, struggled to his feet.

"I ought to go, I suppose," he remarked reluctantly.

"You haven't finished your luncheon. There's a sweet coming, I think," said the girl, standing by the deep-set window and peering out toward the gate.

The invitation did not sound to Barry sufficiently urgent to warrant his staying, but to go seemed increasingly difficult; he hated the thought of leaving, and moreover there was an ugly lion in the path.

"I think I must be moving," he said uncomfortably. "If you'll allow me to— to arrange the—er—the financial matters—if you please—"

She turned from the window and faced him squarely, though with heightened color.

"The fee for the antiques is half a crown," she said. "I can't allow you to pay for the luncheon. You were my guest."

"But I asked for it," said Barry.

"No, I asked you," answered she. "Half a crown, please—no more."

Barry, intensely embarrassed, fumbled through his pockets.

"I—I—before I go," he stammered, "I have to ask you

—I hope you won't think it's impertinent—but I know it is, only it's my job—I'm detailed to do it, you see—"

"If you'd come to the point?" suggested the girl, interrupting his floundering. "What is it you want to know?"

"I want to know," blurted Barry, "what fund it is you're raising money for. On the gate it only says 'A soldiers' relief fund,' and I have to ask which."

"Why did they detail you to ask that?" returned the girl. "What affair is it of theirs?"

"Well, since the war began, there have been so many attempts to raise money under false pretenses," explained Barry, in confusion, "that



"When are you going to arrest me?" He took her hand in his and looked into her blue, shining eyes.

they've begun to look after it seriously, and, I've been told off to inquire—I beg your pardon, but I have to do it—into all unspecified funds in this county."

"Very well," said the girl, a spark coming into her eyes, "I'm one of the people you're stalking. I'm raising this fund—for myself."

"For—for yourself!" repeated Barry. He was so thunderstruck that the stiffness crumbled out of his legs again, and he sat down suddenly in Lord Chesterfield's chair.

"Exactly," said Lady Mary de Normandie. "Why don't you arrest me? I suppose that's what you're here for. I won't resist."

Barry looked at her with hurt, reproachful eyes.

"You might treat a fellow decently," he said. "You might explain."

The defiance vanished from the girl's face, and her eyes softened.

"Yes, so I might," said she, dropping down beside him on Pope's footstool. "I'm sorry I was horrid. Well, it's this way. I *must* go for a nurse—I can never face myself again if this war ends and I don't do one thing to help with the burden of it. But I've no money to study with. This house—it's the dower house of the Percys—comes to me when I'm twenty-five. Meantime, Aunt Caroline is my guardian, and I can't buy a postage stamp without her consent, and she'd rather see me *dead* than useful. But yesterday she went away for a fortnight, and so I had this idea. The antiques are going to be mine in three years, and why shouldn't I make the beastly things do a little good for once in their history? I thought they'd make a nurse of me—not a criminal."

"How much money do you need?" inquired Barry.

"For my training and equipment, a hundred pounds," answered she.

"And at the rate of half a crown a day, for a fortnight——" began Barry.

"Oh, you needn't give a masculine-superior smile!" said she indignantly. "I'll find ways. Once I get to London on my own feet, I'll get the money somehow—borrow it, and repay it by nursing when the war's over. I'll manage, if I have to steal it."

Barry was looking thoughtful.

"I believe I can tell you a better way than that," he said. "My cousin Harvey Leicester has a private training school, endowed by some of our people, where he takes the pick of the candidates and trains them free of charge; and all his graduates get snapped up and equipped by the government. I could get you in there easier than winking. He'd jump at a girl like you."

"Oh!" cried Lady Mary, the blue stars shining in her eyes. "Oh, *could* you—really? To train with Sir Harvey Leicester—I never *dreamed* of anything so glorious! Oh, if you could do that for me, I'd—I'd *love* you!"

"Would you?" asked Barry eagerly. "Would you, Lady Mary? Don't forget you've said that, for I'm going to do it, and I shan't forget."

Lady Mary rose to her feet, flushing an exquisite rose pink.

"A nurse loves all her fellow men," she said sedately. "Don't let me detain you, if you really feel you have to go."

Barry, too, rose, reluctantly.

"I haven't paid for seeing the antiques," he said, making time.

"The antiques!" said the girl. "To be sure! I forgot them. When are you going to arrest me?"

He took her hand in his and looked into her blue, shining eyes.

"Not until I can take you in custody," he said.



# Romance *in* Patchin Place

By Francis Perry Elliott

Author of 'The Haunted Pajamas,' "Pals First," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

The key to the dull, commonplace "first-floor front" becomes the key to a strange adventure.

SHY and hidden, it shrinks away inconspicuously there at the edge of Greenwich Village—a funny little alleylike street with narrow toy sidewalks and with just one end timidly left ajar to the great world roaring by; a half-block length of cuddling brick dwellings, their reds time faded, their ancient shutters long since weathered to a yellow green.

It was my editor friend who spoke of it to me.

"You'd find romance down in Patchin Place," he said. "There's life and color there." He nodded sagely. "Mystery's in the night there—adventure walks abroad!"

But I, having dwelt there now a week, had found it not.

Romance in Patchin Place! Adventure *here!* Absurd!

I smiled at thought of it, leaning out of my lodgings there in the dead of a summer's night. Silence and desert solitude—no lights, no voices, no life nor color anywhere. Nothing astir in Patchin Place at all!

And in the house—

I turned about, my ear straining at the silence, challenging the walls beyond. Not even could I hear to-night the heavy breathing of the landlady's brawny son in the hall room just outside. The very walls seemed poppy drugged. Even the old-fashioned lamp, I saw, was under a spell, was smoking—its head in a hood of black—and waning, flickering—

I blew it out, and blackness fell on me and on the room.

I shrugged. All right. A good-night pipe, and then to bed.

Bed! I grinned ruefully as I packed my brier, thinking, as I sat there, of my own comfortable quarters far uptown and of what a fool I had been to come down here for inspiration.

Inspiration! I raked a match disgustedly. Could imagination—or, indeed, any concentrative power of the human mind—summon romance or adventure between these prosaic walls? Well, perhaps some psychic might—I'd seen odd things, myself.

I pondered the idea whimsically, puffing pipe to glow. Then of sudden the match's flare pictured again the room—the dull, commonplace "first-floor front" of the ordinary New York rooming house.

"Oh, rats!" with short contempt.

My impatient gesture jerked out the match's flame, leaving between my fingers a worm of fire that writhed into one crimson head, a shining ruby point that gleamed like an eye of blood.

And with my thought of this, there came on the instant a noise overhead—a crash, a falling thud that shook the ceiling. And then a scream—a woman's scream, but muffled by the floor between.

After this, the engulfing stillness of the night again.

I thrilled, pipe poised—waiting. What was it? Was it anything? In

the dark I stood listening, straining for some other sound.

It came presently—the brushing of a hand upon the panels, a fumbling as of one who sought the knob. And then I remembered that the door was, as yet, unlocked.

I stiffened, alert. Stealthily, I found my one remaining match and grasped it, ready—grimly waiting. One does



Nita Costello, the pretty Sicilian girl, the clever little artist who fashioned artificial flowers.

not relish prowlers one cannot clearly see.

And then I heard a sucking sob—a whispered call; something pleading, poignant with the agony of a mind distraught.

I pulled myself together.

"Yes! Yes!" I called sharply and strode across the floor. "Yes?" and I opened wide the door.

I struck the match, holding it on high.

A girl was there—a girl in a clinging night dress; a wild-eyed girl, who clutched me, pulling on my arm.

"Come!" she gasped.

I stared.

"Why, what——"

"Oh, come!" A choke. "Be quick!"

And then, all in a moment, she was clinging to me, sobbing against my arm.

"O *Sancta Maria!*" she breathed shudderingly. "O *Dio!*"

I remembered her now—Nita Costello, the pretty Sicilian girl who, the landlady had told me proudly, had worked herself up from the poverty of the great Italian quarter just there beyond Washington Square; the clever little artist who fashioned artificial flowers.

"What is it?"

And then of sudden, by the match's dying flare, I saw a stain upon my shirt's white sleeve, a bright smudge—the red of blood.

"Oh!" I uttered, aghast. "You fell—you hurt yourself?"

I felt her head shake as the match died.

"No, no!" and she quivered, moaning. Then abruptly she roused, drawing again upon my arm. "You will come? Oh, *please!*" Then, in a hushed whisper: "And oh, so very quiet—will you be? If they should hear——" Her breath seemed to catch with terror. "Come!"

"Yes, yes! I will," kindly. "I'll come. Why, of course——"

"Sh-h!" she hushed me.

And so, with hand tightly gripping mine, she drew me after her—up through the blackness of the curving stairs.

Some furniture had fallen—so I reasoned it; some accident had frightened the pretty lodger in the night. No wonder. That crash would have been enough for any girl.

Once she paused. I could tell that she was leaning over the railing listening, testing the silence that wrapped the halls below.

"I thought I heard——" Her hand gripped tighter.

But there was nothing. We might

have been climbing some lone, deserted tower. As for the landlady's big son, I remembered that he had told me he slept the way he worked—with all his might and main. No talking would have wakened him.

With the landing gained, she seemed to hesitate again. Her grasp upon my hand relaxed, her fingers slipping from me in a sudden, convulsive movement. An instant, and then I heard her weeping—over against the wall, it seemed.

"Oh, I can't bear it!" she moaned. "I can't! *I can't!*"

And now, with a chill, all of sudden I realized that here was no light distress, no panic from the mishap of a fallen bed. I was in the presence of real trouble.

It has always frightened me to hear a woman weep. Here, in this dead of night, it was doubly terrifying.

Yet pity burned. Wherefore, I found her—tried to draw her from the wall.

"Nita," gently, for formality fell away here as with a child in distress, "my poor girl—what is it? Tell me!"

Only a moan replied. A moan—but in it a revelation of misery beyond words.

I stood thinking.

It was woman's ministry that was needed here, I knew—not mine. And thereupon I bethought me of the other lodger on this floor—the big-hearted matron of the Jefferson Market Court that towered above the mouth of Patchin Place; the merciful all-night court, where Justice—though blinder even than this alleyway—remained awake to weigh the cause of hapless womenkind.

She was the one to be of comfort here. I turned to call her. Then, on the instant, I remembered with dismay that she would not be here now, but at the court. Of course!

There remained the landlady, but she was old and tired—and on the street floor. I rather hated to disturb her

rest, to bring her up these flights. And yet—

Gently I put it to the girl, herself.

With a low cry, she interrupted, clutching, restraining me with viselike hold.

"No, *no!*" she panted. "Oh, in pity, signor—not her of all people! Please, signor," hoarsely, "not *her!*"

I was nonplused. For why this terror of the landlady unless—

I was tempted to fall back on my first conclusion—that the Italian girl, with her high-keyed emotional nature, was just in violent agitation from some nighttime fright. Moreover, it would seem that the crash I had heard involved some property damage that the poor woman downstairs would view with consternation. Yet, after all, it could be paid for, and Nita's cunning fingers earned, I knew, good money.

"Nita, listen!" In the dark I drew apart her twisting hands and held them firmly. "I wouldn't worry so. I think I know what happened up here—"

"You?" She shrank. "*Impossibile!*" faintly.

I smiled behind the curtaining gloom.

"Well, I could guess," grimly, "from what I heard to-night."

"You heard?" There was awe in her tremulous breathing of it. "The signor *heard*—to-night?"

Had I! I would have laughed, but that to the poor thing the matter seemed so more than serious. As it was, I answered soberly, intent upon reasoning with her troubled mind.

"Why, Nita, it wasn't your fault," I soothed. "It was an accident—"

"Ah!" and I caught the new element of relief. "Yes, signor—yes!" eagerly.

"You see?" I said. "I know! Why, Mrs. Bowers is not going to blame *you*, Nita. She will understand—"

Words died. To my utter amazement, no less than consternation, the Italian girl had dropped to her knees. There at my feet, she caught my hands



I saw her slowly set her burdens down and bend over, peering beyond the edge.

—pressed them to her face, while on them I felt her kisses and her tears.

"There, there!" and I raised her hastily. What impulsive, emotional creatures these Sicilians were!

"Ah, but the signor is good and wise! He knows!" she murmured. "But, signor"—and of sudden her vibrant whisper was hissing close to my ear—"it was not all—what you say?—accident. No, not all!" I felt her shudder. "So what then, signor? What then?"

She seemed to hold her breath.

"Why, then, Nita——"

I paused, reflecting, genuinely touched by the childlike ingenuousness displayed, by what seemed to me the girl's impulse of simple honesty. It led me to thought of what might prove a ready way to ease her mind.

"In that case, Nita, you must pay," I said.

"Must pay? Ah-h!" I heard her

swallow. "The signor—who knows, who heard—— He means," falteringly, "the only *ricompensa*?"

"Why, yes, Nita," firmly, for Heaven knows I knew no Italian, guessed only by the sound of things, "it's the only way. It's only fair to do what you can—all you can."

"*Ricompensare*!" I heard her breathe. "The signor, himself, tells me that?"

She seemed troubled, so that I was again puzzled, more than half regretful of the suggestion I had made. Perhaps, after all, the good landlady had exaggerated in her proud account of Nita's wonderful earnings. I hastened to amend my counsel.

"Recompense her—that is, if you can do it. If you *can*, Nita," I emphasized carefully.

"Can, signor?" There seemed reproach, rebuke, in the way she said it. Somehow I sensed her drawing herself up. "Am I not of Sicilia, signor?"



"Of course, of course!" I soothed, though I saw no point in this except that Sicilians were a proud people and sensitive of their honor.

"The signor need not fear," and her tone was oddly calm. "And now will he come—and see?"

And so her hand drew me through what seemed to be a doorway. I guessed that I was in her room.

"A light, Nita," I said. "A match."

"Signor," she whispered, "it was overturned—the lamp there with the table. The box of matches, too."

"Where, Nita?" for the gloom was stygian.

"The corner, signor—by the window. It—it is there!" A tremulous sob, and she shrank away.

My foot touched a fallen chair, and just beyond it I encountered the prostrate table. Behind it, I found upon the matting a box of safety matches. Aye, something more—my groping hand brushed a pool of soaking moisture.

It brought to mind the lamp she said had fallen.

"Oil," was my surmise, for all that the liquid that smeared my hand was not like oil from a lamp. It had a slimy feel—a stickiness like paint.

My slight grunt of discomfort brought a voice from out the dark.

"You have found, signor?" chokingly.

"Yes, Nita," I said with box in hand.

An instant's fumbling, then I raked a match. With a hiss, it leaped to life—a tiny starlike flare, all but blinding against that wall of darkness. For the moment, I saw only the light itself and, dimly, a large red table cover, massed confusedly on the floor. Then beside the folds something metallic caught the yellow glare—something with a gleam like a lance of reddish gold.

I picked it up.

A stiletto—and red with blood. Red,

too, I saw with horror, the hand with which I grasped it.

Yet redder still the stain there upon the matting's white expanse, leading straight to the breast of the man who lay half shrouded by the dragged cover's folds, a young man, with face upturned—the landlady's son, who, at this hour, should be, by all reason, wrapped in soundest slumber.

He was. Indeed, the gray-white pallor, the fallen jaw, the staring, dull-filmed eyes, marked him as one whose slumber now would span eternity.

So much I saw ere the creeping flame stung my fingers. I jerked my hand, sending the match box I knew not where. It fell with a death rattle somewhere in the dark.

The dark. And silence, save for a girl's low weeping there behind me. And I—a frozen figure—stooping there with blood-bathed dagger in bloodier hand. What did it mean? What had I stumbled on?

I stood up with a shiver.

"Nita!"

"Signor, here!" Simple words, but, oh, if ever utterance spelled human wretchedness, it rang now in my ear! Compassion swelled in me; the brain is often bewildered where the heart is not.

"Poor Nita!" I heard my whisper go.

"Oh, signor, signor!" In an instant she was crouching there beside me. "What shall I do? What *shall* I do?"

What, indeed? And what should I?

Yet, even with the thought, I found myself kneeling beside her in her black pit of misery, questioning gently, drawing from her her story.

And, after all, it was an old story—the tragedy that often originates in the comedy of a foolish quarrel. They had been engaged, it seemed—she and the landlady's brawny son; engaged, and soon to be married. But to-night they had been to an Italian ball to-

gether, and he had been too attentive to a former sweetheart. The quarrel between them had waxed more bitter as he had brought her home, until finally in her passion—and to frighten him—she had threatened suicide. In a panic, he had followed her upstairs, on past the threshold of his own door—up to the very landing before her room. I gathered that he had lingered here, pleading, explaining, but evidently stupidly trying to justify the other girl as well.

Whereupon, of a sudden, she had darted into her room and back, brandishing a stiletto she used in curving flower petals. Then she had flung her door to and locked it, calling to him reproaches and farewells.

But, terrified, he had promptly forced the door.

"And then somehow in the dark he plunge upon the stiletto—*so!*" Her little fist drove upward—hard against my chest. "And, oh, signor, then——"

"Hush!" I interrupted. "Listen! What was that?"

Out of the dead silence of the house, my ear had plucked a sound. An interval, then, far below, a stair creaked somewhere—then again. A labored tread, it seemed, and slow.

I heard the girl's frightened catch of the breath.

"His mother—and coming up! I know her step!" She clutched me wildly. "Quick, what shall we do, signor? Quick!"

"Steady, Nita—steady!" I soothed. Yet now, through the doorway, I thought I saw an orange flicker strike upward from the wall. Whoever was coming bore a lamp or a candle.

"Signor, she'll see," came the frantic whisper. "She'll see, and, oh, it will kill her—kill her, I tell you!"

"Hush!"

Swiftly I turned back to the corner, found the table in the gloom, and in a moment righted it. Then I stooped

behind and got the table cover. It caught slightly and I had to jerk, with a shivering sense of its being, perhaps, a death clutch from which my tug was freeing it.

I draped the cover to the floor, grateful for its bigness, trusting to desperate chance that the long table would wall the corner and its gruesome secret. With lightning speed, I replaced a box, a book, and what seemed a wooden crucifix my groping found. The lamp, somehow, eluded search. I had to let it go.

As a last thing, I whispered a few hurried instructions to the half-crazed girl. It seemed to me that if the landlady could be made to think Nita asleep, she might go back. As for myself——

I dived toward the door, meaning to slip to the adjoining room.

Too late! The orange glow was on the landing now, the landlady panting as she neared the stairhead, a guttering candle slanting in her hand.

I turned back, closing the door noiselessly, then groped for a closet's panels that the faint reflection had shown before I closed the door.

A bed spring whined somewhere under the nervous shifting of the girl.

"Quiet!" I breathed. "Try to seem asleep!"

I slid within the closet. Its space was shallow and burdened with hanging garments, leaving scarcely standing room. Yet I left a narrow aperture, less with thought of ventilation than because of the discovery that the door, once closed, could be opened only by the old-fashioned spring bolt without.

And now as I stood there, drawn up tensely, waiting—listening—I made another uncomfortable discovery: I still retained the dagger, had held it mechanically through all my movements. Yet, on second thought, I breathed relief that I had not discarded it in the room. For now the dead man's mother was just outside the bedroom door. I could



"Just tell one thing first, miss. Did this man break in your door?"

hear her, still panting heavily from her climb.

"Nita dear," the old voice quavered softly, "are—you asleep?" And, detecting that note of affection, I felt my heart sicken—knowing what I did.

A moan reached me out of the dark—muffled, I could tell, by the pillow.

"Nita!" There was a pause while the landlady seemed to listen. Then came an old woman's self-communing mumble: "My, when you're old and

deaf, you just hear—crazy things!" She grunted. "That climb—and all just for nothing!" I heard her hand release the knob.

Something fell with a metallic rattle—part of the broken lock, I knew at once. Promptly the door moaned on its hinges, seemingly swinging itself ajar, for the room suddenly glowed with brightness.

It grew brighter still as, with an exclamation, the old woman shuffled

across the threshold. This much—then a pause and silence.

I could hear the blood pounding in my ears; the air seemed powder charged.

"Um! Funny!" her mutter came. I could tell that she was placing a chair upright, the fallen chair that I'd forgotten.

Of a sudden the slipper shuffle quickened; the light quivered as she crossed the room. And now I cringed, cold with the fear that I was about to see her in my line of view, moving down upon the table in the corner.

But I did not. Instead, I heard her stooping grunt again. Then came the jangling tinkle of broken glass—and I knew she had found the fallen lamp.

"Nita! Nita!"

Before that excited exclamation, further pretense of sleep was vain. But though the girl answered, it was just a moan.

"Nita!" and her voice thrilled now with concern. "Why, what's the matter? Is anything wrong?"

I glimpsed her now, padding toward the table, minded, it seemed, to set the lamp upon it. Before it, she paused—hung there. Something about the table's changed position or the hang of the cover seemed to trip her attention. I saw her slowly set her burdens down and bend over, peering beyond the edge. Her shadow brooded from the ceiling—a monstrous, winglike thing.

Of sudden her throat sucked.

And all in an instant she was behind the table, stooping.

"Johnny!" A cry that tore the heart. "Johnny! Johnny!" wildly.

And then her scream.

A cry answered from the room—a wail of agony.

Now was my moment to appear—or else escape; but I hung there irresolute, my wits all scattered by the turn of events.

The old woman pulled herself up,

hanging panting above the table's edge, her eyes terror-widened in the direction of the bed. Then, with lightning shift, they touched my hiding place.

Inadvertently I had moved the door.

And all of sudden she was at the window, leaning out, screaming mad alarm to the ear of night.

"Help! Help! Murder here! Murder! Murder! Help!"

My involuntary start jerked the door, closing it with a springlike click. I was a prisoner in that cribbed and confined space.

I pressed my weight against the door, and, finding this vain, I knocked upon the panels.

"Mrs. Bowers—listen!" and I hoarsely yelled my name. I was finding it difficult to breathe in that clothes-padded, shallow crevice. Her clamor but redoubled.

"Help! Help! There's murder here! Help!"

A shout answered somewhere—then another. The landlady screamed something. I could hear ejaculations. Then the darkness seemed to spin like swirling waters, as, half suffocated, I leaned against the door—calling, calling—beating the wood frantically with the dagger hilt. Afar, a racket swelled, translating itself, to my joy, into the pounding of feet upon the stairs.

Of sudden, the room was alive with voices. One of these was near my door.

"In here, you say?"

"Yes, officer." Mrs. Bowers' voice.

I pounded, gasping.

"Yes, yes! Let me out of here!"

I heard the bolt ring, and there I was in light and air, facing a pallid group of men and women, half dressed, with hair disheveled.

I staggered and was forthwith seized by arms that gripped me roughly.

"Ah, would you?" A twist wrenched the dagger from me, hurtling it across

the room. It stuck, quivering, in the floor. The pale circle shrank away.

"The blood on it—see?" I heard. "Yes, and on his hand—his clothes!" Their eyes fixed me with abhorrence—fear.

I shrank, aghast.

"No, no! You—why, you're frightfully mistaken!" I faced the bed, where several women hovered over the Italian girl. "Nita, you—"

I hesitated, and the appeal died. This was not the time for her to tell. Not now, sitting there wrapped in the arms of the woman whose son her hand had killed. Not now!

But the half-fainting girl looked at me, dazedly responsive to her name. Then suddenly her eyes awoke affrightedly as memory summoned the night's event. With a shudder, she drew herself from the mother's enwrapping arms.

I stepped before her.

"Don't speak now, Nita," I implored. "Don't tell anything—"

An angry murmur intervened.

"Shut up! Certainly she'll tell *now*! Nita, you tell everything!"

"Wait, wait!" I pleaded. "There's a reason—"

The officer jerked me back.

"Quiet for yours!" he growled. He addressed the girl gently: "Just tell one thing first, miss. Did this man break in your door?"

She shook her head.

"No, no! That was—"

Her glance cut wildly at where the body lay. With a shudder, she buried her face in her hands. The old woman leaned over her.

"Was it Johnny, dearie?"

The dark head nodded.

"Yes," she breathed.

"Ah!" and the mother nodded, her faded eyes brushing me affrightedly. "Ah!" she repeated and turned a working face upon the circle. "To save her!" she whispered above the girl's head. "My boy," with a choke, "he tried to save her!" Tears rolled down the wrinkled visage.

They murmured assent, holding me in their black looks.

"The bloody murderer!" I heard.

I shrugged, disgusted, and sank into a chair, feeling heart-aching pity for the two women who soon must grind each other like millstones pressed together. I had no alarm about myself. The poor girl's story would



He laughed softly. "Guess you heard about me and Nita to-night?"

clarify everything.

"Tell us about it, Nita," a woman pleaded. "Tell us how he was killed?"

The Italian girl started. Then I saw that the hands before her face were parted and that she was staring, wild-eyed, at the point where the dagger still transfixed the boards.

"I will show you," she murmured and glided to her knees.

With a jerk, she wrenched the steel from out the wood. It flashed as her arm straightened and like lightning flashed again—leaving her bosom red.

"*Ricompensare!*" she breathed, as the dagger clattered at my feet. She looked at me. "Signor, you see—are you satisfied?"

She fell.

And horror seethed. A woman stooped and raised the head—then straightened with a scream:

"She's gone!"

I saw them turn and look at me while I sat paralyzed.

Gone! The Italian girl gone! The one witness—the only one who *knew!* Nita gone, and with her tale still all untold! No, no, it could not—must not be!

Gone!

*Then what of me?*

Panic swept me. For overwhelming me was a sickening sense of utter impotency; the sudden, appalling realization of a dilemma from which there could be no human deliverance.

The room swam—faded from me as if the light had been extinguished. Yet not before I saw the mother lift the stiletto there at my feet and hold it before me, showing the globuled pendant that gathered at its end—a drop like crimson fire. Aye, darkness closed, yet still it shone—a shining ruby point that gleamed like an eye of blood.

"Your work!"

How oddly like her son's the mother's voice was! What had it said about my work? It rang in my memory like the echo of a bell:

*"Your work kept you up kinder late to-night."*

"Eh?" I blinked, straining at this crimson thing my own fingers poised against the dark—a dying match with shining ruby point that gleamed like an eye of blood.

A match—no more!

My jaw dropped. Wherefore, my pipe all but dropped, too, scattering a little shower that sparkled impishly.

The landlady's son went on:

"But I wouldn't 'a' come in, you

were so dark—only for hearing you call. Tried to be quiet, listening out there, but I reckon you must 'a' heard something."

"I—I—" A heavy swallow, and then my nerves fed hungrily upon long, sweet drafts of soothing nicotine. "Yes, I heard—something!"

A thud sounded on the floor above. I jumped. He chuckled.

"She'll be yelling again over a mashed toe if she ain't more careful. Nita, I mean."

"Nita!" I gasped.

"Yes, it's her and the old woman, moving trunks."

Trunks!

He laughed softly.

"Guess you heard about me and Nita to-night?" If I was silent, it was because a shudder makes no sound. "Married by Father Longinetti right after supper. Yes, and we've got to bustle, le'me tell *you!*" quickening excitedly. "My boss got us passes over our road up to Niag'ry, but we've got to make the three-thirty mixed out of Hoboken." He was going. "Just thought maybe you'd like to give us a good word——"

"I would! I would!" warmly. And I got to my feet, though shakily enough. Moreover, I let myself go in the heartiest, most sincere congratulations that in all my life my lips had ever uttered.

"And, Johnny——" Here I forced his reluctant hand to close upon a folded, crackling bill. "On me!" I pleaded firmly. "The best hotel and all Niagara's frills——"

"Oh, but——"

"Johnny!" And there were excited whisperings from the landing overhead.

"Coming!" he bawled, and clattered up the stairs.

And I followed after. But there was no darkness—no tragic gloom now in the heights I climbed; only a golden, heavenly radiance sifting down.

Romance had come to Patchin Place.



# Gloriana and the Wealth of Ind

By Anne O'Hagan

Author of "The Lady of Rocca Pirenza," "The Magnum Opus," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. A. FURMAN

The story of an ambitious girl who had yet enough humanity to be inconsistent.

GLORIANA had had a crowded afternoon. She had put up the new curtains in the room of Miss Starbottom, the high-school teacher, who was her mother's oldest boarder; she had polished the ancient Purdee mahogany in the sitting room; and she had, for the fifth time in the five months since her return from Vassar, rejected, with considerable tartness, the marriage proposals of Doctor Lemuel Demarest. She felt that it was entirely unfair on the part of her old friend to place so frequently in her path a temptation she was pledged to shun.

Now she was awaiting, with a certain pleasurable excitement, the advent of Billy Lloyd and his new car; and while she waited, she chopped cold chicken for salad and made the mayonnaise with which to garnish it. Her mother, Mrs. Purdee, was taking the sacred afternoon nap which, so it was understood, alone enabled her to conduct the most exclusive boarding house in Salesport; and Hepzibah and Polly, the two commercial helpers of the establishment, were likewise refreshing themselves for the hour when the half-score fortunate paying guests of Mrs. Purdee would return to her spotless house and swarm into her dining room with ravenous appetite. Only Gloriana, with the high scorn of twenty-two for afternoon naps and a general preservative regimen, was busy.

When the viands of her preparation

had been put into the ice chest, she went upstairs to make ready for Billy. She hoped that Billy would not also take the occasion to propose; there should be moderation in all things, she felt. Besides, she intended—possibly—to accept Billy, and it would wound her sympathies too deeply to accept any one on one of the days when she had rejected dear, impossible, ineligible old Lem.

The cheerful toot of Billy's horn outside the door called her downstairs. He looked handsome and engaging, and as for the new car—

"Oh, Billy! It's a *Packard*—a new Packard!" A seven-passenger—"Breath failed her as she surveyed the model.

"Surest thing you know!" assented Billy cheerfully, twinkling upon her from the sidewalk, where he stood holding open the car door.

"And you—Billy, you have a new fur overcoat—fur inside!"

"Yes. And it's much too warm an October afternoon for it, only I wanted to sport it."

"I should say so!" Gloriana was all italics and big, shining blue eyes. "And a new rug! Oh, Billy, it's fine! What new municipality has been ordering hydrant valves by the million billion?"

"Which way do you want to go?" asked Billy, tucking the new rug carefully about her and climbing in.

"In whatever direction we shall be

seen of the greatest number of envious people," replied Gloriana promptly.

"Suits me," stated Billy, with a side glance at Gloriana to give point to his remark.

"But you haven't told me," remarked Gloriana, with an engaging air of intimacy, almost of proprietorship, "what municipality is paying for all this splen-

linck. But you—you know, Glory, you've grown into a good deal of a peach."

"If it's to be a peach to be interested in business, I'm one of the very finest peaches in the world," stated Gloriana with demure conviction. "If I only were a man——" She sighed.

"But lots of women are going in for business and all that," remarked Billy vaguely. "Not that I'm not blamed glad you're not one of them."

He looked at her profile with a glance at once ardent and shy; and although the profile seemed to take no notice of the glance, it grew rosy red.

"The truth is, Billy," announced Gloriana candidly, "that I adore success. I simply adore it. And success, in this country, at any rate, means business. Oh, the women of our family have business talent—there's no doubt about it. It hasn't been an awfully big field, mother's, but she's made a wonderful success of her business ever since father died and left us two children, the old Purdee house, and a nice set of debts as his legacy to her."

"Your mother's a wonder," agreed Billy respectfully. "And I like to hear you say you adore success. When I was at college, they used to feed us up on a lot of stuff

about success not amounting to much—material success, that is. It took me at least three years in the Lloyd Valve Company to get that pounded out of my silly head. Evidently they're wiser at Vassar."

"I shouldn't say that the trend of collegiate education," began Gloriana somewhat sonorous, "was to make one rate commercial efficiency at its true value. I think that probably my



"Oh, Billy! It's a—Packard a new Packard!"

dor. Did you get that Dayton contract?"

"No, but I got another, a better one. Say, Glory, do you know it's awfully jolly to know a girl who takes such a keen interest, and such a blamed intelligent interest, in business? Until you came back, there were only two classes of girls in Salesport—those who were interested in the one-step, and those that wanted to talk of Maeter-

admiration for success—my determination to be successful”—she lifted her dimpled chin a little higher—“was a personal idiosyncrasy.”

“Say, you’ve got a neat little vocabulary of your own!”

“Would you really call it my own, Billy?” inquired Gloriana, turning upon him a pair of blue eyes filled with the merriest self-mockery.

“Oh, Gloriana!” cried Billy, slightly losing his head and removing his hand abruptly from the steering wheel. But a sharp swerve of the car toward the curb brought him back to position again, and for a moment the impending danger of another proposal was averted.

“I can tell you one thing,” went on Billy, quieting down again. “I mean to be successful. The world was given us to enjoy and to conquer. I have no patience with all these pale, flabby, anæmic theories of the people who don’t know how to forge ahead. Life’s a good thing, if you take it right——” But philosophy was not young Mr. Lloyd’s long suit, and he wandered off into silence upon the intellectual foundations of his creed, and returned to its more practical aspects. “I mean to have all the good things going. I mean to have them in a big way. I mean my wife to have them.”

It was very satisfactory. Billy was speaking with the very voice of her own desires. She was almost prepared to let him run out to the shore road and to make his proposal in due form. He had sounded convincing.

But at that moment the one traffic policeman of Salesport’s residential district—signaled for Billy’s car to stop; and as they sat waiting for the cross-street parade to cease, Gloriana’s eyes were directed, by the perversity of fate, toward a car waiting in front of a shabby old house across the street. Not only was it a Ford runabout, but it was a Ford runabout that had obviously seen hard service for a long time, and

that needed washing at that very moment. In spite of the universality of its kind, its features were well known to Gloriana. She could no more mistake them than she could mistake the shabby figure of an old friend. It was Doctor Demarest’s car.

“Hello!” Billy had not recognized the car, but he recognized the doctor, coming down the steps of the forlorn old house. “There’s Demarest. Taking that little Wilson kid out for a ride. He’s a good old skate.”

“And here we are with all that space in the tonneau,” murmured Gloriana remorsefully.

“Well, you can bet I’m not going to use the new car for fresh-air excursions the very first time! It’s a triumphal chariot to-day, Miss Gloriana Purdee, and not a barge for an amateur children’s hospital. Hello, there, Lem! Hello, Bub! Going for a joy ride?”

The crippled child whom the doctor was carrying piped up ecstatically that they were going for a joy ride, and Billy, reaching into the pocket of his capacious new coat, produced a box done up in white paper and gilt cord.

“These were for you,” he said in an aside to Gloriana. “Let’s give them to the kid, shall we?”

And at Gloriana’s nod, the box was deftly tossed, and the Wilson child shrilled out delighted thanks.

“I wonder if Doctor Demarest ever remembers to send his clothes to the tailor’s,” speculated Gloriana.

The sparkle was gone for the day. She was irritated at the sight of him. He so obviously needed some one to look out for him. Well, one thing was certain—she had no intention of being that person!

But, in the instinctive way that women have, she managed to keep the conversation for the rest of the afternoon on another plane than that one of intimate delight on which it had be-

gun. And when Billy finally brought the car gently to a standstill before her mother's door, half an hour before dinner, she had been thinking for a perceptible time how charming it would be if only Lemuel Demarest were her brother, or a sort of cousin, or some one who could respectably live with her and Billy, when they were married, and be taken care of. She had quite made up her mind that she was going to marry Billy, although, for some obscure reason, she shrank from giving him the chance to learn his fate.

"Oh, by the way, Billy, you didn't tell me anything about your new contract, after all."

She looked at him inquiringly as they stood on the step.

"That shows how foxy I am. Gives me a chance to ask when I can come around and tell you all about it. It's a big thing. You'll be interested."

"Well, come around to-morrow evening, if you've nothing else to do. I'm coaching my dramatic club to-night in the church parlors."

"All right, to-morrow—about eight?"

And Billy went off, revolving in his mind a verbal pleasantry he intended to perpetrate in regard to another new contract.

## II.

Gloriana, to show that a little matter like a rejection was no bar to disinterested friendship, was riding out in the country in the shabby runabout with Doctor Demarest. She was lecturing him after the manner of an elderly friend.

"What I'm finding fault with, Lem," she said kindly, but firmly, "is that you lack ambition. To think of your being willing to settle down in a small place like Salesport!"

"Well, there's a reasonable amount of sickness in Salesport." Thus Doctor Demarest.

"Yes, of course." Gloriana was per-

fectly amiable about it; she would not deny the obvious. "But, after all, there are other people to take care of them, the Salesport sick, men who haven't had your opportunities, men who haven't studied abroad, men who——"

"Oh, come now, Glory, I guess you'd be glad enough that there was something in Salesport with a moderate amount of medical education, if your mother, for instance, should be taken sick. And somehow I have a sort of liking for my father's old field."

"I know." Gloriana was patient with family affection. "It's all very nice, and Salesport, of course, is in great luck. But have you no personal ambition?"

"I have a personal ambition to make the sick people at Salesport well, and to ease their going when they have to go. You see, Glory, I'm very fond of the inhabitants of this burg."

"I wish I could wake you up!" exclaimed the exasperated Gloriana.

"And I often wish I could wake you up," retorted the doctor astonishingly. "I wish I could wake you up to a perception of real values. Sometimes it seems to me that you've gone off on a materialistic tangent, Gloriana, and are confusing the tinsel rewards of work with the merit of the work itself. I have moments of suspecting you of liking wealth."

"I never denied that I liked wealth," replied Gloriana, her face quite red. A critical attitude on the part of her adorer was not at all to her liking. "And, more than that, I mean to have it." She spoke with determination. "If you think that I intend to go on being an upper housemaid in mother's establishment until I become a working housekeeper for some Salesport man or other, you're very much mistaken. I mean to taste all the fruits of success. I'm going to be one of the big people——"

"Fifth Avenue, cottage at Newport,



"Come in here! Come quickly, Gloriana!"  
he called. "I need you."

and all the rest of it?" inquired Doctor Demarest dryly. "Well, bless you, my child! I dare say they're perfectly obtainable if they're what you really want. Whoa, Bill!" Thus humorously he brought his car to a standstill before a tumbled-down farmhouse. "I've got to go in here, Glory, for a minute. You don't mind waiting?"

Gloriana watched him advance along the overgrown drive toward the sagging front door. She wanted to shake him. Every one knew his skill as a physician. There was no reason why he shouldn't go to one of the big cities and specialize, perhaps; build up a big, prosperous practice, anyway. He might even lecture at some great medical school. Oh, there was nothing he mightn't do, if he only would! Instead of which, here he was, going about Salesport in any sort of old clothes that wretched house-

keeper of his saw fit to leave out for him, attending the ailments of a lot of poor, nonpaying patients, and utterly refusing to glimpse the fact that, if he would only change the goal of his ambitions, he might stand a chance of making Gloriana Purdee change her mind.

She was awfully fond of Lemuel Demarest, she admitted it—fond with a sort of maternal, angry fondness. Deep in her heart, carefully kept under cover, there was a sort of pride in him and his unworldliness; there was even a sort of pride that he was a bigger man than—Billy Lloyd, for instance—and a queer, perverse joy that she, Gloriana Purdee, was capable of distinguishing that superiority, even if nothing on earth would induce her to share the obscurity it entailed.

Her musings were interrupted by the

sound of a shot, and the doctor came running to the door.

"Come in here! Come quickly, Gloriana!" he called. "I need you."

At the abrupt command, Gloriana sprang from the car and ran up the path. She hadn't time to remember that she was absolutely of no use in sickness, that she had had no experience of it. She only knew that Doctor Demarest had called her to service and that, of course, she must obey.

Even when she discovered what the service was, she only gritted her teeth tightly together and did as she was bidden. She had always had the theory that the sight of blood would cause her to faint. Now she learned that there were occasions on which it would not. With sharpened perceptions, she beheld the poverty of the farmhouse, the dirt, the disorder; she beheld the sick woman whom Doctor Demarest had been called to attend, lying upon her unmade bed in a corner room; and she beheld the child who had just shattered his arm with a loaded shotgun, which he had managed to take down from the wall. She saw these things, it afterward seemed to her, more distinctly than she had ever seen anything in all her life before. And she hated them with an intensity even greater than that which she had always known she would feel for poverty, dirt, sickness, and wounds. Nevertheless, she held the moaning child while the doctor dressed the mangled arm. She didn't faint even when all the ugly, sordid experience was passed, and she was once again in the rusty little runabout.

"You're a brick, Glory!" said the doctor. "You've got grit. You're your mother's daughter. I'm glad you were with me. Not only for that poor little chap's sake," he added suddenly, turning toward her, "but for yours and for mine. I knew you had only to get down to the bottom facts of life to become yourself; I knew you had only to see

suffering at close range in order to waken the heart in you. And when that's done—well, of course, I want your heart myself; but even if I can't have it, I want it to be the right kind of a heart."

"And do you think for a minute," cried Gloriana, in a voice strangled by many emotions, "that what I've seen to-day would change my feeling about life? Oh, it has strengthened it a thousand times! Not for anything on earth—not for all the wealth of Ind—would I consent to live on close terms with life, if that horror back there is life! Dirt, sickness, mangled bodies, loneliness, poverty, hunger—oh, I won't endure them! I won't, I won't, I won't!"

"Well, at bottom we are of the same mind," said Doctor Demarest grimly, speeding his machine back toward town. "I won't endure them either. That's the reason I work to change them. That's the reason you could never get me away—not even you, Gloriana—from this place; no, not if you would offer me—what was it you said?—all the wealth of Ind!"

They drove the rest of the way home in silence. At last there was a visible antagonism between them. Gloriana was so full of rebellion against him and against that life which he overcame by acceptance, and which she would overcome by rejection—she was so full of rebellion over the whole afternoon that she forgot even to be annoyed about the lack of correct creases in his trousers, or the button that had fallen from his ulster.

### III.

Gloriana had accepted Billy Lloyd. That momentous event had taken place at eight-fifteen, for Billy, arriving at eight o'clock, had been so fearful lest the pleasantries about the new contract should escape him if he delayed to propose that he proposed at once. And Gloriana, smarting with a sense that she



had somehow lost standing in Lemuel Demarest's opinion, burning to escape from all contact with ugliness and squalor, had said, yes, she thought they would hit it off very well together, that they would form a very effective working partnership. It was in some such romantic way as this that Billy had put his plea.

"We won't be living here in Salesport long," announced Billy magnificently. "Of course, I'll keep the old house——"

"Why, where shall we be living?" asked Gloriana.

"Oh, New York, Newport, a little Adirondacks lodge—a yacht on the Mediterranean when sea travel looks healthy again—— How would all that strike you, Mistress Gloriana Purdee?"

"Why, Billy! Are you mad? Or are you talking about twenty years hence?"

"I'm talking about twenty months ahead, if this blessed war keeps up."

Glory sat bolt upright and stared at him out of distended blue eyes.

"What?" she shot the monosyllable at him.

"Surest thing you know." Billy spoke his usual formula of assent. "The Lloyd Valve Company isn't turning out valves for city hydrants any more, my young friend. Its entire output is something—well, something quite different. And it's contracted for by the agents of the Allies for the next year. It didn't require much change in our machinery," he went on fatuously, "to equip the shops for the kind of shells they needed. And so—— Why, what's the matter with you?"

"Shells!" Glory looked at him. Shuddering waves of sickness ran through her. Again she seemed to be holding the bloody, shattered little body she had held that morning. "Shells? To kill people? To maim people? To——to——" Her voice failed her.

Billy grew quite red.

"Shells to kill Germans," he reas-

sured her. "Why, you don't mean to tell me you're one of these abominable peace-at-any-price creatures?"

"Shells! To murder, to wound—— Oh, Billy! I couldn't bear it! Not to be growing rich on that! You understand?"

"I certainly don't! Don't you believe that the Allies should be furnished with arms and ammunition? Do you want to see Prussian militarism ruling the world?"

"No, of course I don't. And I don't mind anybody who feels that way—I don't mind anybody's giving all the aid he can to the Allies! Giving, giving, Billy! But—not to grow rich on it! Not to—— Oh, no, I couldn't!"

"Do you mean to tell me that you, with all your business sense, are such a blamed sentimentalist as all this? Why, do you take me for a come-on?"

"I don't know what I take you for," cried Gloriana miserably. "I don't think—oh, I don't think I could take you at all. I'm not trying to be funny, Billy. I'm only awfully confused. And I know that not for anything, not for anything—not for all the wealth in the world—could I grow rich that way. Oh, I suppose I'm inconsistent——"

"If you're interested in my opinion," replied Billy huffily, "you certainly are. If you don't mind, I think I'll go."

"I think perhaps you'd better, Billy," said Gloriana wretchedly.

"I'll come around to-morrow morning. You'll probably have come to your senses overnight. You will see——" And Billy launched upon the incontrovertible logic of the munition maker.

It was at least half an hour after he had gone before Gloriana crept to the telephone and, in a small voice, gave the office number of Doctor Lemuel Demarest to the operator. And while she waited for it, she murmured once or twice with conviction:

"I suppose I'm awfully inconsistent. But not for all the wealth of——"

# Hallie Nobody

By Marion Short

Author of "Just to Say Good-By," "The Girl at Copperdip," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

**"Can justice come out of a bottle?" asks the author. In the case of Hallie Nobody it surely did.**

NOW I'd like to make this a prohibition story, because I believe in prohibition, but the truth is that Roger Kezbrooke died of a jag, having done more good than any one man in our town.

To begin with, Kezbrooke's interest in Hallie Nobody was always a curious one. "Nobody" wasn't the girl's real name, of course. She didn't have any real name, except her mother's, and when she grew old enough to realize that, she took it into her head to be called "Miss Nobody" and wouldn't answer to anything else.

Hallie lived with what was left of her mother's relations, somewhere the other side of the railroad tracks. Scum of the earth the Kimballs were considered, always. Hallie was the only one among them that worked. She had a job in the broom factory. The broom factory and the scum were all you had to talk about if you brought up the other side of the tracks in conversation.

Pretty, in a fragile sort of way, Hallie was, though we women that had known her mother before her agreed she couldn't hold a candle to poor, dead-and-gone Eliza. Eliza was so beautiful she just took away your breath—fresh as a wild rose, and about as useful as one, with her careless nods and smiles and nothing solid behind them.

Kezbrooke, when he was young and different, was wild about Eliza. In

fact, half the young fellows in town used to stumble across the tracks to reach the ramshackle house where the Kimballs lived, as anxious for a smile from Eliza as if she'd been a millionaire's daughter, instead of just a Kimball.

We other Cherryville girls, with no-colored hair and ordinary eyes, used to stare at her with envy, even if she did live the wrong side of the tracks. She could have married and done well a dozen times over if she'd had any family or social standing to back her up, but—the Kimballs!

Eliza died without ever telling who Hallie's father was. That was nearly eighteen years ago.

You'd never guess from Hallie's looks or actions, though, that she didn't consider herself the equal of anybody, in spite of having no name. She'd cross the tracks and flounce along Main Street in her homemade finery, with a proud perk to her chin and an odd little twist of her rosebud mouth, as much as to say:

"I know what you all think of me, but I don't care."

Poor little thing! We had to smile sometimes behind her back.

"Just like her mother," gossip ran, "and bound to go the same way, if she hasn't done so already."

And then, as if by accident, some one always mentioned young Henderson.

Nobody knew that Henderson—whose mother owns the broom factory

and has an interest in the bank—had been paying Hallie attention, until last winter, when he made a trip to New York. Once there, he sent her candy and post cards, and of course our post-mistress, being a woman, told of it.

Nobody dared say a word against the girl in the hearing of Roger Kezbrooke, though, and if you knew him as his neighbors did, you'd realize why.

I think we all miss Kezbrooke, now he's gone. When he was sober, he was a queer, silent duck, as mum as the town-hall tower after they took out the bell. You couldn't get him to say more than "yes" or "no" to anything, and half the time it was only a nod or a shake of the head. But when he was drunk—well, you'd never suspect any one could find so many words in the English language to get hold of and throw around as he did. He'd just grab the heart of a passer-by, so to speak, and turn it inside out for the loungers at the post office or grocery to look at.

We never knew where he got his knowledge. He was as unsocial as a frog froze up in an ice pond when he was sober, and not a soul dared tell him anything when he was drunk, but he picked up his facts somehow, and we all knew, if our own time hadn't come to be torn asunder and dissected, it would come sooner or later.

Perhaps the only person in town that wasn't afraid of Kezbrooke when he got a talking spell was Hallie Nobody. He never opened his mouth to criticize her. What's more, he stood guard like a vicious bulldog, alert to hear the faintest yelp any one else might lift at her foolish high heels. (Yes, she wore the widest hats and the highest heels in Cherryville, poor child!)

It was rather pitiful, when you come to think of it, that the only man willing to stand up for her was the town drunk; pitiful, yet appropriate, too, considering the stock she came of.

Yet Kezbrooke had stood high among us, as a young chap. He had been mighty ambitious, and if he had paid me any attention at that time, I'd have felt as set up as if he'd been Alonzo Stewart himself—the rich young lawyer that afterward married the governor's niece.

But Kezbrooke had never looked at me, and I finally had married Henry Jones, the sexton of the Congregation-alist Church. Henry isn't the sort of man I'd thought to ever settle down with, but I was thirty-one when he proposed. I think that's the way half the girls get married, anyhow. It isn't exactly a matter of choice.

No, he wasn't the Kezbrooke, as a boy, that the town knew afterward. Why, he was Lon Stewart's closest pal! Little did anybody dream, those days, that the time would come when the sight of Kezbrooke looming drunkenly in the distance would be enough to make Lon Stewart cross the street to get rid of speaking to him.

The Lord only knows what would have become of Kezbrooke, anyhow, if he hadn't had a little income from a patent varnish he'd invented in his youth.

"Kezbrooke's looking for varnish money," somebody'd remark with a laugh when he showed up at the post office around the first of the month; and after he'd got it, they'd say: "Kezbrooke's varnished again," meaning he was drunk again.

That's how our one saloon back of the railroad hotel got to be called "The Varnish Shop." The name will stick to it, I suppose, until we Cherryville women get together and vote "No License," and put it out of business.

Perhaps what started Kezbrooke on a tack he'd never taken before was the accident. It happened on a Saturday, just at the noon hour, when there's always the biggest crowd in front of the post office on any day in the week.



She'd flounce along Main Street in her homemade finery, with a proud perk to her chin and an odd little twist of her rosebud mouth, as much as to say: "I know what you all think of me, but I don't care."

Kezbrooke was on hand for his varnish letter as usual, and when he stepped out onto the sidewalk with it, he ran square into young Henderson. The boy lost his hat and had to stoop

to pick it up. The trouble was that they had simultaneously seen Hallie Nobody coming, and it kept them from seeing each other until they had to.

Kezbrooke got his wits together first, and bowed to Hallie as deferentially as if she'd been first cousin to the Queen of Sheba.

Henderson didn't bow at all. He just dusted his hat and stood staring at his feet.

Naturally, it was a hard place for Henderson. His mother was just across the sidewalk from him, and it would have been enough to make her faint dead away if he had noticed Hallie right in the face and eyes of the town. We all saw that; that is—all but Kezbrooke.

"How do you do, Miss Nobody?" he said, the moment she got near enough. "Allow me to introduce Mr. Henderson."

Kezbrooke had a voice like mellow thunder, and everybody caught what he said. A dead stillness blanketed the crowd for a minute. The helter-skelter rush to get back to automobiles and farm wagons stopped. Handsome, blond Henderson blushed like a girl, mumbled something, and bowed. But Hallie never even glanced at him. She stood there, those slim feet of hers close together, looking extra tall and straight, and

with her pretty doll face shining white as a little moon set in the big sky of her hat brim.

"When I wish to have people introduced to me, I'll let you know, Mr.

Kezbrooke," she said, high and clear, as if not speaking alone to him, but to every one else as well; and she turned and started blindly across the street.

Just then, Lawyer Stewart's car, long and slim as a giant alligator, came sliding along.

Kezbrooke was the first to get to Hallie. Stewart's car was empty, except for the chauffeur, when it struck her, so they bundled her into the back seat and hurried off to the hospital, Kezbrooke going along.

Seeing Kezbrooke so anxious about the girl—her head was bleeding some from striking against a hitching post—revived that old talk that every once in a while went the rounds—that in reality he was her father. Lon Stewart was the first to start the report, some said, but nobody knew for certain. And now Kezbrooke was taking her to the hospital in Stewart's car!

It brought back to me in a flash the day Eliza Kimball was buried, and how the hearse crossed the string of carriages bringing society, on short notice, to see Lon marry the governor's niece. Old Man Stewart had been in his last illness at the time, and had wanted to see his son married before he passed on.

Well, to go back to Hallie. Luckily or unluckily, any way you want to look at it, she wasn't fatally hurt, and inside of a month was back on a bench at the factory and high-heeling it along Main Street as perky as ever. The only signs of her having been laid up at all were a strip of court-plaster across one side of her forehead and her big eyes looking sort of spooky at you from under her dark hair.

Not long after that, Kezbrooke's varnish money came due again. As he lounged around waiting for the mail to be distributed, he was coughing as deep as if his cold had struck clear to the soles of his shoes. When the postmistress heard that cough, she

prophesied he'd get glazed worse than ever trying to get rid of it, which he did.

The next day was Sunday. We hadn't had evening services at the church for some time, for in August it grew so scorching hot there'd been only a scattering in the pews, and the minister's voice echoed back to him from the emptiness so loud he was obliged to hear his own sermon twice over. It seems to me it must be sort of discouraging, anyhow, to preach salvation to half a dozen old-timers who've been saved so long they've almost forgotten how it felt, and I didn't wonder at it when Mr. Quintner called a vacation until the latter part of September. But vacation was over now, and the Stewart chauffeur brought a tonneau of flowers to decorate the church for the rally service, and Henry and I arranged them.

When those flowers came, Mr. Quintner said it meant Lawyer Stewart must be back from the Adirondacks. Then he rubbed his hands and smiled. Stewart was our leading member.

The church was almost full that evening, as Mr. Quintner had hoped it would be, and the crowd and Lawyer Stewart together just seemed to put our minister on his mettle.

The subject of the evening's discourse was "The Evils of Strong Drink," and Mr. Quintner put heart and soul into it, carrying every one along with him, except Kezbrooke. What in the world brought him to church, nobody knew. I, for one, could not remember when he had been there last.

Every once in a while, when Mr. Quintner made some good climax in his argument, there'd be a queer snort from the back pew on the left-hand side. Of course that snort meant Kezbrooke and that he was varnished. Mr. Quintner's remarks were nipped in the bud by that snort more than once. It

was a hard evening for the minister. As a rule, he gives one of his very best sermons when Lon Stewart is present.

Lon sat alone in the Stewart pew as usual. He still wore the band on his sleeve he put on two years ago when his wife died. They had never had any children. Stewart kept his youth remarkably. It was enough to make us all shun the horrors of intemperance, even without Mr. Quintner's sermon, to notice the difference between his looks and Kezbrooke's.

Stewart's cheeks had an out-of-door red to them, and when he stood up to join in the hymns, his back was as straight as an Indian's. His waving chestnut hair, with just a sprinkle of gray at the temples, looked as firm and polished as if molded out of some kind of metal.

Kezbrooke's long, scraggly locks hung around his head like a mop left out in the rain. He was tall, like Lawyer Stewart, but had a peculiar huddled look as if trying to shrink into himself from all sides at once. Strong drink had brought out an ugly blue-red color high on his cheek bones, and made his searchlight eyes pop out at you worse than ever.

Stewart's eyes were small and hid back in his head along with his thoughts, which no one ever presumed to read, not even Kezbrooke. At least, if he did read them, he kept it to himself, perhaps on account of their having been friends in their youth.

"In concluding my remarks," said Mr. Quintner, after a plain effort to rise above Kezbrooke's latest snort, "I

wish, as is our custom, to extend an invitation for brief remarks upon the subject of my discourse."

He sat down, as always, and waited for some member to rise in his pew.



"How do you do, Miss Nobody? Allow me to introduce Mr. Henderson."

Lon Stewart looked around very politely to see if any one else had the floor, and then got to his feet and started in. Lon always did make a good prayer-meeting speech.

"If any man refuse to hear and heed the voice of truth," he began, in the impressive way they say wins him all his cases, "that man is unworthy a seat in the house of the Lord."

Having addressed his first remarks





"When I wish to have people introduced to me, I'll let you know, Mr. Kezbrooke," she said, high and clear.

to the blank wall ahead of him, he turned and faced the congregation.

"It has been brought home to me to-night as never before," he went on, "that strong drink is one of the greatest evils with which we have to contend. And let me add that our brother's words on the subject are driven home with unusual force by the presence in our midst to-night of a besotted victim of the loathsome habit."

He pointed straight over to Kezbrooke's corner as he said "victim," but not a soul turned his head to see what would happen. We all knew Kezbrooke, and were willing to let Lawyer Stewart have the responsibility of tackling him all to himself.

"I do not," acknowledged Lon, "possess the wonderful patience and self-control exhibited by our pastor during the course of his interrupted sermon. On the contrary, I believe there are times when it becomes almost one's duty to set the sinner on high for the eagles of condemnation to pick upon."

"Think so, Lon?" Kezbrooke broke in, quick as a flash. "Wait a minute. I'd like to talk that over."

Such a stillness followed the interruption, I could hear my collar supports rattle when I breathed. Then came an unsteady shuffling of feet—Kezbrooke coming down the aisle!

Mr. Quintner, hoping to head off trouble, started to give out a hymn, but Kezbrooke's bass notes rumbling up from his chest made him sound like a sparrow chirping out page and number.

"You're right, Lon," said Kezbrooke, "to let loose the eagles of condemnation, but there's another sinner here besides me that needs to be set on

high, and I wouldn't mind having him for company."

We all stirred in our seats at that, and some instinctively put up their hymn books.

"That's enough, Mr. Kezbrooke," the parson hastened to say, while Kezbrooke was choking back a cough. "We have no time for further remarks this evening." He closed his watch with a snap. "Where's the sexton?" he asked

of nobody in particular. "Our unfortunate fellow citizen should be taken home at once."

He may have expected my Henry to come forward, but I knew the last job on earth Henry'd hanker for would be that of asking Kezbrooke to go along with him. Henry values being sexton too much to take chances on having a new one put in his place to spread fresh sod over him. He was just outside in the vestibule, and he stayed there.

"There's no hurry about my getting home," said Kezbrooke. "I'm not needed at home."

He gave a clutching movement with his right hand, a thing he always does when about to give some one a piece of his mind.

"You might shut me up if I was sober, because when I'm sober, I'm a coward; but I'm drunk now, men and women of this church—full as a tick—so drunk I can see through a stone wall—so drunk I'm not afraid to face man, angel, devil, or Lon Stewart and those eagles he was talking about, and to say all I want to say!"

At that, Mrs. Quintner, who was sitting near me, struck up singing "Greenland's Icy Mountains" to silence Kezbrooke, but no one would travel with her either to Greenland or to "India's coral strand," so she stayed where she was, her voice trickling fainter and fainter till it died.

It didn't seem as if Kezbrooke had heard her at all.

"Who is there in this town that doesn't know Hallie Nobody?" he inquired, without rhyme or reason, as it seemed. "And who is there that doesn't know her uncle—John Kimball—that hasn't done a stroke of work since he was a boy, but has always had money in spite of it?"

The clanking of the bones of that old Kimball scandal brought Lawyer Stewart right out into the aisle. He gimleted the drunkard with his eye.

"The Kimballs do not belong to this congregation, Kezbrooke, and your remarks are offensive. Nobody is interested in the Kimballs, and we'll send for the town constable if you continue."

"Send for him," jeered Kezbrooke, with a defiant wave of his arm, "but be sure he takes the right man when he gets here!"

Lon reached back for his hat.

"I'll summon him myself," he said, and you could see he was so disgusted he couldn't get out of the church quick enough; but Kezbrooke reeled in front of him, barring his way.

"Nobody interested in the Kimballs, eh?" He laughed as he thrust his face nearer Stewart's—the kind of laugh that sends the shivers down your spine. "Maybe that's true. Maybe that's why little Hallie Nobody is walking with a sweetheart to-night in the cemetery across the way, where her dishonored mother was buried—hiding her love from the gossips of this town because she's afraid love's something to be ashamed of. She has no one to care what becomes of her, no father to look after her, so why shouldn't young Dick Henderson, or any other man, win her heart on the sly and wind up by putting her where you—you black-hearted scoundrel—put her mother before her?"

Kezbrooke hurled the last sentence like a thunderbolt, and we all clung to our seats, expecting Stewart to knock him down then and there for such an insult. But Stewart never said a word. He tried to speak—his jaw wagged—but not a syllable came. It was as if Kezbrooke had reached for his soul, and was gripping it by the throat for all of us to gaze at until he got ready to let go.

I don't know what would have happened if a coughing spell hadn't forced Kezbrooke to swing round and catch at the corner of a pew. As he did so, Lon Stewart collapsed and fell back in his seat.



"I, Alonzo Stewart, do hereby acknowledge Hallie Stewart as my lawful child and give her in marriage to this man."

When Kezbrooke spoke again, the fire had gone out of him and his voice was almost gentle.

"I'm going home now," he said. "I'm through."

"But you're not through, Mr. Kez-

brooke!" The voice sounded from the back of the church, and, to the amazement of every one, Dick Henderson came striding down the aisle. He laid a hand on Kezbrooke's shoulder, not noticing the rest of us any more than

if we hadn't been there. He talked like a streak of lightning, and lightning that's in deadly earnest.

"You found me walking in the cemetery with Hallie an hour ago, and accused me of hiding from the light, of not meaning to be square with her, and I've got to set you right. I wasn't the one who wanted to keep our love secret—it was Hallie. I was trying to persuade her to marry me to-night—I've got the license here in my pocket—but she refused outright—has always refused. She said she had no name, and it wouldn't be fair to me. For that same reason, she's never wanted me to be seen with her or to speak to her in public. I know now I shouldn't have given in to her—you waked me up to that, and that's why I made her come over with me to this church. We've been standing outside the door, hearing everything that's been going on."

Of course we looked back then, and, sure enough, Hallie, a glimmer of white all except her raven hair, was hovering just inside the door like a sacred white butterfly.

"It isn't Hallie's name that matters to me," the boy went on bravely, facing us all. "It's her love for me, and the pure white soul of her. Name or no name, I want to make her my wife—here, now, in the presence of these assembled witnesses—and I ask you wives and mothers who happen to be here to help me persuade her that to marry me is right."

Then everybody began talking at once! I never heard such a babble in my life. Most people are good-hearted, after all, if you give them a chance, and I think there wasn't one of us but was glad to do her part in trying to persuade Hallie—and somehow she was persuaded.

The next thing we knew, the young couple were standing in front of Mr. Quintner, and a dovelike peace settled

over us all, in place of the commotion that had gone before.

I don't just recall where Kezbrooke stood. I only know he was there somewhere at the start. Folks seemed to forget all about him, and Lawyer Stewart, too. I think perhaps I was the only one to notice how Lon just sat there, his head bowed forward, the same as when Kezbrooke got through with him.

"And who giveth this woman in marriage to this man?" inquired Mr. Quintner, as he always does when reaching that part of the ceremony, and as he did so, he motioned to one of the deacons to come forward. But the deacon wasn't needed.

"I, Alonzo Stewart, lawfully married to Eliza Kimball, though fear of disgrace has held me silent until now, do hereby acknowledge Hallie Stewart as my lawful child and give her in marriage to this man."

Hallie gave a broken little cry at that, but her face, as she turned it toward Henderson, was the happiest I ever saw on earth or hope to see in heaven. Lon Stewart's confession meant everything to her, because it made her her sweetheart's equal in the eyes of the world. She sobbed right through the ceremony, and when it was over, ran across to where Lon sat, his face hidden in his hands.

"Father!" she said in a whisper that just clutched our heartstrings; and when Lon, white as death, rose up and gathered her in his arms—well, you'd have thought, from the way everybody's handkerchiefs came out, it was a funeral instead of a wedding.

When we thought to look for Kezbrooke, we found he had vamoosed. That night he drank heavy and died.

Can justice come out of a bottle? Well, I'm not saying that it can, but I do say what I said before—that Roger Kezbrooke died of a jag, having done more good than any one man in our town.

# Progress of Pilgrim

## Pidge

by  
Holman F. Day



ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR PERARD

No follower of Cap'n Sproul will be disappointed in this latest affair of his. The story is really a sequel to "Mr. Foster Horns In," which appeared in the April number of SMITH'S.

CAP'N AARON SPROUL pulled up his horse and studied the face of a wayside boulder with considerable interest. Freshly chiseled thereon were the words: "Seek and ye shall find."

The cap'n heartily commended that sentiment, as according with the business he was prosecuting, although he was considerably mystified by the manner in which the sentiment was recorded.

He was out collecting overdue subscriptions to a weekly newspaper, having found himself unexpectedly dragged into journalism because his wife had, without his knowledge, backed a decadent clergyman in her sympathy with

his fallen fortunes; the clergyman had reciprocated by walking out and away after he had failed to make good.

"That's a first-class motto," the cap'n told himself. "If that elder had gone out and collected, instead of waiting to have it brought to him, he might have lasted longer."

He slapped the reins across the horse's flanks and rode on toward that section of Scotaze known as Purgatory Mills. There were eleven delinquent subscribers there, and it was the cap'n's intention to make Purgatory hotter, if he didn't get the money.

On another wayside boulder along that road, the cap'n found: "Trust in the Lord," also newly done.

"All others cash," muttered Cap'n Sproul.

He turned in at the next house, for the name on the rural-free-delivery box by the roadside matched the name on one of the bills in his pocket. Miss Idolyne Bibb came to the door when he knocked.

"You owe two dollars for the *Hornet*, marm," the cap'n stated bluntly. "I'm here to collect."

The personality of Cap'n Sproul had been potent in Scotaze for many years; as a collector, he now had a new decision and finality about him that were impressive. Miss Bibb brought forth her purse and paid.

"That's the back bill, marm. Now if you want the paper to come along for another year, you'll have to hand me two dollars more."

"I was thinking of stopping the paper," she said. "There hasn't been the least namable thing in it for news until the last issue."

"That's when I grabbed 'in, marm. Got your money's worth out of that issue, didn't you?"

"It was about the spiciest news that was ever put out in this town," she affirmed with a giggle. "Just think of Calista Widd eloping—after all her years of being an old maid! Is the paper going to be kept up to that standard right along?" She was fingering two one-dollar bills.

"I ain't guaranteeing to have an old maid run away every week, marm. But you can reckon on plenty of ginger every issue. What say? I'm in more or less of a hurry!"

But she did not hand over the money.

"I want you to tell me who this Mr. Ozro Foster is, Captain Sproul. I'm so curious. Please tell me!"

"I don't know who he is."

"But he works for you on the paper. He eloped with Calista Widd—your own wife's cousin!"

"What if he did? He didn't elope with me."

"But——"

"I'll simply state this, Miss Bibb. He walked into town about ten days ago, with a six-toed coon cat under his arm, and said he was a printer. I had just had that paper plastered onto me, and I hired him. I hired Calista for editor. They fell in love and eloped and are now back on their jobs—and enterprising folks make an enterprising paper."

"But Simon Wing had been courting her all those years and——"

"And was so cussed slow that he deserved to have another man come along and grab her away. I don't know who this Foster is and I don't care, so long as he does his work—and he's mighty spry about it! Shall I put your name down?"

"But he came here from nowhere. Calista is taking a lot of chances."

"Any woman takes chances when she gets married, marm. They may think they know what a man is, but they don't. I reckon she knows Foster just as well as she knows old Sim Wing, though Sim has set her up every Sunday night for twenty years. So what's the odds? When the right man comes along, you'll always know it. I see you have your money ready." He reached and flicked the bills out of her hand. "Thank you. Down goes your name. You'll get all the news hot off the grid-dle."

He started away, but she hailed him.

"Just one word more, captain. You'll make a great mistake if you don't have a religious department in your paper."

"We'll let the elders preach. We're tending strictly to spicy news."

"But a little religious flavor will take the curse off some of your spicy news, sir. Remember that your paper is going into the family circle!"

The cap'n pondered on that after he had started on.

The more he reflected, the more con-



vinced he was that Miss Bibb had made a mighty good suggestion. A certain amount of religious matter would give an air of stability to the paper—and Cap'n Sproul had always made a strong point of stability.

Another boulder, freshly chipped, heralded: "Righteousness shall prevail."

"A good deal of truth in that," muttered the cap'n. "Some critter seems to be going to a lot of trouble to get facts before the public."

A few minutes later, he heard the clink of metal against stone and, pricked by curiosity, whipped up his horse and hurried around a turn in the road.

A ledge offered fair face for an inscription, and a man stood in front of it, busy with mallet and chisel. A long cloak with a sort of hood or cowl shrouded him; a long staff leaned against the ledge. Beside him stood a girl, and beside the girl was a sheep restrained by a leash.

Although the cap'n's arrival was attended by more or less noise—clatter of wheels on the frozen ground and a vociferous "whoa" when he pulled up his horse—the man at the ledge went on with his work and paid no attention.

"I'm glad I've caught up with you," stated the cap'n with heartiness. "I've been wondering about these mottoes. What's the general idea?"

"My poor father is deaf and dumb," explained the girl. "Though he cannot speak, himself, yet after he passes on his way, the stones speak and the rocks have tongues."

"So I see," said the cap'n, but wonderment puckered his forehead. "Yes, so I see. But what advertising concern is behind it?"

"It's all for the sake of the truth," said the girl humbly. "This is Elam Pidge, a pilgrim. I am Ellacoya Pidge, his faithful daughter." She pointed to the sheep. "This is Agnes, represent-

ing peace and purity. We have a mission. We go through the world doing good to all."

"Who pays you?"

"Conscience, sir."

"Didn't know that it could settle a board bill."

"We are fed by those who love the Lord."

Cap'n Sproul had had but brief experience in newspaper work, but he knew a good news item when he saw it.

"You two better hop in here with me," he suggested, "and stow that sheep in behind. I'm running the newspaper in this town, and I'll take you around to the office and have you written up in good shape. It'll be interesting reading."

"We do not ride. We are pilgrims, sir. But we will walk to the village and call on you."

"So do!" invited the cap'n cordially. "The old gent seems to be considerably took up with his job," he added. The man had not turned from the ledge.

"We shall come slowly," said the girl, "for we roll the little stones out of the road so that the feet of others may not be bruised."

The cap'n drove on.

"That seems to be religion busting out in a new place," he mused. "They're setting a good example, and they have come into a town that needs a good example set for it. I'll have 'em writ up by Foster in his best style, and that will start the *Hornet's* religious column off in A1, shipshape, and seamanlike manner."

On his arrival at the *Hornet* office, the cap'n posted Mr. Foster on the discovery and found Mr. Foster amenable to all suggestions.

"You have a real news nose for a good thing, Captain Sproul. I'm in favor of holding them in town for a while, so that we can play 'em up in the *Hornet*—make some kind of a sensation with 'em. That's the way a met-



It spat angrily and leaped on the sheep's back, tearing at the wool with unsheathed claws, while the frightened victim bleated piteously.

ropolitan sheet would handle the thing—and we might as well be metropolitan."

"Such wonderful unselfishness! It ought to shame a callous world," said Mrs. Foster, the bride. She gently scratched the ear of the contemplative cat which had come to town in the hook of the migratory Mr. Foster's arm. "And the sheep is so beautifully emblematic—meekness and peace!"

"The more we say about 'em and their work, the higher will be the moral standard of the *Hornet*," stated the cap'n. He went to the door and gazed up the street. "Here they come!" he bulletined. "He's rolling stones out of the way with that long stick of his, and a crowd is following. It's all good advertising for us!"

It seemed to be. The strange trio marched in at the open door of the printing office, responding to the cap'n's hail, and the door was shut on the curious throng.

"Look for full particulars in next issue of the *Hornet*," said the cap'n, fending off those who sought to enter.

He turned to survey his capture with a new and queer sense of pride—the delightful sensation of knowing that he was accomplishing a newspaper scoop.

But he found no reflection of his enthusiasm on the countenance of Mr. Foster. On the contrary, that gentleman, if his emotions were to be judged by his expression, was entertaining disagreeable surprise.

"You didn't expect to see somebody with creased pants and a plug hat, did ye?" demanded the cap'n. "Now, Foster, I want you to brace up to this gent and use him right. Get all the facts you can from the girl and dash off something lively and interesting."

"He's just like a character that's stepped out of an old picture," gasped Mrs. Foster. "A monk or something!"

Mr. Foster was muttering under his breath and continued to scowl, dividing

stares between the girl and the man in the robe.

"What's the matter with you, Foster?" demanded the cap'n.

"Nothing," stated that gentleman, after choking on a word which he swallowed.

"If you're going to edit the religious column of this paper, you've got to show a more Christian spirit when the stranger comes along a-thirst and a-weary, as I believe it's set down somewhere in the Scriptures. Here's a poor unfortunate man that's deaf and dumb, and his daughter——"

Mr. Foster gritted his teeth with intensity that was audible. The cap'n surveyed him with such fury that some sort of explanation seemed to be called for.

"I've got a sudden pain," he mumbled.

"You'd better go get some opodeldoc and rub it on where it hurts the worst."

"Ozro dear, won't you please lie down?" pleaded the bride. "I'll rub your head, dear, and——"

"Oh, let me alone, will you?" he barked, pushing her away roughly.

It was a brutal breach in their honeymoon placidity, and she stared at him after his outbreak as wildly as if he had turned into an explosive bomb.

"Look here, Foster, you can't talk that way to a lady in my presence, even if she is your wife," the cap'n declared. "Where you came from nobody knows. If you don't mind your eye, now that you're here, you'll go somewhere mighty sudden—and the hole will close up after you."

At that moment, the sheep, circling at the end of the leash, came near the desk where the shaggy cat was enthroned. The cat had been arching its back, dilating its eyes, and swelling its furry tail. It spat angrily and leaped on the sheep's back, tearing at the wool with unsheathed claws, while the frightened victim bleated piteously. Cap'n

Sproul dislodged the cat with a mighty spack of his palm.

"What in blazes am I harboring here, Foster, anyway? Twin devils?"

"If you mean——"

"I mean you and that p'isenous, wild catamount."

"I don't care to have myself or Horace Greeley referred to in any such manner, sir." Mr. Foster recovered his pet from a corner and carried it to his wife. Horace was growling ominously, but was calmed when Mrs. Foster took him in her arms. He began to purr, and Mr. Foster almost purred, too, when he addressed her. "I didn't mean to be short with you, Callie. I hope you'll forgive me. Horace and I lost ourselves for a minute, I reckon. We're all right now and will stay all right."

"Oh, I knew you were not your own dear self," she replied with wifely confidence. "But the pain——"

"It was only a sudden one. It's all right!"

But the cap'n was still glaring at him balefully and suspiciously. It was plain that Cap'n Sproul was not to be cozened as easily as a trusting wife. He took Foster by the arm and led him into a corner.

"Look here, if there's any mystery here—— I have an idea you know something about those folks."

"Not the least thing," affirmed Mr. Foster with the decisiveness of a man who sees his way clear before him. "I am subject to odd spells, and sometimes strangers—perfect strangers—have a queer effect on me. I'm all right now. I'll stay all right. Suppose I take 'em into the back room, out from under your feet here, and start in to get the facts for a write-up?"

The cap'n, after scrutiny, found Mr. Foster mild, suave, and apologetic.

"You understand, Foster, I'm willing to put up with a lot from any man who is enterprising. But he has got to be fairly honest at the same time.

I've used you all right up to date. The ordinary man would have raised the devil with a critter who eloped with a wife's cousin, like you did with mine, before he'd been in town long enough to have his shirt come back from the laundry. I condoned, and told you and her to settle down on your jobs. It made a good item for the paper and gave me a lively working team. But now don't you try to gum-game me in anything. If I catch you in a lie or a trick, I'll take that six-toed cat of yours by the hind legs and rake you fore and aft whilst I'm chasing you out of town."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Foster meekly.

"Now take them two saints, or whatever we'll call 'em, out into the back room and write up the nicest puff you can lay pen to."

Mr. Foster, masking all emotions behind a polite smile, led the saints away.

He closed the door carefully and Dutch-locked it by setting a stool under the knob. When he turned on the saints, all his meekness and mildness were gone. He was obliged to speak in low tones, but there was ferocity in his suppressed snarl.

"Condemn the mangy pelts of the two of ye! What do you mean by chasing me into this town where I've just settled down to mind my business and to be happy ever after?"

Evidently, a miracle was wrought suddenly in the case of the deaf-and-dumb pilgrim. That saint spoke up promptly.

"I'm minding my own business, too, and I didn't know that you were working this side of the street."

"You get to blazes on your way!"

The pilgrim glanced over his shoulder, noted that the door was secured, lifted up his robe, and produced a pipe and packet of tobacco.

"That ain't very nice talk from one brother to another," he remarked as he filled his pipe. "And after being sepa-



The saintly pilgrim staggered into a corner with a shrill hoot of pain.

rated all this time, too! Why, you ought to run up to me and hug me."

"And you'd pick my pockets while I was hugging you!"

"But don't you see that now——"

"You stole mother's hairpins when she was nursing you. You stole the doctor's watch when he was vaccinating you—and that was before you could walk."

"Aw, go turn your face upside down and bite your dewlap!" advised the fair custodian of the sheep.

Even as a miracle had enabled the dumb to speak, so had another miracle converted a maid's soft and silvery tones and her meekness into something unmistakably harsh and masculine. The younger saint lifted skirts and disclosed a boy's knickerbockers, from the

pocket of which a quick hand dive brought a packet of cigarettes.

"You young imp of Tophet, another word to me and I'll cuff your ears!"

"Come on and try it! I've fought four times as 'Young Ruffo' and have won a decision every time." He lifted off a flaxen wig and sighed with comfort as he hung it on a hook. "Jeero, I do hate to carry that alfalfa on my haymow, even if it does jolly the jaspers for the coin."

"No, you're no kind of a brother and uncle," stated Pilgrim Pidge, sucking at his pipe. "You haven't even kissed your dear little nephew. I think he looks sweet when he's made up as a girl."

"I don't want him to kiss me," stated Master Pidge. "If there's going to be

any family solly-lobbering, let him kiss the sheep. I'd rather have him stick up his fins and see how science can come it over size and reach. Say, nunk, if there's any sporting blood in this village, I'll double as pilgrim and as the lightweight masked wonder. There ought to be a piece of change in it."

"The two of you are going to get out of this town as fast as your legs will carry you," declared their relative with vigor.

"Wasn't your boss calling you Foster?" inquired the brother. "Is that the attitude you take where our family is concerned? Ashamed of our name?"

"After what you and this imp have done to it, I have a good right to be ashamed."

"Just what is your graft here?" persisted the brother. "You seem to be all set. There's a woman—a good looker—calling you her dear, too. What's——"

"No matter about any whats or whiches. Go on with your pilgriming."

"You seem to have more or less business of your own here to keep your mind occupied. Don't try to take on more than you can handle by offering to run *our* business for *us*! Now this seems to be a good little town for the Pidge family. We can see that you're doing well here. There doesn't seem to be any reason why Pete and I can't do well. The old gent out there has taken kindly to us. Here's a newspaper to advertise us free and for nothing. It's the best location for our graft we have found up to date. So we're going to stay!"

Mr. Foster seemed to be having some difficulty in finding words.

"You don't ask me what our graft is," proceeded Mr. Pidge. "You don't show any brotherly interest. You are cold and unfeeling. Well, never mind. I'll freely explain. I will show confidence. We are out, Pete and I, doing good to all the world."

"Doing 'em, and doing 'em good, you mean!"

"I said doing good to all the world. Wear this to make 'em wonder." He patted his robe. "Chisel texts in rocks to make 'em notice. Make believe to be deaf and dumb to make 'em pity."

"Using religion that way—going about cheating folks—it's blasphemy! I'll stop it!"

"Hold on, there! How do you know but what I have been converted to the right way? I have about convinced myself that I have been converted. The only wicked thing I do is have a drag at the pipe like this."

"It's all wicked—making a pretense! I'll have you arrested if you don't duck out of this town."

Mr. Pidge went on calmly, after he had relighted his pipe with a match he borrowed from his son.

"About a year ago, before I was converted to the right, as I am now, I sent Pete into a house and he came out with a walnut casket that was locked and looked like the family treasure chest. And what do you suppose there was in it?"

Mr. Foster did not hazard a guess.

"Sermons," said Mr. Pidge. "Written-out sermons. Must have been a parson who lived in that house. A lot of sermons. Good ones, too. I know they are good ones, even if I didn't get as good an education as you did. Of course, I was minded to throw 'em away. But something told me to keep 'em. And now I'm glad I did. They're doing me good. Do you know why?"

"If a sermon could do *you* good——"

"You needn't answer questions if you're bound to keep on being sarcastic. I'll tell you how it is. I sit on the platform and look humble and wise, and Pete reads a sermon to the listeners. The loving young daughter reads a sermon which was written by her poor, unfortunate father. It works well."



"By the John Joseph Judas!" raved Mr. Foster. "You shan't be allowed to gull the public any longer! I'm running a newspaper! I'll expose you!"

"Don't you fuss yourself about the public. Public is being benefited. Public is getting good sermons. Public might not be induced to come and listen to a sermon unless curiosity was first tickled up a little. I am doing good work in my own way. You ought to be proud of your brother. If you want to shove him out of town the minute he shows up, then you must be doing something here that you're ashamed of. I'll look into your case."

At that moment there was a violent rattling of the doorknob.

Mr. Pidge shoved his pipe under his robe and his son clapped on the flaxen wig. Mr. Foster, it seemed, was not exactly ready to expose his family. He waited till the scene was properly set before he pulled the stool away from the door.

"What are you keeping a door locked on me for?" demanded Cap'n Sproul when he was allowed to enter.

"It was—it was—— Well; talking with a deaf-and-dumb man has to be made pretty private," faltered Mr. Foster.

The cap'n cast sharp glances around the room and did not seem to find what he was looking for.

"Is that an educated sheep? Can he talk?"

"I haven't heard him mention anything," confessed Foster.

"Well, who was keeping you company in talk, then? This girl hasn't got a bass voice, has she?"

Mr. Foster became sullen and silent.

"What in damnation ails you? Here I've brought in a couple of saints and I want 'em used polite and made to feel at home. I want 'em written up so that some tone will be given to the *Hornet*. Sissy, has he been polite and kind?"

"No, sir. He doesn't seem to like us." The reply was wistful and demure.

"I'm going out and tell your wife what kind of a critter we're harboring," announced the cap'n with venom. "You flew in here and caught *her* and have tried to bamboozle *me*. Along you go—on your way! Calista will take my word about you, even if you have fooled her into a marriage."

"You are not giving me a fair chance," whined Mr. Foster, manifestly panic-stricken. "Do you expect me to hug and kiss 'em? I'd get into trouble if I hugged that—that"—he twisted his neck to get the word out—"that girl! And how are you going to make up to a deaf-and-dumb man, first crack out of the box? Try it yourself! I'm doing the best I know how, sir. Give me a chance! Give me time!"

Cap'n Sproul pondered; Mr. Foster's distress was evidently sincere.

"Well," he assented at last, "I'll give you time. And if you don't make these poor folks feel at home, I'll give you—well, something I don't care to mention in the presence of saints, even if one of 'em can't hear."

He went away and Mr. Foster pushed the door shut softly.

"So you're married, hey? Just married to her out there?" whispered Mr. Pidge. "I remember now that I ketched something of the sort when we first walked into the office. So you think Pete and I better take to the road, eh?"

"I'm not going to have you stay here to ruin and disgrace me."

"Married into a nice thing, hey?" chuckled Mr. Pidge. "Nice job—and money in the family!"

"I didn't marry her for her money."

"Oh, we're all alike in our family. Always looking for good graft. I know you just as I know myself. You'll get her money and prance along, looking for another chance. Now I'll tell you

what you've got to do! You find me somebody in this town—some widder or old maid—somebody with money. It'll be easy to get one to follow the example of the one you caught. It's just like it is about suicides. One case sets off others. The poor pilgrim will be pitied. From pity to love is easy."

"Just think how slick I could fit in on that game," suggested the younger Pidge. "Could say how I hankered for a home—how handy I could be in a home. Plenty of con about the grand character of my poor father—every half hour a teaspoonful! Easy to swallow—working fast after it's down!"

"All right!" affirmed Mr. Pidge. "We'll do it! We seem to have hit just the right town. Probably you had your eye on more than one, Ozro. Give me a tip!"

"I can stand about so much before I grab one of those iron footsticks over there and bat your brains out!" raged the brother. "I'm trying to be on the square at last in my life! I have settled down here with a good woman and hope to spend my last days here! You're so cussed dishonest you can't understand it. Scoot, the two of you, or I'll have you in jail!"

"The unnatural devil sounds as if he meant that," said Mr. Pidge to his son.

"It doesn't seem possible, but maybe he does," said the son to Mr. Pidge.

They looked at each other, puckering their eyes in calculating reflection.

"Had it better be a breach-of-promiser or a deserted wife?" asked the son.

"Oh, deserted wife. It's more of a clincher."

Mr. Foster staggered to the imposing stone and secured an iron bar.

"It's going to be murder—and I'll write a full account of it after I'm arrested!" he muttered.

"We might send for old Meg," suggested the son, pushing his wig up in order to scratch his ear. "She's the

best bawler-out I know. She can stand here in this office and be heard all over town."

"However, you know what soft suckers the jaspers are in the corn belt," counseled his father. "After Meg had finished, they'd be pitying Ozro instead of her. And this being the holiday shopping season, it's more'n likely she has been pinched by some store detective. No, we'd better ring in old Hannah. With her knocked-down hip, her crutch, and her tear tap, she'll win. And her being a cripple will account for the fact that she has been so long catching up with him."

He turned on his brother, who was advancing with his weapon.

"I'm only a poor pilgrim, trying to do good in a wicked world, but if you don't throw down that iron dinkus and listen to good common sense, I'll bore you and say it was self-defense against a crazy man." He pulled a revolver from a hidden pocket in his robe. "I'll be backed up by that boss of yours, too! You have been acting crazy ever since you first laid eyes on us, and he has noticed it."

Mr. Foster halted and lowered the iron bar.

"It's this way, Ozro," continued Mr. Pidge in patronizing tone. "You're doing well, but you mustn't keep good things away from your own family. You knew a good town for a trick or two as soon as you struck it. So do we know. Pete and I don't say as yet just what string we'll pull. Sometimes Pete gets a deacon on the hooks—then it's blackmail or threat of breach of promise. Sometimes we frisk all the stuff in a house where the poor pilgrims are lodged and then bang up a window in the night and claim we chased out a burglar. In this town, seeing what you have done in so short a time, I believe the widder or old-maid gig is the best one to play—with your kind help.



"Put him in the lockup for the present," ordered the cap'n. "It looks to me like regular insanity that has just broken out in a new place."

"Now, you can go to work and holler just as loud as you want to! What proof have you? I'm deaf and dumb, and my poor, innocent daughter is abused by a sensational newspaper. Go ahead! We'll sue your boss for libel. And we'll produce a deserted wife. Nobody here knows you. It's the nature of all women to be suspicious. That new wife of yours will shoo you out of town, and that old war horse who hires you will hand her clubs as fast as she breaks 'em over your conk. Get me? Of course you do! If you want to stay here and be happy ever after, you've got to be mighty nice and polite to your dear brother. Also to your loving nephew."

"Whish, dad!" hissed the son. "Jaww brakes hard! Here comes old war horse!"

"Better be on your job," Mr. Pidge advised his brother. "He's suspecting you, and you'd better calm him down."

When Cap'n Sproul tramped in, "the girl" was soberly gazing at the wriggling fingers of Pilgrim Pidge.

"He says," she reported to Mr. Foster, who sat with pencil poised above a notebook, "that he was going through his great factory one day and an angel stepped up to him and told him to give all he had to the poor and go forth into the world with staff and scrip and do good to all. So he sold out the factory for thousands of dollars and gave the money away and came home and told me what he had done. And I was very glad, and we started right out that afternoon."

Mr. Foster wrote, conscious that the cap'n was bending sharp gaze on him.

"And we slept that night in a barn, and another angel came and told father that he must be made deaf and dumb so that he could think great thoughts and not be bothered by men's talk. And the angel told him to sit down and write, and a still, small voice inside his ears would tell him what to write. And so that is how he has written all his sermons."

"He has written sermons, has he?" inquired the cap'n with fresh interest.

"Yes, sir. And I read them to the people while he sits on the platform."

"Foster," commanded Cap'n Sproul, "you go ahead and strike off a bunch of handbills saying there'll be a meeting to-night at Grange Hall. I'll go right now and hire the hall and have 'em build the furnace fire. This town is entertaining angels, but it ain't going to be unawares, seeing that I've got a printing plant. I'm going to take you and the pilgrim to my house to stop," he informed the girl. "I don't want you and him messing and mixing too much with the citizens. Let 'em buy papers to get their news about you." He marched out.

"Does he keep much money in the house?" inquired Mr. Pidge.

"Yes, about a million dollars buried in the cellar. Go down and dig for it to-night," advised Mr. Foster. "He'll wake up and shoot you, and then I can enjoy a little peace."

"That's brotherly. I'll remember it. You're having your kick at *me* now. I'll have mine at *you* later, before I leave," declared Mr. Pidge menacingly.

The threat made Mr. Foster realize the perilousness of his position.

"But you're driving me distracted," he wailed. "You have come here to ruin me! Threatening to bring a woman——"

"Oh, you have most likely got wives scattered all over the country," stated

his brother coolly. "Seems as if I had heard something of the sort about you."

"That's a condemned lie!"

"Well, somebody who answers to your description has been a gay rover among the women. Anyway, it might be that you've got wives. So mind your eye where I'm concerned."

And Mr. Foster, silenced and apprehensive, did so. Beginning with careful oversight when Mr. Foster began to set up the type for the handbills, Pilgrim Pidge swaggered about the office in tyrannical fashion when he was sure that outside eyes were not surveying him. Constantly he mumbled in soliloquy, canvassing plans and projects for getting his grab out of Scotaze and getting it quick.

"Haven't you got any conscience left in you?" demanded Mr. Foster after a time.

"Yes, but it is trained to listen to reason. It knows when to go back and sit down. How about that bank across the street?" he inquired, pointing through the window. "Do they keep a watchman on nights?"

Mr. Foster's inky fingers trembled with a passion of resentment as he picked at the type.

"You ain't getting any compliments into that piece about me," complained Mr. Pidge, studying the copy his brother had prepared for the handbill. "I want compliments."

Mr. Foster kept on setting type.

"Put in right there that I'm the wonder of modern times," commanded the pilgrim. "If you can think of anything stronger, put that in, too."

"Say, who do you think is boss in this office?" demanded Mr. Foster, pausing in his labors.

"I am, while you're setting up a handbill with my name on it. Furthermore, seeing that you need to be set where you belong, I propose to make myself general boss as long as I stay in town. I reckon I'll send for old

Hannah, anyway, and have her nigh at hand in case you don't mind your manners. You were always sticking yourself up above me even when we were boys. I'm going to show you where you belong. After old Hannah comes and shows you up and your wife gets her divorce, maybe I'll shine up to her myself if she's got money enough! I'll——"

Mr. Foster was arranging his type in a job printer's stick, and the stick made a sizable weapon. He whirled, held it in both hands, and banged Mr. Pidge on the side of his head. The saintly pilgrim staggered into a corner with a shrill hoot of pain. The younger Pidge lifted his skirts and kicked his uncle, then came at him with flourishing fists. In his rage, Mr. Foster was an able, although an unscientific antagonist. He knocked young Pidge down and stood astride of him, raving.

Replying to the uproar of this riot, Cap'n Sproul and Mr. Foster's bride rushed in from the front office and stared at the tableau.

"He is killing off them saints! He has been acting queer ever since he first met 'em," gasped the cap'n. "He has lost his mind entire! He's a plumb lunatic!"

"Get out of here, the two of you!" shrieked Mr. Foster. "Spit out your lies! Nobody will believe you! Get out before I kill you! Say I have got wives all over creation if you want to! But you ain't going to be allowed to break into banks, kill widders, rob old maids, and set fires, as long as I've got a voice!"

It was a veritable explosion; then silence settled. It was an odd, constrained hush.

The emblematic sheep shuffled about among scattered newspapers. Mr. Foster, planted halfway between friends and foes, was looking from one to the other, gasping and trembling. Then he shook his fist at Pilgrim Pidge.

"Go ahead and shout it from the housetops! Holler your lies for all to hear!" he counseled.

"Calista, you're tied up to a raving madman," muttered Cap'n Sproul. "Hear him telling that deaf-and-dumber to hoot and holler."

"And come on, you plug-ugly young prize fighter!" howled Mr. Foster, turning on the shrinking "maiden." "If you want another licking, it's ready for you!"

"We've got to have him took care of," said the cap'n. "Calling an innocent girl a prize fighter! He'll be seeing snakes and yaller-tailed devils next. Do you reckon you can control him, Calista, till I can call in a couple of constables?"

"Ozro!" she pleaded. "Ozro, look at me! Here is your own wife. Don't you know me? Here is dear Captain Sproul. Those folks are the saints who have come——"

"Come to haunt and persecute me—come to rage and ravage and rob! Come here to lie to you about me!"

"Try to calm him. I'll be right back with help," whispered the cap'n.

Pilgrim Pidge did not stir from the corner to which he had staggered, and his blank countenance afforded fine pretense of utter impassivity. Mr. Foster was so manifestly working his own undoing that there seemed to be no further need of brotherly assistance in pushing him down.

"I'm going to expose them here and now, no matter if it is a family matter!" proclaimed Mr. Foster. "Call back Captain Sproul! I want him to hear! This brother of mine——"

"Ozro! Ozro! Wake up! Come out of it!" his wife urged. "This is not your brother, dear!"

"He is, just as much as that young imp of Satan is my nephew!" he shouted, pointing to the youth.

But just at that moment the younger Pidge assumed an expression of espe-



"Talk, or the next one plugs ye through the big toe!" shouted Mr. Foster. "You know what kind of a shot I am! Talk!"

cially demure sweetness, and moved toward Mr. Foster's bride.

"You'd better come to me, dear," advised the latter. "I'm afraid——"

Mr. Foster launched a kick at the "maiden," but missed and cursed the fugitive after the youth had found refuge in Mrs. Foster's arms.

"Where's your eyes? Where's your nose?" demanded the husband. "Smell of him! He's all reeking with cigarette stink! Has everybody in this place, except me, gone crazy over these two frauds?" He picked up a stool and advanced. "Push him away from you! I'm going to bat his brains out!"

But Cap'n Sproul had wasted no time. He came rushing in with two husky constables and, in spite of Mr. Foster's wild struggles and objurgations, they felled him and tied him up.

"Put him in the lockup for the present," ordered the cap'n. "It looks to me like regular insanity that has just broken out in a new place. I'll have the selectmen meet right away and inspect him. They'll probably order him taken to the State insane horsepittle."

Mr. Foster's wild ravings at that moment justified that statement.

The younger saint left the protection of Mrs. Foster's arms and hurried across to Pilgrim Pidge, who was wriggling his fingers with all his might.

"My father says," reported the youth, hastening back to

the cap'n, "that probably a devil has entered into this man all of a sudden. My father has made a study of demons. Do you want him to try to cast out the devil?"

"I can't say as I take much stock in any such notions," replied Cap'n Sproul, a bit ungraciously. "However, if you think there's a devil in him and your father can get it out, go ahead and try it, and we'll make an item of it for the *Hornet*. We want to get in all the news we can, whether it's about humans or devils. But wait till he's over in the lockup before you start in on him. If I don't get the saints, constables, lunatics, and devils out of this office pretty soon, there won't be any work done on my paper."

"My Gawd, Cap'n Sproul, don't let that brother of mine at me any more



—nor that hellion imp of a nephew—”

“Look here, Foster, you’ll be calling me your grandfather, next! You’re crazy! You’ve got to be taken care of. Constables, lug him over to the lockup.”

The frantic victim was taken away, and the saints and their sheep trailed meekly.

Cap’n Sproul brusquely refused all information to the assembled citizens.

“Buy the *Hornet*,” he advised. “And you’ll kindly take notice that you’re getting firsthand news. It’s happening right here on the premises.”

Half an hour later, one of the constables came to the cap’n.

“I don’t think them two saints, or whatever you call ‘em, is anyways a success in getting out devils,” he reported.

“Who said they was? You won’t find ‘em carrying any written recommendations from me?”

“But you——”

“I simply told ‘em to go ahead and tinker with ‘em, providing they understood devils.”

“I have locked the outside door and the saints are sitting in front of his cell—and I reckon they’re putting more devils into him instead of getting any out—that is, judging by the way he is raving. I never saw a man take on so! If he don’t quit growing worse, that lockup won’t hold him.”

Even in the seclusion of the *Hornet* office, the cap’n could hear muffled howls.

“I don’t reckon we’d better interfere just yet,” he advised the constable. “High authority has stated that devils get into folks and that saints have been able to get the devils out. If that’s so, I hope a good job can be done on Foster. I’ll admit he has only been here a little while, but he’s a spry worker and I don’t know what I’m going to do without him—and of course Calista

is in a terrible state over what has happened. She’s out there in the back room crying her eyes out. Let the saints operate a little while longer. Maybe the devil flops around worst just before they get him yanked.”

At that moment the crowd in the street uttered shouts and there was a crash of glass.

Cap’n Sproul ran to the window.

Through the scattering crowd, on the run, came Mr. Foster, dragging the younger saint. Mr. Foster was flourishing a revolver and nobody presumed to get in his way. He rushed his captive into the *Hornet* office and then did an amazing thing. He fell upon the struggling youth, in spite of Cap’n Sproul’s horrified protests, and dragged off the skirts and then yanked away the flaxen wig. A really tough-looking youngster was revealed, who was making his sex more certain by the volume of his profanity.

“There’s one of ‘em!” shrieked Mr. Foster.

He rushed out and galloped back to the lockup. Through the window, he dragged the elder Pidge, who seemed to be just recovering his senses and who staggered as Mr. Foster propelled him across the street.

“And there’s the other!” declared the victor, slamming Mr. Pidge through the door of the *Hornet* office. “Condemn the jeroosly hides of the whole pack of ye! Call me crazy, will ye? Put me into a lockup and set a couple of hyenas in front of me to hound and twit me, will ye? The jail ain’t been made that would hold me in a case like that! I licked the two of ‘em! I busted out and licked the two of ‘em! A saint and a pilgrim, is he? I pulled that gun off’m him! I can lick this whole town and I’ll proceed to do it, unless you wake up and understand that I’m trying to protect you all from two of the cussedest pirates left unhung—and I say that even if they are brother



and nephew of mine! Cap'n Sproul, you listen for one minute!"

The cap'n listened while Mr. Foster talked to the point, cowing his relatives with the brandished revolver.

"And that's what kind of a critter he is!" he concluded. "Deaf and dumb, hey? Talk, damn ye, talk!"

Pilgrim Pidge hesitated. However, Mr. Foster did not hesitate; he fired the revolver, and the bullet struck within an inch of Pilgrim Pidge's feet.

"Talk, or the next one plugs ye through the big toe!" shouted Mr. Foster. "You know what kind of a shot I am! Talk!"

"What will I say?" whined Mr. Pidge, shifting feet nervously, eying the gun.

"I don't give a hoot! Say, 'Polly wants a cracker,' if you can't think of anything else!"

"I'm beat. I give up. If you'll let me go, I'll start now and keep going."

"Say, 'I'm a fraud,'" commanded Mr. Foster.

"I'm a fraud."

Mr. Foster put the revolver into his hip pocket.

"Ozro! Ozro!" sobbed his wife, going to him. "It was all a mistake! You weren't crazy!"

"Yes, I was," he said grimly. "But my senses didn't leave me till those two sat down in front of that cell door." He turned on his sullen nephew. "Being a prize fighter, I suppose you know what overtraining is, don't you?"

The youth did not reply.

"You overtrained," stated Mr. Foster with satisfaction. "Otherwise, I couldn't have broken down that cell door and licked the two of you. So, when you walk along, you can meditate on what comes of overdoing a good thing."

"Ozro, you are a truly noble man!" declared his wife. "You were trying to protect them, weren't you, when you acted so strangely?"

"I was," he said. "I was trying to keep disgrace from a family that was otherwise honored and respected."

"He was——" blurted Mr. Pidge.

But Cap'n Sproul stepped up and took the saint by the ear and started him toward the door.

"Pilgrim," he said sternly, "this situation doesn't need any more conversation. What you may say about my friend Foster will be prejudiced—it's always that way in families. Foster is going to stay here in town and mind his business and help me in mine. You are going out of town, and seeing that I brought you in here, I'm going to start you out. Move lively and keep going! And you, too, sissy! Pick up your hair and your dress."

The emblematic sheep was a little slow about getting away, and the cap'n set his foot against her rump and pushed her out of the office.

"I can say this about myself and my character——"

But the cap'n broke in on Mr. Foster's self-exculpation.

"A man ain't allowed to pick his relatives, Foster. So you needn't bother your mind about that part. As for yourself, you may have made mistakes, but so does every man make mistakes. For instance, I'm a devilish poor judge of pilgrims. When you write up your piece about this thing, I want you to say that I am. Now how about the *Hornet*?"

Mr. Foster kissed Calista and started for the back room.

"I'll go and sharpen up the stinger, sir!"



# John Hartley's Step Aside

By Elizabeth Jordan

Author of "Lovers' Knots," "May Iverson," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. C. CASWELL

**This time it isn't the Girl—it's the Young Man Alone in the Great City, with "temptations lying in wait." Read John Hartley's experience, told by a writer with a keen sense of humor, unusual observation, and great skill at character drawing.**

THE hands of the clock in the big countingroom pointed to half past five. Simultaneously, half a dozen suddenly alert young men behind the bookkeepers' railed inclosure shut their ledgers, slid from the high stools on which they had been perched since the noon recess, stretched their cramped muscles, and reached for their hats and coats. As they shrugged their bodies into their overcoats, they glanced through the windows and swore at or ignored the weather, according to their individual temperaments.

"Reg'lar blizzard!" muttered one, turning up his coat collar with an expectant shiver. "Three days running. Gee, I'm sick of it!"

"Try Madelena's," another was blithely advising his neighbor. "Dinner sixty cents, with all the red ink you can swallow. Say"—a sudden inspiration lifted his voice on a lilt of good-fellowship—"tell you what I'll do. I'll take you round there and interduce you to Madelena m'self. Her and me's pals."

Beside his desk in the corner, John Hartley lingeringly drew on his knitted gray gloves, the pair She had sent him last week, and waited for his fellow workers to precede him out of the building. He was the youngest of the group, and though he had been in the office eighteen months, he knew his associates now very little better than on

the day he had entered it. His morning greeting to them was a nod or a shy, boyish grin, and his conversation, which ran to monosyllables, touched exclusively on the work and the weather. To him they were all men of the world, men from whom life withheld no secret, and his obvious awe of them had won the return of a certain good-humored tolerance. Twice in the eighteen months, his salary had been increased—first from twelve dollars a week to fifteen, then—a mighty leap—from fifteen to twenty. In a few months more, he expected another rise—this time to twenty-five; and on twenty-five dollars a week, he knew, a man and his wife could live in affluence and a Harlem flat. If he got the rise by June—and he would get it, he had decided, with the sudden tightening of the jaws that always came at the thought of it—he and Mary would be married at once.

With this fair vision before him, it had been a simple matter to swing back and forth on a daily pendulum that carried him from his boarding place to his work, and from his work to his boarding place, with a clocklike regularity that might have driven an imaginative man mad. But John Hartley did not consider himself an imaginative man. Every working day of the year, he rose contentedly at seven o'clock, breakfasted at half past seven, and

climbed upon his office stool at precisely eight. Every noon he walked a mile for exercise, drank a glass of milk and ate a piece of pie, paying ten cents for the banquet, and returned soberly to his work. Every evening he walked from the office to his uptown boarding house, also for the exercise, mounted to his rear bedroom on the third floor, made the simple toilet expected from her "family" by Mrs. Lavinia Barker, his landlady, ate his dinner in the almost unbroken silence born of diffidence, and was back in his room by eight.

Then he read for an hour or more, carefully and thoughtfully, for he was improving his mind.



There he read for an hour or more, carefully and thoughtfully, for he was improving his mind; his mind, like everything else he was offering to Mary, must be made worthy of her acceptance. By ten he was in bed and asleep—with the result that he had not yet lost the clear eyes and the pink cheeks of his country boyhood, though the artificial light, the high stool, and the daily pie, were doing their best to dim his bloom.

In appearance he was very young,

very blond, and immaculately neat, and one corner of his mouth held an engaging dimple, of which he was bitterly ashamed until he made the exhilarating discovery that Mary liked it. After that he was reconciled to it, and occasionally studied it in his looking-glass. Also, he had more than five hundred dollars in a savings bank, and this, too, he had discovered Mary liked. Altogether, he was an exemplary youth, on whom the world-weary eyes of Mrs.

Barker dwelt with an almost maternal affection, and to whom various mistaken young women at her table had made friendly overtures, only to regret them at the spectacle of his agonized confusion. With Mary, and with Mary only, he was at ease—with Mary who was waiting for him at home, and whom he had loved ever since they were children together. Until to-night he had asked of life nothing but Mary and the privilege of working for her.

But to-night it was suddenly differ-

ent. Possibly the wildness of the storm-swept world he looked out upon had entered his blood. Possibly the fact that it was Saturday night and he had his week's salary in his pocket tended to unrest, though the combination had never had this effect on him before. All he knew was that he was in the grip of a fierce rebellion against the usual routine. He did not want to go home, to dine at the boarding-house table, to read all evening. He was not quite sure what he did want—possibly companionship, for the voices of his associates had an unusual charm in his ears, and he felt a quick envy of the two who were going off together to Madelena's for a sixty-cent table-d'hôte dinner. He could not invite himself to join them, of course, and it would never have occurred to either of them to ask him to go with them. Moreover, they were already off.

Hartley pulled up his collar, plunged his gloved hands deep into his pockets, and made his slow way out into the street, his head low and dejection riding him as the storm rode the night. What was the matter with him, he wondered. Surely to-night, of all nights, home was the place for a fellow, and his little room wasn't half bad, with its table, its books, its one easy-chair, and its reading lamp. But he was not going home—that was quite clear to him, though everything else was vague; and for a few moments he battled aimlessly along, his head and shoulders set against the blizzard, while he tried to decide what to do. He might go to Madelena's—but no; the two fellows from his department would think he was tagging them. There were lots of other places. He had heard of a rather jolly one in East Eleventh Street, where the crowd was gay and the cooking good. He'd look in there and see if he liked it.

At the decision, his step quickened and his head went up. That was it.

He needed a change. He was going stale—cutting it a little too fine, perhaps, like those chaps that wore themselves out by working too hard. He threw back his shoulders as if casting a weight from them, and began to enjoy the walk uptown in the crowded streets, against the wind and through a swirling snowfall that made the blurred figures hurrying with and past him look like vague forms in a dream.

The two-mile tussle with the storm was worth while, but he was glad of the shelter of the restaurant when at last he reached it. To his eyes it was "all right," and to any eyes it must have seemed a pleasant contrast to the night, for the big, brightly lighted room, with its red carpet, red wall paper, dark woodwork, and clean little tables, held an alluring suggestion of warmth and comfort. From a desk near the door, a plump Frenchwoman nodded and smiled at him as he passed her, and a French lad, very young and proud of his new duties, escorted him to a table in a corner, took his coat with affectionate solicitude, and spread out the menu with a flourish that seemed to offer not the card alone, but the place and all its contents, to this new patron.

As he waited for the first course, he leaned back and surveyed his fellow guests. Almost every table was in use, and the diners at them were mostly young and noisy—fellows like himself, he reflected, with their girls. He thought of Mary, and a pang of longing for her shook him. If only she sat opposite him now! There wasn't a girl in the place who could touch her for looks—no, not one. Well, he would imagine that she was here; and some day, when they were married, he would bring her to this place and give her a glimpse of life. He intended that she should enjoy New York. He had visions of matinées for her, and concerts; it was only to assure her future that he had been so

frugal. He could truly tell her that until to-night he had not unnecessarily spent a single penny.

It was not yet eight o'clock when he paid his bill and left the place, and he was still oddly disinclined to go home. Yet what else could he do? A sudden impulse seized him to "see a show." He remembered that only today he had heard Borden, one of his associates, praising the current bill at a vaudeville house. Borden undoubtedly knew a good show when he saw one. Buoyantly, young Mr. Hartley made his way to the theater stamped with Borden's approval, and there, finding that the best seats were only fifty cents, promptly bought one in the orchestra.

"Best in the house. Third row from the front," explained the ticket seller affably, as he handed it out.

The purchaser reflected that a "quarter seat" in the balcony would have served him as, well, and then sternly cast the thought from his mind. This was not a night for small economies; something in him, long restrained, had broken loose.

The performance had begun, and a one-act play was in progress when he settled into his place. He enjoyed the little play and the dancing team that followed it, and he was in complete sympathy with himself and the occasion when the next performer came on. The program announced her as "Miss Tillie Bannon, the Ragtime Queen," and, judging by the applause that greeted her appearance, she was a favorite with the patrons of the theater. She was neither extraordinarily pretty nor appealingly young, and there was an effect of sophistication about her and her song that at first Mr. Hartley subconsciously resented; but she had a wholesome personality and a rather taking manner, and she sang with an effect of much good-fellowship a song describing her urgent need of some one

to love. She made quite a pointed appeal of it, smiling at the young men in the front rows, in the boxes and balconies and galleries, and waving a long-stemmed red rose at them during the repeated refrain in which she urged them not to keep her waiting, but to come to her at once.

As she sang, a spotlight shot about the house, picking out a man here and there, and throwing into sudden relief a shining bald head or a sleek young one; and when this occurred, the singer devoted her whole attention to the victim, to his discomfort and the rapture of the audience.

For the time, John Hartley's self-consciousness had left him. He was interested in the girl, in the song, in the irresponsible gayety of the whole proceeding; and he was leaning forward in his seat staring at the singer with his widest and most boyish grin when, to his horror, he found himself the anguished center of a burning circle of light. For a few seconds, the singer and the audience saw a blond young man, violently red and agonizingly self-conscious, squirming in the unexpected glare and sinking deeper and deeper into his seat as if in a frenzied effort to go down through it. Then the light shifted, but the girl's eyes remained on the boy's face. Possibly she was sorry for him; possibly she was merely mischievous. Whatever the cause, she addressed the rest of her song directly to him, and at its finish, as a final accent, she hurled against his breast the red rose she had been holding in her hand. Then, with a bow and a flutter of skirts, she was gone, and the house was applauding, and John Hartley was fastening the rose to the left lapel of his coat with hands that shook. The man in the next seat looked at him with a sympathetic grin.

"You're in luck, kid," he said. "Know her?"

"Nope," replied Hartley tersely. His

eyes were on the girl, who had returned to the stage to bow repeatedly and shake hands in pantomime with her friendly hearers.

"Better get busy," laughed his neighbor. "Never let a chance like that go by."

Hartley did not answer, and the stranger, after another glance at his hot face, mercifully turned his attention to the program. The lights were lowered again, and a second one-act play was beginning. Screened by the darkness, Hartley pulled himself together. Gee, but

theater, drawing a long breath as he emerged into the lighted lobby. At the outer swinging door, a uniformed attendant stopped him.

"Return check?" he asked.

Hartley shook his head. Twice he



He found himself the anguished center of a burning circle of light.

this was a night! It was great, it was simply wonderful, that such a thing could happen to him! Why, that girl had picked him out of the whole crowd—out of hundreds—and he had her rose to prove it. Dazedly he realized the episode in every detail, forgetting the men and women around him and seeing nothing of the players on the stage. Then, as if moved by a power outside of himself, he rose and left the

tried to speak before he found his voice. "Where's the stage door?" he asked huskily.

The employee grinned. He was used to that question.

"Second to the left," he announced. "But nothin' doin', my friend. You can't get past."

Hartley muttered that he did not want to get past, and this was true. All he meant to do was to wait and see her



come out. He found the door and stationed himself beside it, holding his place with stolid disregard of the cold that chilled him to the bone and the sleet that whipped his face. He intended to see her once more, he told himself; then he would go home.

Ten minutes passed, twenty minutes, half an hour. He began to fear that she had left the building immediately after her act, and that he had missed her by his delay in the auditorium, but still he waited. At last she came, and he knew her at once, though she wore a heavy storm coat with an upturned collar and a little turban that came down to her eyes. He walked toward her and raised his hat. She stopped, peered at him doubtfully for a moment, and then laughed.

"Oh," she said, "it's you, is it?"

She remembered him, and Hartley, who had hardly dared to hope for this, took courage from the fact.

"I—I wanted to thank you," he stammered, "for—for the rose."

She laughed again, the easy, unmeaning laugh of the girl who makes laughter a substitute for speech. Then, as he stood silent before her, she added carelessly, as she moved away:

"Some one's got to get it. 'S part of the act."

She was going, and strange emotions shook John Hartley. All he had ever heard and read about girls of the stage crowded upon his memory. If he wanted to prolong this new and wonderful experience, he must act quickly. He spoke again, in a voice suddenly firm and assured.

"I thought p'r'aps," he said, "you'd let me take you to supper."

The words were a surprise to him, and after they were out, he felt choked by the daring of them and waited with a pounding heart for her reply. She stopped, and for a moment that seemed very long she looked him over. Then she spoke reflectively.

"I gotta hand it to you, kid," she said. "You ain't losin' any time, yet you ain't the stage-door kind. Did y' ever do this before?" she demanded suddenly.

"No." The truth slipped out, and he stood before her abashed by his confession of inexperience.

"Thought not," she said easily. "Well, all right, c'm along."

As she spoke, she started toward the lights of Broadway, which, half a block away, winked at them through the storm, and Hartley followed her in a silence that called frantically for speech.

"W-wanted a cab?" he stammered at last.

She laughed again.

"Not me," she said. "I don't want fizzy water, neither, nor terrapin, nor sweetbreads. I'm goin' to let you in, kid, for one thick steak and a pitcher of suds, and that's the limit. See?"

"Aw, say!"

Hartley remained sadly inarticulate, but he waved his arm with a gesture that bestowed upon her the earth and its satellites, together with anything else she fancied in the universe. Then he observed that she was entering the door of a chophouse, and he meekly followed her to a table where a square of reminiscent linen and a pair of water glasses with a dull finish somberly invited their approach. The place seemed to be a resort of hers, for the proprietor, dozing at his desk, cordially greeted her by name, and the solitary waiter in the room roused himself from a mournful reverie and came forward with something more than resignation.

Miss Tillie Bannon proved to be a young person of her word. She ordered a sirloin steak, some fried potatoes, and a pitcher of beer, and when this modest collation arrived, she insisted on carving the steak herself, after watching Hartley's fumbling ef-

forts for a brief interval shot through with poignant disapproval. Then she served him and herself, and fell upon her portion of the repast with relish.

"Y' see," she explained, "m' turn comes early, so the eats wait till after the p'rformance. There's a long, long road between breakfast at noon an' supper at ten—be-lieve me!"

To Hartley, the charm of her speech was not wholly destroyed by the fact that she addressed him with her mouth full, but he wished that she wouldn't. It seemed unromantic.

"You c'n have all the p'tatoes," she went on. "I don't eat 'em. I gotta keep my figger. I oughta let beer alone, too—but a girl's gotta have somethin', ain't she?"

Mr. Hartley agreed politely that a girl had to have something, and pressed more beer upon his guest. He was disappointed. This matter-of-fact atmosphere was strangely out of harmony with the colorful moments in the theater, yet the exhilarating fact remained that the girl who had made them colorful was across the table from him now, and he tried to bear with philosophy the obvious fact that for the moment at least she was more interested in the steak he had provided than in him. Indeed, for the next twenty minutes she was too much occupied with it to talk, and as light conversation was not Mr. Hartley's gift, he, too, was silent, pretending to eat and coldly rejecting commonplace utterances that occurred to him. Then, with manful resolution, he tried to recall the cometlike episode of the theater by grasping at its tail.

"Say, you were gr-great to-night," he stuttered.

She nodded.

"Good song, ain't it? But I gotta change it this spring. I'm on the 'small time' now. Two years is all they'll stand for. Wisht I c'd get another song as sure t' ring the bell."

The reflection diverted her from the work in hand, and, with fork in mid-air and a bit of steak suspended on its tip, she looked past him broodingly.

"You ain't a song writer, are you?" she asked with sudden hope.

Hartley admitted briefly that he was not. He was trying to adjust his mind to this unexpected discourse. She looked disappointed, then turned for comfort to the steak.

"Oh, well," she said, "time 'nuff to worry about that. Tell me"—her healthy appetite was satisfied at last, and she sat back and took him in with a direct, yet impersonal stare—"where's the girl you're engaged to, and why's she lettin' you run loose?"

Hartley turned very red, then stiffened. Thus far his creed of life had been a rather formless thing, but it held one secure article of faith—Mary; and to mention Mary's name in such a place was unpardonable. That it was an entirely respectable little place was a detail he had not grasped.

"Never mind 'bout me," he parried. "Tell me about you."

From sheer instinct, he produced man's leading card in the great game with woman and laid it on the table.

"Kinda lonesome, ain't you?" he asked sympathetically.

She laughed again and, raising the glass he had just refilled, drank more beer with relish.

"Nothin' doin' in that line," she avowed heartily. "You're thinkin' of the song. It don't mean me."

"Married?"

He asked the question shyly, and she smiled at him as she replied.

"Nope. Not yet."

"Picked him out?"

Mr. Hartley was getting on. Indeed, his progress was extraordinary, and his spirits rose as he realized it.

"Mebbe I have. Mebbe I ain't. Say, what's that to you?"

She rose and began to struggle into her big coat.

"We gotta do these things ourselves," she explained as he jumped to help her. "Yes, I'm goin'. Sure I am. I gotta get me beauty sleep."

Together they went out into the storm, and again he suggested a cab.

"Nope. Walkin's good enough for me," she declared stoutly. "'Tain't far. My room's on'y two blocks from the theater."

She took the arm he hesitatingly offered and plunged forward, and he helped her as best he could until they reached an uninviting house at whose front steps she paused.

"Here we are," she exclaimed with unflattering relief. "Say, this wind's awful. Good night. Thanks for the eats."

She held out her hand, and Hartley took it uncertainly. This casual parting seemed a rather flat ending to his adventure, yet he was not sure that he greatly cared to continue the girl's acquaintance. As he hesitated, she caught his eyes, and with a flash of intuition realized the pathos of his abnormal shyness and his loneliness. She never expected to see him again, for she was leaving New York the next day; and she had no wish to meet him, for he bored her horribly. But, after all, he was a nice, pink-cheeked country boy, and he had given her a supper. On a sudden impulse, she leaned forward and took his face between her hands.

"Good-by," she said, and kissed him on the mouth.

The next instant she had dashed up the steps, laughed back at him, opened the door of the house, and passed inside, shutting it behind her with a slam.

On the street below, Hartley stood quite still for a moment, dazed, almost stupefied. Then, very slowly, he turned and walked back toward Broadway, battling with emotions in which embarrassment, astonishment, and triumph

seemed to predominate in turn. And from them all one fact finally emerged. He had had his adventure, and henceforth he could lend sophisticated ears to the talk of the other fellows in the office. Of course he didn't intend to say anything about it; he wasn't the kind to "gas" about things of that sort, he assured himself loftily, though a sudden picture of Borden's face, if he heard the story, rose pleasantly before him. But catch him uttering confidences to that bunch! They didn't even know that he was engaged—

*That he was engaged!* The memory struck the boy with such force that he stopped short in his stride. *For an hour or more he had forgotten Mary!* It was incredible. It simply could not have happened, but it had. His mind accepted the fact, and then dully, almost hopelessly, concerned itself with the results. Having forgotten Mary, the results had been inevitable. He had flirted with another girl. He had done his utmost to interest her. He had let her kiss him! And he had gloried in the kiss! What would Mary think of him, if she knew—Mary, snowdrop among girls? In the shock of the question, he lost all sense of values, and none of the reassuring and practical details of the past hour came back to him as comforters. He forgot the frank heartiness of the girl's manner and of her appetite as well, and remembered only two searing moments—that in which her rose had touched his heart, that in which her lips had clung to his.

"Aw, Gawd!" he muttered. "What a beast a fella is!"

It was the sincerest "act of contrition" he had ever offered, but it brought him no solace as he gazed upon himself as he was. Why, the actress had at once recognized his type.

"Where's the girl you're engaged to?" she had asked him. "Why is she lettin' you run loose?"



"You ain't a song writer, are you?" she asked.

And even that had not brought him to his senses. He was a beast through and through, and the only reason he had not realized it sooner was that no other painted creature of the stage had happened to throw a rose at him.

Then, Adamlike, he began to blame the woman. She oughtn't to have done it—kissed him. If she had said good-by and gone into the house like—well, like the right kind of a girl, it would have been all straight, and he wouldn't be feeling like a worm now. And then a

deeper self-contempt gripped him, and he sickened at his own thoughts. He would be blaming Mary next, he reflected bitterly, for letting him run loose. He hurried home, passing with an absent touch of his hat brim the startled Mrs. Barker, who met him on the stairs and seemed disposed to think that the phenomenon of his late return called for explanation.

In his room, he shut and locked the door, as if to bar out something that pursued him; but it had crept in after

him, and, as he sank into his one arm-chair and stared moodily at the floor, it sidled up to him and began to whisper in his ear.

What in Heaven's name was he making all this fuss about? She was a nice little girl—he ought to realize that. The kiss was only her way of saying good night. Stage folks, he had heard, were like that. There was nothing in all this stuff he had been telling himself. Even Mary would understand—at least he hoped she would. But women, of course, looked at things differently from the way men did, so the best course was not to tell them anything that might worry them. Why, he and Tillie Bannon could be friends, with no nonsense about it—pals; and just to show that they could, he'd see her again. To-morrow was Sunday. He would call for her in the morning and take her out to lunch. He remembered the house—oh, yes, two blocks from the theater and the third from the corner. It would be jolly to see her so soon. He looked at his lapel, from which the dying rose was sending to him its last perfumed breath, and, almost unconsciously, he took it off and held it to his face. It brought back the moment when she had tossed it to him—when she had kissed him.

"Gee!"

Hartley sprang to his feet and hurled the rose on the floor. Then he stepped on it, as if he had suddenly discovered a loathsome worm in its crimson heart. What a cad he was! *What* a cad! Planning to see her again, after what had happened! And why? Because he was lonesome? He tried to make it clear that this was the reason, but the time had come to be honest with himself. Because he was a cad; because he was weak as water; because he wanted to continue the excitement of this new association; because he was utterly unfit for Mary. He was a trifler—that's what he was; a flirt, a

bounder, a man who, at the slightest temptation, would plunge into the hectic pleasures of a wicked city. Look at him to-night, taking a girl out to supper, talking to her like any other loose-principled chap, kissing her, and then promptly planning to repeat the experience! And, yes, feeling proud of it—feeling proud of it this blessed minute; feeling like patting himself on the back for a sad dog. For an awful moment, John Hartley looked into the uttermost abyss of his soul. Its blackness made him shudder.

"Gee!" he muttered again.

For a long moment he stood still, staring unseeingly before him, his imagination working harder than it had ever worked before. Under its sudden fires, Tillie Bannon became the personification of the Siren of the City. He saw her drawing him down, down, down—a picture that would vastly have astonished that matter-of-fact young woman, who at this very moment was covering her features with cold cream in yawning forgetfulness of his existence. Hartley contemplated it for a moment longer. Two roads of life, he felt, lay before him; he was deciding on which he must travel. Then, with a quick gesture of resolution, he went to his closet, picked up a suit case that lay there, brought it out into his room, and hurriedly began to pack it. As he opened and closed bureau drawers and found the garments he needed, he heard Mrs. Barker's voice speaking to a tenant in the lowest hall, and he interrupted his task long enough to run down two flights of stairs and speak to her over the baluster rail of the third.

"Mrs. Barker," he called softly. "Say, Mrs. Barker."

The landlady, who was now alone and passing along the hall toward her own room, stopped and looked up at him, taking in with surprise the effect of his excited face and disheveled hair.

"Why, Mr. Hartley," she began, "what's the——"

He interrupted her.

"Say, Mrs. Barker," he began, "I'm goin' home to-morrow morning for a coupla days—back to my home town, you know. I'm goin' on the early train. An', say——" He hesitated. "When I come back, I'm goin' to bring m' wife," he jerked out boyishly.

"Well, now, Mr. Hartley, I'm real glad to hear it." Mrs. Barker's face beamed. Her congratulations were obviously sincere. "We'll cert'nly make her an' you perfectly comf'table. The double room on the second floor——"

But this fair bud of hope was killed by the sudden frost of her boarder's manner.

"We're goin' to housekeepin'," he explained, "soon's we can find a flat. But we'll be here for a week or two."

"Well"—Mrs. Barker's voice had lost its first joyous note, but she went on gallantly—"I'm glad you're goin' to get married, jest the same. Noo York's no place for a young man alone, as I was thinkin' when I looked at you. Only yes'day I says to my daughter Amelia, 'I don't see how Mr. Hartley keeps so steady,' I says, 'with temptations layin' in wait,' I says, 'on every side of him.'"

John Hartley took out his handkerchief and wiped his perspiring brow. Then he drew a quivering breath. Here was one who understood. A wild impulse seized him to tell her all about his adventure—but no. That tragic recital was for Mary's ears alone. He contented himself at this crisis with one poignant utterance.

"You jest bet they're lyin' in wait," he muttered, with deep fervor.

### DID SHE MEAN IT?

IN the days before the "fire" and the new building, the chapel at Wellesley used to be on the second floor, and the girls often "congested traffic" very badly by waiting around the doors in the rather narrow upper hall to chat with each other before separating for the evening. Of course there were many protests by those in authority, but they were very poorly heeded until one night when a particularly incensed chapel leader voiced her remonstrance in unforgettable words.

"Young ladies," she cried, "I beg of you not to annoy us by lingering here. Pass away as quickly as you can and join your friends below."

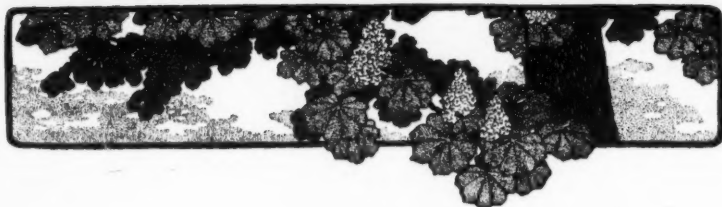
### WANTED—A BRIDE!

DOCTOR MACCRACKEN, the new president of Vassar College, says that one of the most interesting documents he has received since he entered upon his duties there was a letter from a modern "Cœlebs in search of a wife."

The man explained that in his early youth he had been jilted by the girl to whom he was engaged and had consequently been a misogynist for some years. Now, however, he had heard so much of the beauty, charm, and learning of the Vassar girls that he had decided to marry one of them. Would Doctor MacCracken kindly send him a list of eligible young women who might "cast a favorable eye" upon him?

"But unfortunately," ends Doctor MacCracken with a twinkle in his eye, "his address was the Poughkeepsie State Hospital for the Insane."





# Trails

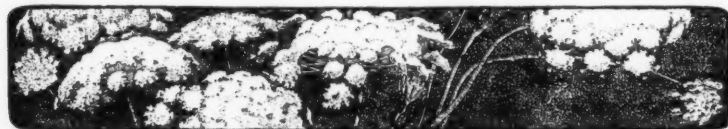
By Mary Carolyn Davies

WHERE the hidden mountain trails twist and wind and reach, rough leading,  
When your courage faints and fails, you will find the faith you're needing—  
Faith again in grass and tree, wisdom and eternity, faith in rock and root and  
sod, faith in friendliness and God,  
Where the great trails twine and take you far from all your world and wake you  
Once again to sheen of balsam and to glow of goldenrod.

Far from noise and care and hurry, far from scorn and competition,  
While the dawn sky still is blurry, ere the morning's full fruition,  
On the wet trail you will see God's skilled hand in fern and tree, find wild beauty  
in a leaf, in a spider's web belief,  
Where the wise trails wind and reach you, comfort, rest, and calm and teach you  
That there is no woe the forest cannot heal, nor any grief.

Down the lake the great cranes cry, and the thick white mist is breaking,  
And the wild ducks dark the sky, and the slender trees are shaking;  
Then you leave the lake behind and a sharp twig strikes you blind for a moment,  
and the sting makes you, too, a woodland thing.  
Over bush and brier and thistle do you tramp and smile and whistle  
With your gun across your shoulder. And you know yourself a king.

Tamarack and pine and beech, balsam, birch, and maple reddened  
Turn and sway and give you speech, as, your heavy footfall deadened  
By the moss, you find the good comradeship of trail and wood where the branches  
thickly spread blot the sunlight overhead  
And the shadowed coolness stealing on your senses bring you healing  
And you find new strength to help you on the trail of life ahead.



# Founded by Caroline Lee

By Ruth Herrick Myers

Author of "The Woman Who Had None," "The Bird Song," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY S. R. ASPELL

**Have you ever had to stand aside and see your own ideas and hard work serve merely to brighten another's glory? If so, you will sympathize with Caroline Lee in the very hard lesson she had to learn.**

CAROLINE LEE was not at all a ladylike little girl, and it was a mystery why she was not, for she certainly came of a cultured family. Could any one be more well bred than her mother? Or her father? And yet, instead of being polite and gentle, she was hoydenish. She was a tomboy. She was rude. Whatever had put it into the head of a well-trained little girl to do the dreadful thing she had just done, Nonna was unable to understand. Mrs. Lyons, of all people!

Caroline Lee, listening to this arraignment of her character much more patiently on the whole than most of her elders would have done, inserted a word at this point in her Grandmother Lee's bombardment.

"We couldn't see any one until they were right up on us. How could we tell it was going to be Mrs. Lyons?"

"It wouldn't have made any difference," insisted Nonna, "whether it had been Mrs. Lyons or the grocery boy. The idea——"

"You wouldn't have scolded so much if it had been the grocery boy, though."

Grandmother Lee, floundering a little, brought up a new offensive.

"One would think that with a lovely yard to play in and a big house and two little playmates, Caroline Lee, you could play nicely without humiliating Nonna by such pranks as that."

She pointed accusingly to one of

Mrs. Ackermann's clothes props lying on the grass near the fence. Caroline Lee's eyes followed her grandmother's pointing finger dolefully.

"I must confess"—Mrs. Lee gathered up her skirts from the damp grass—"I must confess that I fail to understand you, Caroline Lee. I shall have to report this to your mother."

The three little girls maintained an uncomfortable silence after she had disappeared. Finally Caroline Lee said:

"Well, I suppose we might as well put away the clothes prop."

She picked it up savagely by one end, dragging it across the yard, and threw it with the others that leaned against the south end of the barn.

"What will your mother say, do you suppose?" Frances Goodman, trying to help Caroline Lee carry the pole, spoke in awed tones.

"Oh, just what Nonna did." Caroline Lee sniffed scornfully. "I get so tired hearing about how well bred I am! I don't want to be well bred! I hate to be well bred! I think it's tiresome and stupid!"

"Goodness!" It was Rita MacIntyre who offered this. "Didn't you think Mrs. Lyons had hurt herself awfully when she sat down so awfully hard? I was scared."

"I wasn't," scoffed Caroline Lee. "I was glad she did sit down hard. She



As a climax, Mrs. Lyons had sat down, like the elephant's child, "most hard and sudden."

always swishes by just like a little French doll that's ready to squeak 'Mamma.' I was surprised she didn't say it when she sat down."

Caroline turned her back discreetly to the house while she giggled.

"They did look funny, though, didn't they? I thought I'd die at Tom Austerbeck, didn't you? Walking along so big—like this—and then running into that pole! I'll bet he's wondering yet who poked it out."

A long sigh.

"Shucks!" Caroline Lee grumbled. "It makes me sick! Every time we have any fun, some one comes along

and stops us. Why can't they think sometimes of things we *can* do? Shucks! What'll we do now?"

She sat looking listlessly at the fence, which had been the source of her erstwhile inspiration. The cracks between the high boards widened twice during their length into round holes about the size through which a well-managed clothes pole might shoot forth and intercept suddenly the progress of astonished pedestrians. It had been fun to play that. Tom Austerbeck's face, viewed through an adjoining crack, had been worth the long wait for a victim. The iceman had said "Damn!" As a

climax, Mrs. Lyons had sat down, like the elephant's child, "most hard and sudden." Safely hidden on the other side of the fence, Caroline Lee and Frances and Rita had laughed until they were weak, and it was a shame that Nonna had happened along to an upstairs window just as Mrs. Lyons went tripping by, a burning shame! It was so unfortunate that Mrs. Lyons' shriek had caused Mrs. Lee to look down and view the proceeding! To be sure, Mrs. Lyons had escaped before Nonna, with her lame knee, could get outdoors and make a fuss before her, but Caroline Lee had not escaped. She had been caught squarely, and it had spoiled the game.

"I hope Mrs. Lyons won't ever find out who we were," volunteered Frances, a little timidly, for she was not sure how this would affect Caroline Lee in her present state of mind. "She's the new president of our Ladies' Aid."

"The Ladies' Aid!" repeated Caroline Lee. "Is that what you call it in your church? We call it 'the Guild' in ours. Why do you call it 'Aid?' I think that sounds funny. What do you aid?"

"I don't think it sounds funny at all—not a bit funnier than Guild," Rita put in, for she, also, was a Presbyterian. "What do you gild? Picture frames?"

Frances, the peacemaker, answered Caroline Lee's question hastily.

"They're working for the Red Cross now. The money for the bazaar's going for that this year, too, to buy bandages and blankets and medicines and things. They're going to send it over to the poor soldiers in Europe in barrels—big barrels."

Frances' arms indicated hogsheads.

With a quick leap, Caroline Lee was upon her feet.

"I know what let's do! I've got a perfectly scrumptious idea. Let's start a society of our own, a little Red Cross

Society. Oh, let's call it that! Wouldn't that sound good? The Little Red Cross Society! And make money to send to the soldiers! I love to pack barrels! Mr. Brockett would let us have an apple barrel, I know. I'll ask him this very afternoon. And we can make Red Cross badges and tie around our arms like regular nurses. Oh, yes, and let's have membership cards and ask all the girls! Oh, yes, and let's have a slogan! Let's do have a slogan! I'm crazy about slogans, aren't you? That would be just gorgeous! And we'll be charter members, just the three of us, and I'll be the founder. Oh, yes, and let's have a code, girls! Let's do have a *code*! A secret code! I can make it. Let's make that right now. It'll be a circus! I'm crazy about codes. Let's have it for all the members and let's make an awful fuss over it and keep our key secret and not show it to the boys or anything. I bet Tom Austerbeck'll wish he could grab it when I let him see just the tiniest corner of it. Oh, yes, and let's make a picture of a key on the outside of the paper. I'll go get the key to the kitchen door and we can trace around that—"

Caroline Lee, bristling with more ideas than the most luxuriant porcupine with quills, fled, still manufacturing them as she ran into the house.

The Little Red Cross Society, duly founded, chartered, and launched into the history of the town of St. Charles, met with instant success among those little girls who were fortunate enough to be chosen as members. It was not, however, Caroline Lee's first experience with clubs. She had seen not a few of her cherished organizations languish and die, and so, preparing herself against this discouraging emergency, she invented under the library lamp one evening a unique set of membership cards.

"This is to certify," printed Caroline

Lee laboriously, "that Frances Goodman will not leave the Little Red Cross Society unless it is necessary."

A list of the eight members followed, the charter members designated by huge, wabbly asterisks, while down in the lower left-hand corner, in capitals none too modest, ran the information:

"Founded by Caroline Lee Ackermann."

After each little girl had signed with solemn ceremony the private and particular card which Caroline Lee had prepared for her, and after Caroline Lee herself had punched holes in the corners with her mother's paring knife and had tied the cards together with a red-and-green Christmas ribbon, and after the packet had been laid away in the archives of the Little Red Cross Society, Caroline Lee felt her mind more at ease. Nothing, she thought with a distinct sense of pride, could now make encroachments upon the adamant organization of her well-founded society. It was like a house builded upon a rock.

The first called meeting was a distinct triumph. It is true that absolute order did not at all times prevail. An ironic observer might have pointed out a few disputes, even some tears, and a pout or two. Such critics should take into consideration that secret codes are not adopted without a certain amount of discussion by the active-minded students who are to use them, that slogans are not chosen in the twinkling of an eye, that the Little Red Cross Society was not the first organization that ever rose to a heated debate over ways and means financial. And if the cause of the wounded soldiers was somewhat lost sight of in the shuffle, to the way of thinking of certain skeptics, the Little Red Cross Society merely proved itself thereby the more eligible to the rank and file of larger, better-known charitable organizations whose

means and whose end often grow confused likewise, and whose charity dances and hotel card parties cause much more emotion than the affairs of the poor and destitute for whom the parties are danced and fought.

Caroline Lee, who had rather expected the unanimous and flattering adoption of the code which she had concocted after such deep deliberation, found herself, on the contrary, almost forced by a majority vote into accepting a radical change in its construction. Caroline Lee had set the twenty-six letters of the alphabet in a row, had placed the numerals from one to twenty-six under them respectively, and had dubbed each letter and figure falling together henceforth and forever one and the same by order of Caroline Lee Ackermann. Now all was changed. The girls thought it better to dub the vowels a, e, i, o, u the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 respectively, and to name the consonants in order, beginning with b for 6.

"Yours was too easy, Caroline Lee. If any of the boys got hold of our notes, they could read them right off."

"Well, go ahead, then. Fix it any way you want to," Caroline Lee conceded grudgingly. "I don't intend to let the boys get hold of any of my notes, though."

Anyhow, they accepted Caroline Lee's scheme for raising funds, which was some balm to a wounded pride. On a certain sunny afternoon after school, the campaign started; a campaign which, it must be admitted, rather shocked some of the conservative and aristocratic residents of Maple Avenue who were accustomed to shut their doors to canvassers and peddlers, and some of whom made the mistake of closing them upon the solicitors for the Little Red Cross Society. Frances Goodman indignantly reported one of these insults to Caroline Lee at the corner of Maple and Sixth



The first called meeting was a distinct triumph.

Street. The Barnes-Thextons' maid had said, "No, we don't want anything, little girl," and had closed the door in Frances' face. Frances was not going to try to sell any more. She was going home. She—

"Now listen," interrupted Caroline Lee. "Did you ask for Mrs. Barnes-Thexton herself?"

Frances admitted that she had not.

"Well, that's the trouble, then," Caroline Lee assured her. "You go back

— Oh, well, then, I'll go with you. Come on. Shucks! I'm not afraid of Mrs. Barnes-Thexton's maid."

They returned to the big white colonial house, mounted the steps, and Frances rang the bell.

"I want to speak to Mrs. Barnes-Thexton."

Caroline Lee turned herself so that the lurid red cross emblazoned on her sleeve should burn into the maid's eyes.

"We're the Little Red Cross Society



and we want to see her on very important business."

The maid grudgingly consulted with the voice of authority inside, and returned to admit the children, none too graciously, into the presence of Mrs. Barnes-Thexton.

Caroline Lee gave a start. She had been prepared for Mrs. Barnes-Thexton, but she was not expecting the sight of Mrs. Lyons, who sat drinking tea with her. Caroline Lee reddened uncomfortably. Would Mrs. Lyons associate them with the unfortunate incident of last Saturday?

"Why, Frances?"

Mrs. Barnes-Thexton held out her hand, likewise Mrs. Lyons, also somewhat surprised, for Frances was a Presbyterian and in their church. She set tables often for luncheons, spoke pieces on Children's Day, and carried messages for the ladies of the Ladies' Aid.

Caroline Lee, who was an Episcopalian, felt somewhat out of the fold during these cordial greetings, but after due introductions by Frances, it appeared that the ladies knew both her grandmother and her mother at the club. They said they were very glad to meet her. Mrs. Barnes-Thexton asked her to sit down. She told the maid to bring two cups of weak tea with plenty of sugar and some little cakes. It was quite overwhelming, and Caroline Lee, resuming a more normal color, grew bold enough presently to look furtively at Mrs. Lyons again and reassure herself that she and the episode of Saturday last were in no way connected within that lady's little Frenchlike head.

"And what are these badges on our arms?" inquired Mrs. Lyons, smiling upon Caroline Lee.

"Oh, we're from the Little Red Cross Society," spoke up Caroline Lee, taking the cue from Frances, whose eyes appealed to her superior officer to

do all the talking. "We're trying to raise money to pack a barrel to send to the soldiers, and we're selling these."

Caroline Lee, torn between her teacup and the package in her lap, was assisted by Mrs. Lyons, who held her plate for her, Caroline Lee, thus relieved, unwrapped the paper from around her package and brought into view a pile of fancy paper napkins which had been folded carefully into three-cornered shapes and tied with ribbon rosettes of corresponding shades.

"They're to wipe your glasses on," explained Caroline Lee, "and we're selling them for five cents apiece. We made them. We girls made them ourselves. Some are pink and some are blue and some are lavender. They're for old ladies mostly, the lavender ones. You'd probably want pink."

Mrs. Lyons and Mrs. Barnes-Thexton laughed at this naive classification, offered in absolute sincerity and innocence on the part of Caroline Lee.

"But we don't wear glasses," protested Mrs. Barnes-Thexton.

"Your husband does, though."

This was Frances' inspiration.

"So he does! I believe I'll have to take a few for him. Let's see! Five, I guess."

"They're very useful," Caroline Lee observed, as she counted out the number. "My grandmother says she doesn't see how she ever got along without hers."

"Tell me some more about the Little Red Cross Society," Mrs. Lyons said suddenly, setting down her own plate and Caroline's on the tray and turning with a new interest to the children. "Who are in it? How long have you been organized? What else do you do?"

Who could ask for more flattering encouragement? Frances and Caroline Lee told about their slogan and the code and their membership cards and their plans for raising money. They told

how many streets they had canvassed and how many glasses wipers they had sold. They were bubbling with enthusiasm and their eyes danced and they both talked at once.

Mrs. Lyons was almost as enthusiastic as they. She thought their society was splendid, just splendid! Didn't Mrs. Barnes-Thexton think so, too? And who were the little girls, again? She listened with a nod or two of her head every now and then. That was certainly fine. And she would take five of the glasses wipers, also.

Caroline Lee and Frances departed in high spirits and regaled the less fortunate members of the society down at

can take a tumble! How houses, built supposedly upon a rock, can crumble down into sand! How pride goeth a-scrampering before a tumble!

It was Frances, radiance itself, who broke the news to Caroline Lee at school. Elated was she and important with tidings!

"Oh, Caroline Lee! Rita! Everybody! Listen! Mrs. Lyons came over



"And what are these badges on our arms?" inquired Mrs. Lyons, smiling upon Caroline Lee.

the next corner with glowing accounts of the reception they had just received and the little cakes they had eaten.

"Fifty cents more! Isn't that great?" cried Caroline Lee. "We're doing lots better than we expected to, aren't we?"

A balance of three dollars reposed that night in the treasury of the Little Red Cross Society, and Caroline Lee was jubilant.

But alackaday, how jubilant spirits

to our house last night, and what do you think she wants us to do? Well, sir, she wants us to join in with their Ladies' Aid in their Red Cross bazaar! She says she'll make Mrs. Barnes-Thexton chairman of us, and we can have a booth all our own, and sell our glasses wipers and everything we can think of to make, and dress like regular nurses in aprons and caps and red crosses, and serve lemonade and cakes

and candy—oh, yes, and have a barrel all our own to pack, and decorate our booth with flags and red crosses——”

Frances' breath gave out completely.

“But—but—but we're not Presbyterians!” flared Caroline Lee in high indignation. “I think Mrs. Lyons is horrid!”

“Why, Caroline Lee Ackermann! You said, when she bought those glasses wipers, that you thought she was perfectly lovely! She asked especially about you, and said to ask your mother and grandmother if you couldn't come in. I thought you'd be just crazy about it.”

“And we're most of us Presbyterians, too,” added Rita. “All but you and you and you—all but Caroline Lee and Marg and Sally.”

“Well, I'm not going in with it,” declared Caroline Lee stubbornly. “It was *my* society. I thought of it and I founded it, and Mrs. Lyons came along and stole it. I hate her!”

“Why, Caroline Lee!”

“You girls can do what you want to. I hope you remember, though, that you signed membership cards saying you wouldn't leave——”

“Who's leaving?” demanded Rita. “You're the only one that's leaving. Margaret, can't you and Sally come in? Your folks wouldn't care, would they?”

“Would yours, Caroline Lee?” pleaded Frances.

“Oh, my mother wouldn't *care*” sniffed Caroline Lee.

And then the bell rang.

Frances continued the conversation in school by means of a note written in the code, and after the episode of the note, Caroline Lee's mind, which was wavering, came together with a snap upon its first stubborn determination.

“Dear Caroline,” the note ran, “1-19-2-25-4-5-20-5-19-2?”

Which, being interpreted, read, “Are you sure?”

Caroline Lee, however, in her haste confused her vowels and, mistaking the message for “Are you sore?” wrote back furiously, too much in haste to use the code:

“Of course I'm not sore, Frances Goodman! Why should I be sore? Mrs. Lyons can have my ideas second-hand if she wants them. I can think up some new ones. I'll never, never, never go into anything she manages.”

To which Frances, hurt and disturbed, made answer quickly:

“I said s-u-r-e, Caroline Lee. Please ask your mother if you can't come in with us.”

Which Caroline Lee did, in the following manner. Perhaps, if she had stated her case more pleadingly, she would have received permission easily enough, for Mrs. Ackermann and Mrs. Lee were far from narrow. But Caroline Lee said:

“Mother, you don't want me to join the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid, do you?”

“The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid!”

“And work for their bazaar? Lots of the girls are going to.”

“Why, I believe, Caroline Lee, that you could find plenty to do in our own church, if you want to do church work.”

“I thought so,” said Caroline Lee unctuously.

But the days that followed were bitter. Margaret and Sally had gone over temporarily from the Christian and Methodist folds respectively to become Presbyterians while the bazaar lasted, and the Little Red Cross Society, minus only its founder, but forgetful now, in the stress of greater events, of its code, its slogan, its membership cards, thrived each day in new members and enthusiasm. A dozen times Caroline Lee repented her resolve. Many times she was approached, asked to reconsider, begged to join. Mrs. Lyons even spoke

to Grandmother Lee and to Mrs. Ackermann. Caroline Lee tossed her head and said:

"Pooh! I was tired of the Little Red Cross Society, anyhow!"

But the girls were working hard now for a concert in the church, given to raise more money. Now they had decided on popcorn balls instead of lemonade. Now they were planning a benefit at the Palace Nickel Show and were to receive ten per cent of the profits. The girls were going to usher.

The St. Charles *Herald* took up the cause and wrote up the prosperity of the Little Red Cross Society and the work they were doing under the clever leadership of Mrs. Lyons and Mrs. Barnes-Thexton, even putting in the paper a picture of the little girls who served at the Palace benefit.

Poor Caroline Lee! She was not the first whose ideas and hard work have served merely to brighten another's glory. Sooner or later we learn to accept such turns of fate in spirits more or less Christian. Caroline Lee did not. She did not feel sweet and she did not feel Christian. Neither would she confide her torments of soul to any comforter, not even to Nonna, who most

probably would have been reminded of other episodes by the discussion of Mrs. Lyons. Caroline Lee told herself that she needed no comforter. She did not want to be comforted.

The day of the bazaar arrived, and St. Charles turned out in force—but not Caroline Lee! Reports came to her during the day of the goings-on at the Presbyterian Church, where her Little Red Cross Society, under another general, was receiving the congratulations of the admiring town.

It was a hard lesson for Caroline Lee. As the shadows lengthened and the air grew cool with dusk, the founder of the Little Red Cross Society wended her lonely way out along the fence past the clothes props and the barn, tore into little bits a packet she carried squeezed in her fist, struck a match, and set fire to a ragged corner of cardboard. A tiny flame flared up, making visible for an instant the words: "This is to certify——"

Another card caught, and another. A red fire whirled into sudden heat, then faded into ashes. Caroline Lee, with the toe of her shoe, scattered the fire about and let the thin ashes be carried away by the evening breeze.



### APPLE-ON-A-STICK

OF all the joys of childhood  
For which my heart grows sick,  
I do not want the wildwood,  
But an apple-on-a-stick!

A penny brought this treasure  
Of mingled sweet and sour—  
A thing of long-drawn pleasure,  
Rare titbit of an hour.

Ah, taffied fruit, I greet you,  
But you are lost to me!  
For now I cannot eat you—  
*My age is ninety-three!*

WISTY WHEELER.

WHAT HAS ALREADY HAPPENED IN

## The Gold Rod

Lewis Sales, a young mining engineer, has been sent by his chief, Bratnombor, the mining expert, to locate the lost vein of the Oro Fino Mine. The problem is a pressing one, since the available supply of ore is nearly exhausted and if the vein is not found soon, the mine must close. Sales has, too, a personal reason to spur him on; he is in love with Bratnombor's daughter, Gladys, and he knows that Bratnombor has no mercy upon failure. Shortly before the expert is to arrive to inspect Sales' work, a newcomer appears in camp, an old man of striking personality and appearance, Léander Penhallow by name. He is attended by his granddaughter, Athene, and a savage hound, Turco. He claims to have a rod that will locate gold and offers, for a large reward, to find the Oro Fino vein. In spite of the jeers with which his offer is received, he demonstrates the power of his rod, forcing Athene to find gold coins with it. The girl obeys with reluctance, and Penhallow explains that she hates it, but that he himself has no power over it; it will work only for certain people. He then experiments with Dillon, the foreman of the mine, and several others, without results, and finally offers the rod to Sales. To humor him, Sales tries it, and the rod dips at once. Wadsworth, the superintendent of the mine, is looking on disapprovingly, so Sales pretends that it is all a joke, but in spite of himself he is interested. Later, he visits Penhallow and talks with him. The old man is obsessed with the desire to discover the secret of tempering copper. Gold he professes to despise, but he needs money to carry on his work, and purposes to get it by means of the gold rod. As his granddaughter has refused to work it again, he must find some one else, and he tries to persuade Sales to do it. Sales refuses, knowing that it would ruin him professionally, but he is tempted. He sees that Athene, half child, half woman, is strongly attracted to him, and the thought comes to him that he might get possession of the rod through her and use it secretly, but he puts away the idea as unworthy. His distrust of Penhallow is deepened when, upon Bratnombor's arrival and approval of Sales' deductions, Penhallow claims that the two have stolen the results of his experiments with the gold rod in locating the lost vein. But in spite of his belief that Penhallow is a dangerous madman, Sales is unable to free himself from the fascination of the gold rod. He experiments with a willow rod, and it, too, dips, but he knows that it dips for water and for various metals besides gold. Penhallow's rod dips only for gold. The idea of obtaining it through Athene continues to haunt Sales, and he begins a half-hearted wooing, to which the lonely girl responds eagerly. This results in trouble when Gladys Bratnombor arrives in camp, accompanying her father on his tour of inspection. The two girls meet in spite of Sales' efforts to keep them apart, and Athene's evident jealousy arouses Gladys' suspicions. Her visit ends in a slight coolness between the lovers, and Sales is more than ever convinced that he must win success quickly if he is not to lose her. Shortly afterward, Penhallow comes to him offering to let him use the gold rod secretly for a few hours if he will pay two hundred dollars. Sales accepts and hands over the money, but Penhallow professes still to doubt his good faith and insists that he shall let Athene "put him in tune with the Infinite" before he receives the rod. Sales good-humoredly consents, and during the "harmonizing" process, Athene wheedles him into kissing her. At this moment Penhallow appears upon the scene and savagely drives the young man away, minus both rod and money.

# The Gold Rod

By Dane Coolidge

Author of "Hidden Water," "Rimrock Jones," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE ROWE

A Desert Drama in Four Parts.

## PART III.

### CHAPTER XVI.

A VOICELESS shame came over Sales as he stumbled out of the Penhallow camp. It was the shame of the dupe who has been tricked by a sharper, the bitter humiliation of confident youth, beguiled and flouted by a woman. Penhallow had taken his money and spent it, and refused to go down the shaft; and Athene, the guileless, had led him on to kiss her in order to be avenged on Gladys. He had lost his hard-earned money, but he had learned his lesson; and he had learned about women, too. All knowledge has its price, and we pay, willy-nilly. He hardened his heart and went back to work.

The crosscut was started, but Dillon was rebellious and Wadsworth was in a fever. Already the last ton of blocked-out ore had been mined and sent through the mill, and the few hardy miners who remained were gutting the lower chambers. The span of life of the old Oro Fino Mine was fast drawing to a close and, looking back over the past, there was nothing but false hopes, wasted work, and good money thrown after bad. Great heaps of gray waste, like the earths of some huge gopher, showed the mouths of their abortive shafts and useless, expensive tunnels; and now, with the last of their money, the crosscut was being driven west.

Dillon wanted it driven east; Sales

stood by his orders; and Wadsworth was insane over the witch rod. He hovered day and night about the camp of Penhallow, summoned Sales to mysterious conferences, and talked it over openly with Dillon; but his efforts came to nothing. Penhallow was helpless, for Athene would not serve him; and Sales was absolutely unreasonable. He refused point-blank even to consider the proposition and insisted upon the orders of his chief. Bratnomber had ordered them to drift west, and west they must go as long as he was on the job. And at the mention of the gold rod he laughed, short and ugly, and refused to say a word.

Then the crisis came. Wadsworth stopped the useless work and ordered the crosscut driven east. If the vein was not west, then it must be east, he argued; and if not, there was no vein anywhere. They had explored far to the north; they had gone east and west along the fault, and spent thousands of dollars in dead work; and now, since the west drift showed not even a stringer, it stood to reason the ore body lay to the east. It was not like a thread, drawn through the waste of country rock; it was a broad sheet of mineral, a great rift filled with quartz, extending down into the earth for miles. All that was necessary was to tap it, to break into its ore cavity, and the Oro Fino Mine would be worth millions; and, since science had failed,



Wadsworth turned to blind chance, which has won many a desperate game.

But here, on the first day, they came to a show-down, for Lewis Sales objected strenuously.

"Why, you say it's there yourself!" protested the astounded Wadsworth, whose nerves were sadly ruffled by defeat. "You believe it lies east and yet, just because Bratnomber says so, you have the nerve to ask us to drift west!"

"That may be so," admitted Sales, "but I'm not in charge of this job. I'm sent out here by Bratnomber to see that his directions are followed, and if they're not, I'll have to report to him."

"Well, go ahead and report," challenged the baffled Wadsworth, "and we'll see what the board of directors has to say!"

There were hot words then and mutual recriminations, and in the end two telegrams were sent out. The replies were delayed, pending an interchange of red-hot wires between Bratnomber and the querulous directors, and then Dillon broke the deadlock and produced an answer of his own. It was a stringer of quartz coming in from the northeast, which the miners had encountered in the east crosscut, and Sales sent out a special messenger that night.

All the theory in the world could not hold out against the evidence of that leader of quartz. Bratnomber gave over his pose of omniscience and wired back to follow the vein. Against the advice of his student assistant, against the judgment of Dillon and the entreaties of Wadsworth, he had held out for more work west; and then, upon the discovery of a knife-blade stringer, he had suddenly ordered them to follow it northeast.

It was already going northeast, as fast as steel and powder could break it, and through the camp there went a faint thrill of hope. The miners at the face came out white from their

exertions; Dillon hustled down after the shots and came up powder sick, but smiling; and all the time the stringer led on northeast and the men claimed they could sense the vein. There was a dampness in the air; a feeling of giving before the drills; a subtle change, indescribable, in the ground; and the work began to jump. Then men moved with lightning quickness; Dillon remembered his merry jests; and Wadsworth, the superintendent, became insufferable.

Under the pressure of adversity, Wadsworth had developed a superficial humility that matched up with his superficial attainments; but now, as the stringer broadened out day by day, he laid claim to the prevision of a god. To Sales in particular, his pretensions were odious, since Sales himself had always maintained that the lode lay to the east. His old preliminary stake, now trampled down and forgotten, had been placed just forty feet east of the shaft; and yet Wadsworth had the face to come out boldly and claim that he had originated the idea. He so reported to his directors, who wrote a cutting letter to Bratnomber, who took revenge by reprimanding Sales.

It had been his purpose in leaving him on the ground, he wrote his assistant, to take advantage of any new developments that might come up from day to day; but now it appeared that he, Sales, had been negligent, whereby he, Bratnomber, had suffered a certain loss of prestige with the directors of the Oro Fino Mining Company. He trusted, therefore, that Sales would bestir himself so that there would be no more question about their earning their fee.

After reading this over for the third or fourth time, Sales wired a reply in kind:

If you expect results, must have discretionary power. Answer collect. SALES.

The answer came promptly:

Use your own judgment regarding work.  
All I require is results.      BRATNUMBER.

At last! After a year of the most servile obedience, Bratnumber had put the problem up to him. To be sure, it provided his chief with a convenient alibi, in case their search should fail, but Sales jumped at the chance. That was all he wanted—a chance to win, a chance to carry out his own ideas. He hurried up to the shaft and showed the telegram to Dillon, and then they went in to the face. The original stringer was widening, but it was pinching off at the top and another one was coming in from the north.

"Let's follow that," said Dillon, and Sales agreed, for he knew that Dillon's judgment was sound. Had he not worked under him for months in following just such stringers in the broken ground where the vein had first been lost? Dillon's judgment was good—and besides, he needed Dillon. It was a defensive alliance against Wadsworth. And since Wadsworth, being afraid to ride on the bucket, seldom, if ever, went down the shaft, they were safe in making the change. The lode was there somewhere; the thing to do was to go after it. Nor was Dillon unwilling to take a few chances, for he had been consulted very little of late. It was he, as a matter of fact, who had gone on a strike against the western crosscut, and Wadsworth had merely taken his tip; but now, if the word of Mr. Wadsworth was to be believed, he had originated the whole idea himself. Hence the wrath and scorn of Dillon.

"But I wouldn't mind that, Mr. Sales," he explained, "if he'd only show the way to the vein, for it's little chance a poor man has to get a boss' job. If he's down wanst, he's out. I've done me bit, and it hurts me to think about it. This job is the breath of my life. My wife thinks the world of me since I got to be foreman, and the byes

all call me 'mister,' but of course they will have their joke. Still, it's no joking matter, and I hate to lose out and go back to polishing a drill. I'm a good practical miner, but I've no education, while with you, now, 'tis the other way. What say we jine forces and work together, and to hell with Wadsworth and the rest? Let's find that vein and let who will claim the credit. All I want is to hold me good job."

"All right," agreed Sales, and they followed the second stringer, only to lose it as they had lost the first.

"What next?" asked Dillon, and Sales returned to his pet theory, the one he had held to from the start.

"Drive east," he said, and again the sweating miners set up their machines and began to bore through the solid rock.

What a waste it was! What a blind, futile way of seeking what was there to be found! Sales thought it over every day as he went down the shaft, but he held resolutely to his purpose. Once betrayed into experimenting with so much as a willow switch and his career as an engineer would be ended. Wadsworth argued and pleaded; even Dillon threw out hints; but Sales had faced the other way. He had gone through his period of madness and infatuation and had come out on the other side, cured. It had cost him money—and a wrench of the heart when Athene had made him a fool—but now at last he was hard, like Bratnumber. It was easy to tell them all no.

The work went on desperately, for the few miners who were left were family men with their homes at stake. And then came a strike at the face. A knife-blade stringer, scarcely thicker than a sheet of paper, widened suddenly at a break in the formation and showed free gold in every pan. It was gold, at last; they were on the right track, though the stringer soon pinched out

and was gone. The walls began to sweat and drip with moisture, the ground was shattered and showed iron stains; and still, for all their groping, the lode eluded them. They were near it—that they all knew—but driving east failed to tap it. And then one day came the beginning of the end.

The lone battery of stamps which had made music for the men stopped suddenly and the cañon became still. No longer did the busy car spill its ore down the grizzly and send it rumbling through the rock crusher and the mill. The Oro Fino Mine was worked out. In the ominous silence, men moved about as at a funeral, for it marked the cutting off of their hopes. The Oro Fino had paid well, but she was no longer producing and the money in the treasury would soon be gone. Then the last hope would flit, for the stockholders would be mutinous and an assessment was out of the question. If the lost vein was to be found, it must be cut very soon, or the whole camp would be as silent as the mill.

Sales was thinking of this as he sat in his doorway to catch the hot evening breeze. The sun was setting after a day of blazing heat, and his mind turned to Gladys and the coast. It was cool, back on the coast, but there would be no trip inside for him. Perhaps it was just as well. Her letters of late had seemed rather forced; it often happened that way when things went wrong. When a man lost his job, he lost his girl; if he failed, he bore it alone. But he had not failed; they had a fighting chance yet, though of course it was now a last hope. He was appraising that hope and wondering where he would go next when he heard slow steps on the trail. He looked up sharply and there was Penhallow, coming back, no doubt, for another touch!

"Good evening, Mr. Sales," he said, and Sales grunted and shifted impa-

tiently on his seat. It was easy now to see the gold-rod man as he was, for the glamour had gone with his cash. He was a charlatan, and looked the part. His venerable white beard, the proud poise of his head, the eaglelike look in his eyes, impressed Lewis Sales no more.

"Hello," he returned, and Penhallow sat down, laying a small package with great care by his side.

"Mr. Sales, sir," he began, while Sales watched him sourly, "I have come to ask a favor. I want you to work my gold rod."

"Why, sure!" jeered Sales. "Just hand it over! I'd like to try it again."

He laughed, short and gruff, as Penhallow instinctively drew back; and the gold-rod man saw the point, for he brought out the rod from his shirt.

"Very well, sir," he said and handed it over, but Sales only shook his head.

"No," he said, "you can keep your old rod. When you thought I wanted it, you wouldn't let me touch it. I wouldn't give you two bits for it now."

"What? Do you doubt," demanded Penhallow, "that my rod will point to gold? Do you doubt the efficacy of the instrument?"

"Not only that, but I doubt your good faith! You never intended to give me that rod!"

"Excuse me, sir; you are mistaken," replied Penhallow. "I will allow you to take it now."

"Well, I don't want it," returned Sales, "and I don't want to work it. Now, what have you got on your chest?"

"I have come, sir," began Penhallow, ignoring the fling, "with a proposal from Mr. Wadsworth, who believes implicitly in my instruments. It is his sincere belief—and I agree with him absolutely—that your crosscut is within a few feet of the ore. He has offered me credit for some necessities at the store if I will give you the use of my

gold rod, and all I ask is its speedy return."

He held out the gold rod, still embellished with its yellow silk, but Sales had schooled himself well. He had not weaned himself from his belief in the gold rod—he had only satisfied himself that it was unattainable. But he turned his face away.

"No, keep it," he mocked. "Somebody might take it away from me and discover all the gold in the world. You must take me for a sucker, after what you did to me, if you

as an excuse to renig. Yes, I had to be harmonized; I had to be in tune with the Infinite, or I might get excited and steal! And by the way, what about that two hundred dollars?"

"I have come to repay it," replied



"No, I won't take that!" he said with a vehemence that surprised him. "It isn't yours. It belongs to your granddaughter."

Penhallow with dignity, and began to unwrap his package.

"What's that?" demanded Sales, and then he drew back. It was Athene's golden necklace.

"No, I won't take that!" he said with a vehemence that surprised him. "It isn't yours. It belongs to your granddaughter."

"She begged me to take it to you, since it must be sold, and to ask you to accept it for the debt."

expect me to work this for Wadsworth. Why didn't you give the rod to me when I paid you my money for it? All I asked was the use of it for five or ten minutes, but you weren't satisfied. You framed it up to catch me kissing your girl and then use that

"And what then?" asked Sales. "What would you expect me to do next? Come through and lend you two hundred more?"

"No indeed, sir!" replied Penhallow. "All I ask is that you operate my gold rod and so help me get credit at the store. I have succeeded at last; I have stumbled upon the secret that I have sought for many years; I have divined how copper is tempered. It is strange, sir, when you think of it, how we white men are always complex while the Indian is always simple. I have bought expensive chemicals; I have carried on elaborate experiments; and all the time, fairly ringing in my ears was the secret of tempering copper."

He reached into his package and fetched out the tempered chisels that he had shown Sales long before.

"Listen!" he exclaimed and, striking one on the other, he held it to Lewis' ear.

"Listen again!" he commanded, a wild gleam coming into his eyes; and he held up the other chisel.

"Do you get it?" he clamored. "Do you perceive the hidden inwardness of it? You do not? Then I will tell you, my friend."

He tapped Sales on the knee and leaned forward to fix him with his staring, bloodshot eyes.

"You have heard me speak of the characteristic vibrations of the metals, but every substance and structure has its key tone. That is a scientific fact, recognized not only by all builders of bridges, but by all musicians and psychics as well. You have heard of the little dog that ran trotting across Brooklyn Bridge and almost shook it down? The trotting of a dog is the master vibration of that bridge, and since then no dog is allowed to cross. Every house, every building, has its keynote, its master tone, which a musician can discover in a moment. At the touch of that note, every fiber will

vibrate; the house will thrill and respond.

"But I digress, my friend. Here is the secret of tempering copper—these two chisels have absolutely the same ring. One was made in Mexico, the other by the Hopis—or, as some men think, by the ancient Zuñis—but their ring is absolutely identical. Was it an accident, do you think, that two smiths so far apart gave to their metal the selfsame ring? No indeed; there was a method behind it all, intimately connected with the traditions of the priesthood. The Indians know, as we know, that even thought has its vibrations, as well as every passion in life. We respond without knowing it to each one of these vibrations; hence our instinctive likes and dislikes. But metals, as well, respond to their master vibrations until at last their very nature is changed. That is the secret of tempering copper.

"You do not understand? Well, neither did I. There is no one who has been more blind. And yet I remember now that as I watched that Indian blacksmith, he sang a peculiar high chant. And his hammer and anvil, as he clanged at the metal, rang out with the selfsame tone. It was very impressive, and yet I was so besotted by my material attitude of mind that I watched only the process and thought nothing of the singing, or of the high ring of that anvil and hammer. Yet that is the secret—all that is needed is an anvil and a hammer that vibrate to the tone. Then beat and beat until the vibrations of the anvil transform the copper to tempered metal. All I need now is a little money to bring my long search to a close."

He paused, but Sales did not respond to the hint, and he returned to the object of his errand.

"Is it asking too much, sir, to request you to help me to the extent of operating my gold rod? It will point

to your lost ore with the surety of a compass, and then Wadsworth will give me credit at the store. I am starving, Mr. Sales, and my little granddaughter—"

"Never mind about that," broke in Lewis shortly. "I will advance you twenty more—and you can have the necklace back when you pay back the money you owe."

He went down into his pocket and produced the money, but Penhallow did not thank him for the gift.

"What now?" he demanded, gazing scornfully at the money. "Am I to be treated to this beggarly charity when I come with an offer worth millions? What is a poor twenty dollars to a man whose hands—"

"It will buy you some grub," answered Sales, rising angrily, "and that's more than you can say for your millions."

"But my proposal, sir? My proposition regarding the gold rod?"

"Nothing doing!" returned Lewis curtly. "I wouldn't touch it with a twenty-foot pole."

"What? You refuse to consider it? You refuse the only means that will ever point the way to your vein?"

"Absolutely!" replied Sales. "And you can tell Mr. Wadsworth that he'll have to guess again."

## CHAPTER XVII.

The last days of the Oro Fino were filled with bickering and bitterness, for as rats on board a sinking ship fight one another in a helpless rage to escape, so Wadsworth blamed Sales and Sales blamed Wadsworth and the miners blamed them both. There were backbiting and recriminations, veiled threats and secret intrigues, and no one knew from day to day what was going to happen next. Wadsworth accused Sales of negligence, and of willfully misdirecting the work in order to buy

in the Oro Fino for a song; and Sales accused him of treachery in trying to entangle him with Penhallow in order to report it to Bratnomber. As for Dillon, he just dug, drifting blindly here and there in desperate search for the vein.

Penhallow was down his hole, hammering away on his anvil and singing at the top of his voice, and the miners reported him stark mad, but Sales knew that he was working on his copper. He avoided him studiously, for Wadsworth still watched him, and saw nothing of Athene or her camp. But one day at the store, as he sat idly on the porch, she went by him with a shawl full of pottery. He listened through the doorway as she offered to sell them to the storekeeper, or to take out the price in trade, and drew away as she started to leave.

She looked worn and anxious—the storekeeper had refused her, for there was no market for Indian curios in Oro Fino—but Sales did not interfere. He had advanced twenty dollars to keep them from starving, but he still remembered the blow to his pride. She had drawn him on to kiss her, and then Penhallow had appeared and driven him out of camp. So he drew back, as she passed, without looking up. And then a teardrop splashed in the dust.

"Good morning," he said, and she halted instantly as if she had hoped for the word.

"Good morning," she responded, looking very meek and penitent. "Don't you want to buy an olla?"

"Well, I don't know," he answered, his cherished anger evaporating. "Let's see what you've got."

She spread the shawl on the ground, and he looked at the painted jars, the crooked cups and carefully molded bowls, but all the time his thoughts were far away. He remembered somehow, with a great whelm of pity, the jar she had left on his steps.



"Yes, these are very pretty," he murmured absently. "How much do you want for this?"

He picked up a dish on which, in black and white, the sun shone from a field of red, and another tear plunged into the dust.

"Ten cents," she said, and when he paid it, she turned and slipped back into the store.

He looked after her curiously and saw her buying crackers—yes, and eating them where she stood. Could it be that the child was hungry?

"Say," he inquired anxiously when she came out of the door, "didn't you get that twenty I sent? I advanced twenty dollars on your necklace."

"He used it," she answered, after a startled silence. "He sent off for a new anvil and hammer."

"Oh," he observed, and muttered under his breath. "Say, meet me up at your cave."

She gazed at him inquiringly, and then blushed to the eyes and stooped down to gather up her wares.

"Will you do it?" he asked, but she shook her head, though the hands that knotted the shawl ends trembled.

"Come on," he urged. "I can't talk to you here. And here's some change to buy something to eat."

She took the dollar dumbly; then untied the shawl and laid out four painted jars.

"They're two bits apiece," she explained, and when he rose from gathering them up, Athene had slipped away.

Sales hurried up the steps, but as he passed by the office, Wadsworth looked out of the window and leered.

"Oho!" he began, but Sales cut him short, for he knew what was in his mind.

"I'm buying them for Miss Bratnomber," he explained, scowling back at Wadsworth hatefully. "She asked me to, when they were done."

"Good enough!" returned Wadsworth, and Sales strode on, for it took little to start a quarrel between them now. Wadsworth meant, of course, that it was a good enough explanation, the implication being the usual one. The men at the Oro Fino were not very high-minded, but Sales had nothing to be ashamed of. At the same time, he considered, as he hid the pottery in his trunk, it would be just as well to be careful. He was not making love to the gold-rod man's granddaughter, but it might look so, even to her. No, he had made up his mind to meet her at the cave and perhaps speak lightly of love; but his purpose was not what the vulgar Wadsworth implied. He had his eyes on the gold rod.

Here was his chance at last to get possession of it secretly and return it as secretly again, and he knew he could bend the girl to his purpose. Her very tears, as she had taken his money and fled, had showed him how easily he could sway her to his will; and with the gold rod in his shirt, he could slip down the shaft and no one would be the wiser. And once there—once in the labyrinth of drifts that Dillon had so industriously dug—he could feel out the lode with the same degree of certainty that he could if it lay on top of ground. He might even get on three sides of it and locate it like blocking out ore in a stope—if he could only get hold of the gold rod!

All that day and the next he watched the high ledge and planned how he could win her to his purpose. She had made love to him; now he would make love to her and avenge that humiliating harmonizing. Whether she had done it for revenge or at the instigation of her grandfather, he would reciprocate by making her get the gold rod. It was his by rights, for he had paid two hundred dollars for the use of it and never had it put into his hands; and if Penhallow missed it and accused him

of trickery, he had an answer that would stop his mouth. But there would be nothing like that. Athene would get it from the chest, and he would go down the shaft at night. Then, later in the evening, he would give it back to her, while Penhallow was still down his hole. He was working day and night, almost without rest or sleep, and the gold rod would never be missed.

But Athene did not come. Sales waited uneasily, for things were coming to a head and his coup could not be too long delayed, and at last went up past their camp. From the kiva the monotonous chanting of Penhallow mingled with the measured *chang* of his hammer, but the camp was deserted. Athene was gone. He sat down and considered, and at last, above the chiming anvil, he heard the loud barking of Turco. It came from above him, from far up on the hillside that sloped down from the rim, from somewhere among the shattered cañons or the enormous bulks of fallen rocks, and at last he caught the blue of the girl's dress. She was gathering something among the bushes, working slowly along down the ridge. He watched her intently until she disappeared into the next cañon, and then hurried off down the trail.

It was an hour's hard climbing in the glaring sun before he gained the vantage that he sought and then, with his pick and ore sack in hand, he came out on the ridge just above her. She was down in a gulch busily whipping some grass heads over a basket that hung at her side; and Turco, the hound, was digging savagely at a hole, which evidently sheltered a chipmunk. Sales watched them a while, wiping the sweat from his face and steadying himself for the encounter, and then started noisily down the gulch. The hound heard him first and responded with a challenge, and Athene did not rebuke him. If she was afraid, she did not show it,

but she eyed the young man narrowly, and Sales greeted her with a shame-faced smile.

"I saw you up here," he explained, as she faced him. "Why didn't you meet me at the cave?"

"What did you want to see me about?" she countered, and he fumbled and scowled at the dog.

"Why—I just wanted to see you," he answered lamely. "That is—Why, what's the matter, Athene?"

"Look out!" she cried sharply, as he took a step toward her, and he found himself face to face with Turco. They had met before, and never without animosity, but now the hound's eyes were blazing. He crouched back against the girl's knees and a low thunder roughed his throat, as his lower jaw chopped with fury.

"You'd better go away," suggested Athene quietly. But Sales laughed and shook his head.

"Oh, no!" he said, balancing his prospector's pick. "If he comes at me, I'll hand him one with this!"

"Well, then, what do you want?" she asked with finality, and Sales stammered and groped for an opening.

"I—I wasn't looking for anything like this," he protested, turning red. "I—I thought perhaps you needed some money."

"No," she said. "I don't need any more. The grass seeds are getting ripe now, and I can live on cactus pears. But I've got to go back to camp."

She picked up her basket and started off quickly, and Sales did not offer to follow. The hound remained, his teeth peeled, his white eye rolling, and menaced him silently from the trail.

"You brute!" hissed Sales and reached for a rock.

And then the unexpected happened. Turco flew at his throat with the fury of a demon, and as Sales dodged back and warding him off, the dog fanged him on the hand.



Clarence Rowe

"Take that!" cursed Sales, and smashed at him with the rock, and then Athene came rushing back.

"Down, Turco!" she cried. "Go home, you bad dog! Oh, did he bite you on the hand?"

"Yes, he got me again," answered Sales, smiling grimly. "But this time it was all my own fault. I should have killed him the first time."

"Oh, dear!" mourned Athene, gazing tragically at the wound. "Can't you see that I bring you bad luck?"

"Oh, no," answered Sales, shaking the blood from his finger tips. "Not if you stay and doctor my hand. I came up here to see you, and a little bite like this——"

"I'll fix it!" cried Athene and, dashing off up the gulch, she came back with a handful of leaves. "These will cure it," she said. "Let's go down to the spring, where I can get some water to wet them."

She led the way, with Turco skulking on before her, until they came to a seep among the rocks; and there, while Sales washed the blood from his hand, she crushed the leaves with a stone.

Turco flew at his throat with the fury of a demon.

"Here," she said, and laid on the fra-

grant poultice, while he grimaced at the bite of the herbs.

"Now sit down," he urged, drawing her unwillingly toward him. "I—I think I can sell your pottery. Not here, of course, but down at the railroad. I know a curio man there. You can make up a lot of those painted jars. And meanwhile, I'll advance you some money——"

"No," she said, "I won't be here long. I'm going back to St. Louis."

"Going away?" he cried.

"Yes, back to the Sisters. I'm going to be a nun."

"A nun! Why, Athene, a pretty girl like you!"

"Yes, I've written to the Sisters. I hope I'll like it. Nobody cares about me here—and he scolds me all the time. He's trying to starve me, so I'll work

the gold rod. But I won't, and I've written I'm coming."

"Oh, but, Athene!" protested Lewis, who saw all his air castles shattered. But she ran on with her pitiful tale.

"Yes, I've asked them to send me the money. It will be here pretty soon—and then I'll go back to the Sisters. Not back to the school—you have to pay there—but back to the poor girls' convent. They all dress in black and stay shut up in the house, and work, and say their prayers. Of course I like it better out of doors. I like the sunsets, and the birds and the flowers, but——"

"No! Don't!" urged Sales, quite forgetting his sordid plans. "No, Athene, you mustn't do it! No, now listen! Say, I know what you can do! Are you willing to do something for me? No, it isn't anything wrong—it's mine by rights. I want you to get hold of that gold rod!"

"Oh!" she said and stiffened where she sat. Then she shook her head.

"No, not that!" he protested. "I'm not trying to steal it. All I want is to use it for an hour or so. Then I'll bring it back. No, now listen, Athene. You know it's coming to me. I paid over two hundred dollars for the use of that gold rod, and then your grandfather wouldn't give it to me. Now, here's the proposition: I want you to get it for me, and if you do, I'll pay you well. And then you won't have to be a nun! It means everything to me and—well, if it hadn't been for you, I'd've had it, long ago!"

He stopped there, and at the accusing tone in his voice, the set look left her face.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, and then her head bowed and the tears dripped down her dress.

"No, now, don't cry," he reproved her gently. "Perhaps it was my fault, too. I didn't know then how much I thought of you——"

"Oh, do you?" she quavered, and then tore away from him. "But you think more of that—that other girl!"

"Well, I don't know——" began Sales deliberately, and she caught him round the neck.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she entreated in a swift gust of passion. "Don't go and marry her! She doesn't love you at all! She's a mean, selfish thing, and I'll never forgive her for speaking to you the way she did! And I didn't kiss you from spite! I just said that to save you—to keep you from having trouble with grandfather! Do you know why I kissed you? Because I love you!"

She buried her head on his breast and lay there sobbing, and Sales was deeply stirred. It seemed so tragic, so against human nature, not to soothe her and kiss her again. And yet——

"Ah, well, now," he consoled her, "it was my fault, too. I knew you were lonely—you were like a child that had lost its mother—and so I kissed you. But we mustn't do it again."

"No," she sighed and raised her head. "No, of course not. It's very wrong. But—oh, I can't help it! I do want to be with you! I do want you to love me more than—her!"

"And now you must do something for me," went on Sales hurriedly, "something that may seem to you very hard. You must get me the gold rod to-night!"

"Oh, no, no!" she protested, and then she looked at him with her deep, adoring eyes.

"Yes, I'll get it," she said. "I'll get it and bring it to you. But won't you kiss me again?"

"When you bring me the rod," he answered softly, but his heart was as heavy as lead.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A pale young moon hung low in the west as Sales went to keep his tryst. The earth radiated heat, and each bowl-

der that he passed seemed to smite him on the cheek with its hot breath. A nighthawk, flying low, flapped her wings in his face; the ground owl called mournfully to his mate; and the close cañon palpitated with mystery. He approached her camp softly; then stopped and turned away, for Penhalow's restless hammer was stilled. From the low ridge to the west he looked down upon her wikiup, its white cover gleaming beneath the stars, and a figure appeared against it. It was Athene, looking up at him and motioning him away, but he was stubborn and refused to be dismissed.

No, he had come that night to get the gold rod, and all the devils in hell could not stop him. He rose up boldly against the sky and beckoned to her in turn. Time passed; the hammer took up its ceaseless chime; and at last he saw her coming. It was as he had thought; she had weakened in her purpose. He must hold her to her promise. No scruples now, no holding back for false sentiment; the time had come to be hard. She crept up silently, and he led her over the ridge, where no one could see or hear them.

"Oh, see the new moon!" she murmured, as they sat down behind a huge rock, but he asked whether she had the rod.

"Yes," she answered, after a moment of tense silence, "but—but I want to talk with you first. I have stolen the rod, and I want you to promise me to bring it back while I wait."

"All right," agreed Sales, reaching out his hand. "Give it here, and I'll be right back."

"No!" she said, and something in her voice warned him not to venture too far.

"Well, what is it?" he asked, and she laid her hand in his and pointed to the vanishing moon.

"Look!" she said, and as he moved impatiently, she drew closer to his side.

"When I give you the rod and you have found your gold," she went on with an anxious sigh, "will you leave me and go to her?"

It was the old, old question, but Sales had expected it and the days of nice scruples had passed.

"I don't know," he evaded. "I don't see how I could. I'd like to stay here with you."

"Oh, would you?" she asked, but without enthusiasm. "You just say so, because you want the rod. But would you, really, if I were as pretty as she is and had nice clothes and all?"

"Oh, forget the clothes," he answered ardently. "You look prettier in the ones you have on!"

"Prettier than her?"

"No, prettier than you would if you had a sport suit and the rest."

"Oh!" she said, and as Sales noted her disappointment, he threw discretion to the winds.

"No, listen, Athene," he hurried on, drawing her unwillingly into his arms. "Some girls have to have pretty clothes or you'd never look at them at all. But I've known you a long time, and now every time I see you, you look prettier than before. And you're always so good and generous and true. Do you remember the necklace you wore? Well, here it is, Athene. I've been waiting to give it back to you. And you must always keep it—for me."

He drew out the string of antique nuggets and reached up to fasten it about her throat. And then the catastrophe happened. His trembling hands, half tangled in her hair, seemed suddenly of themselves to clutch, and then her soft neck and her tear-stained cheeks were crushed against his own. He kissed her hair, her eyes, her lips, and felt her hot kisses in return. She was sobbing; he was panting; their bodies seemed to cling until, reluctantly, they drew apart.

"What is it?" she asked, but he

could not tell her. It was something tragic, unforeseen, momentous—something that had swept his reason from its throne. He had never kissed Gladys like that, or any other woman. But it must never happen again; his dethroned reason told him that. He must be cold and calculating and firm!

"Never mind," he faltered. "Did you lose your necklace? No, here it is, in my hand. Now put it on yourself—and we must be more careful. And, Athene, will you give me the rod?"

"Oh, it would spoil everything!" she protested feebly. "It would ruin our happiness! Can't you learn to be satisfied without it? There's nothing so precious as love."

"No, I want that rod!" answered Lewis firmly. "Have you got it with you now?"

"Yes, but——"

"Then you must give it to me!" he went on compellingly. "You gave me your word you would."

"Well," she assented and fumbled in her bosom, but she brought away her hand empty. "No," she said, "I must tell you something first. I must tell you about Mr. Brown. He lived in Leadville and was a water witch, too, and he paid to use grandfather's silver rod. They located one mine, and it was very rich——"

"What? Did they find a real mine?" broke in Lewis breathlessly.

"Yes," she answered, though without great enthusiasm. "And then Mr. Brown went crazy. He tried to buy the rod at any price, and at last one day he stole it. They were out together, and Mr. Brown had the rod when he stumbled and fell down a bluff, and when grandfather picked him up, the silver rod was gone and no one could find it anywhere. Of course Mr. Brown claimed that he didn't know where it was, but grandfather began to watch him. And then—well, he caught him out using it one day and

nearly killed him. I won't tell you how, but, oh, it was awful and I've been scared of him ever since! And he's worse than ever now."

"Well, I'll take a chance," replied Sales significantly. But she did not respond to the hint.

"No," she said. "Somehow I seem to feel that I'll lose you if I give it up. You know I'm a mystic. Sometimes we foresee the future, and now it all seems so dark ahead. Yes, black and terrible. I can see you lying dead and Turco smelling of your face!"

"Say, never mind that," broke in Sales unbelievably. "Just leave out the gruesome details. I came to get that rod."

"Don't you love me?" she asked tearfully. "Is it all just a pretense?"

"No," he answered, "but I want the rod, too. I want to locate that lode. I'm never going to be satisfied until I find it. But when I do, I'll quit."

She leaned against the great rock that rose up behind them and looked out into the night.

"Oh," she moaned, "I have such a feeling of responsibility for it all! For you, and for him, and for all our happiness! Will you ever kiss me again?"

"I'm afraid," muttered Sales, but she drew closer to him and laid her worn hand in his.

"Afraid of what?" she questioned softly. "Is there anything else in the world? Isn't love, isn't happiness, the greatest thing, to be held above everything else? Oh, I feel to-night as if I could fly away like the down prayers the Hopis send up to the gods. It's all dark below, and we can't see the sharp rocks and the thorny cactus and brush, but—don't you feel the presence of some one near us? That's the spirit of my mother. She comes when I think of her and when I say her prayer. Before she went away, she took me up on a hill and taught me a prayer to sing; and every time I sang it, no matter



where I was, her spirit would come to me there. I would never be lonely or afraid. But now—since I've met you—she seems far away. I wonder if she saw us then."

"When?" inquired Lewis absently, and she jerked his hand impatiently.

"When we kissed," she breathed and laid her cheek against his, but he put her hastily away.

"No!" he cried hoarsely. "No, please don't do that! And say—I want that rod!"

She drew back, hurt; then rose swiftly to flee, but he caught her by the arm.

"No, none of that!" he said with businesslike directness, and held her until her struggles ceased.

"You hurt me!" she sobbed, and fell limp in his arms, but he drew her to his side and waited.

The sobs became less, then they died away, and she fumbled to release his hands.

"I see it all now," she said, speaking low. "You want the gold for her."

"Well!" he challenged, and then he repented, for he felt the hopeless tragedy of her love.

"No, listen," he went on. "I want the gold rod. After that we'll talk about the rest. I'm a mining man, and my business is to find gold—and so you must give me the rod."

"Do I have to?" she asked.

"You promised!" he reminded her, and once more her hand crept to her bosom.

"Oh, I can't!" she wailed, but he caught her in his arms, and once more their lips met in a kiss. It was a kiss of passion, of command, of surrender; and then his hand went to her bosom. She swayed in his arms and, as he felt the gold rod against her breast, he gently drew it out.

"Now rest," he whispered and drew her close, till her heart beat against his own. "You must be quiet," he

said, "and wait here a little while, and when I come back——"

"Oh, no!" she pleaded. "No, don't go away!"

But he put her gently down.

"Where are you going?" she asked wildly. "No, no! Not down the shaft! Oh, where is the gold rod gone?"

"Never mind," he said briefly. "I'll bring it back. But if I don't——"

"Oh, you must! He'll kill you! He tried to kill Brown, but another man made him stop!"

"Don't talk so loud!" hushed Sales, and slipped the gold rod, still warm from lying against her breast, inside his open shirt. "And don't worry, little one. I'll be back in an hour or so."

"No, let me go with you!" she clamored desperately, but he put aside her hand with a jerk.

"You stay here," he said and hurried off through the night, while she looked after him with a quivering sigh. The gold rod had begun its work.

## CHAPTER XIX.

The horned moon had sunk from sight when Sales found himself on the ridge above the shaft, but, in the pinpoint light of the desert stars, he could make out every boulder and bush. One hand was clutched about the gold rod in his bosom; the other gesticulated wildly at the night. He had got it at last! He had the gold rod in his grip, and no man could deprive him of it now! The mystery of the lost lode would be solved! He would slip down the manway when the men went off shift, locate the vein, and—— But why should he locate that vein? Why use his precious hour or two with the rod to find gold for Bratnomber and Wadsworth and the company? Why not find some gold for himself?

He had schemed a year to achieve that moment of triumph. It behooved him to play his hand well. Below, he could

hear the panting *chuh, chuh* of the engine and the brazen *blap, blap* of the compressor. They were still using the air; the machine drills were still against the breast, biting their way through the barren rock; it would be hours before the miners came off. They must finish their rounds and load their holes, and after that he must wait for the powder fumes to drift up out of the depths. He tiptoed down to the trail and went up closer; then struck a match and looked at his watch. Only ten o'clock! Had he lived through that eternity of passion and betrayal in the scant lapse of half an hour? Had he made love like a libertine, wrested the gold rod from Athene, and escaped, in half an hour? Then life was not measured by time.

A hot blush of shame came over his brow as he thought of his ruthless wooing. How could he go back to her, after what he had done, without cringing like a whipped dog? He closed his mind against the memory of that perfidy, and skulked swiftly off to the north. There lay the lode that he had found with the willow wand. Would it stand the test of the gold rod? Was its pull the pull of gold, or merely of the magnetic, but valueless hematite? He could run there and back and still have time to explore the shaft before he returned the accursed rod to Athene.

He set out at a trot along the winding trails that led to the unstaked country beyond. It was there he had found the greatest attraction to the wand. Why not test it, once for all, and if it proved good, stake out a claim? His breath was coming fast, the hot blood pounding in his brain, when he cleared the company's ground and reached dizzily for the rod. It dipped, here and there, and the strange thrill ran up his arms; but it did not respond like the willow. He hurried on, for the lode extended north for miles and there probably were ore chutes in the vein.

It commonly happened so, even in the best formations. There might be a bonanza yet.

He followed the outcrop for one mile, and two, and still the ground proved barren—but perhaps the gold rod worked less ardently than the willow. For with the willow there was the added attraction of silver, of magnetic iron, and of running water; the gold rod dipped only to gold.

He sighed and halted, looking absently at his watch; then turned and hurried on toward the abandoned North Hills claims. The indications there were much better for gold, and the prospect holes would be an aid at depth. If he found a strong deflection on the surface, he could come back later and test it out, underground. That is, if he still had the rod. As he traveled away from where Athene was waiting, something whispered that he might keep the gold rod. It was of no use to Penhallow, for he was obsessed with tempering copper, and—if he kept the rod, he would not have to face Athene!

It was coming, he knew it—the time when he must answer her and tell her that he was pledged to Gladys; but how could he bear to meet her anguished reproaches and see the love look die in her eyes? It was better to be a thief—or, at least, it was easier. He slowed down to a walk as he came to the first hole and poised the gold rod in his hands. It thrilled and dipped. He paced back and forth along the vein and found where the miners had missed it. The stringer they had followed had led them astray; the main lode lay to the east. But the pull did not satisfy him—it was not like the heavy tug that had been exerted by Penhallow's bag of gold—and he followed on to the deep main shaft. This was a hole that he knew, though he had never been down it, as both the windlass and ladder were gone, and as he drew near,

his heart leaped with hope. The gold rod was tugging in his hands!

He paused, for a curious weakness had come over him, a sense of weariness without adequate cause; then again he went on with the rod. It was pulling now like the tug of some great fish, and at the shaft, it writhed and turned down. He gripped it, astonished, then straightened it up; and once more it bent to the ground. From its upright position in his hands, it swung a full half circle, and the thrill made his arms tremble and burn.

"I've struck it!" he muttered, and looked nervously about him, but the night was star-pointed and still.

He tried the rod again, pacing away from the vein, and the fork slapped back against his breast. Only at the shaft, and a few feet each side of it, did it dip straight down to the ground—and there was the apex of the vein. An ore chute had formed in the half-barren fissure, a zone of impregnation where the heavily mineralized waters had surged up and deposited their gold. Sales could see it in his mind's eye as clearly as if the earth had opened and revealed the secret of its depths.

But why had the prospectors failed? If this great body of ore lay at the bottom of their shaft, why had they left it and abandoned their claim? He could guess the reason for that—they had been poor men, these prospectors, and had dug till their money was gone. The ore had shown gold, but the rock was low grade—too poor to be worked at a profit—and they could not interest capital. It was the history of the whole district, with the exception of the Oro Fino. It, too, was over a chute caused by a crossing of two fissure veins, and its greatest values were found at depth. Very well, then, this must be the same.

The high sense of elation, the surging lilt of excitement, fell away from Sales as he worked, and suddenly his head whirled dizzily and he sat weakly

down on a rock. There was something the matter, some influence that came over him and sapped his iron strength; he had never felt faint before. He waited a few minutes, gazing thoughtfully at the stars, and then took up the rod again. It was necessary to trace out the length of the rich area, and he toiled on until, far out in the brush, his brain reeled and he fell to the ground. It was the pull of the rod, the thrilling through his arms and the powerful tug of the wires—that was the cause of these sudden faints; the gold rod was sapping his strength as a grounded wire exhausts a battery. He laid it down and his nerves became quiet, though the lassitude still remained. Perhaps he had done enough.

Once more, for a minute, he tested the mighty pull about the abandoned hole and then, satisfied at last with the reality of his find, he turned and started for camp. It was a weary way, following the crooked trails up and down over the endless ridges, but at last he heard the engine at the shaft. *Chuh, chuh, chuh, blap! Chuh, chuh, chuh, blap!* Were the miners still using the air? He stopped and held a match to his watch. Four-twenty! It was the middle of the graveyard shift and half the night had passed! The men would not come off now till seven! But seven o'clock was long past sunup; he could not wait till then. And besides, there was Athene, waiting. He sat down to ponder on what he should say to her, for his limbs were very weak, and as his head fell back against the warm stone, he fell into a dreamless sleep. He was awakened by the strident *peet, peet*, of a chipmunk and he leaped up to blink at the sun.

Half an hour later, he came panting up the ridge where he had left Athene the night before, but she had gone and left no sign. He looked about cautiously, half expecting to find her sleeping; but she had gone without

waiting for the rod. It was his, then; he would keep it until he could get down the shaft and feel out the lost vein for Dillon. But somebody might find it if he kept it in his shirt—Penhallow, raving mad; Wadsworth, crazed with jealousy; Athene, demanding back what she had stolen. Perhaps it would be better to hide it. He sat down on the rock where they had lingered beneath the stars, and as he poised the fatal rod, it turned! Strong and sharp, it dipped to the ground where the prints of Athene's moccasins still showed. But how could there be any gold? He dropped to his knees and dug hurriedly into the dirt, and fetched out—Athene's necklace!

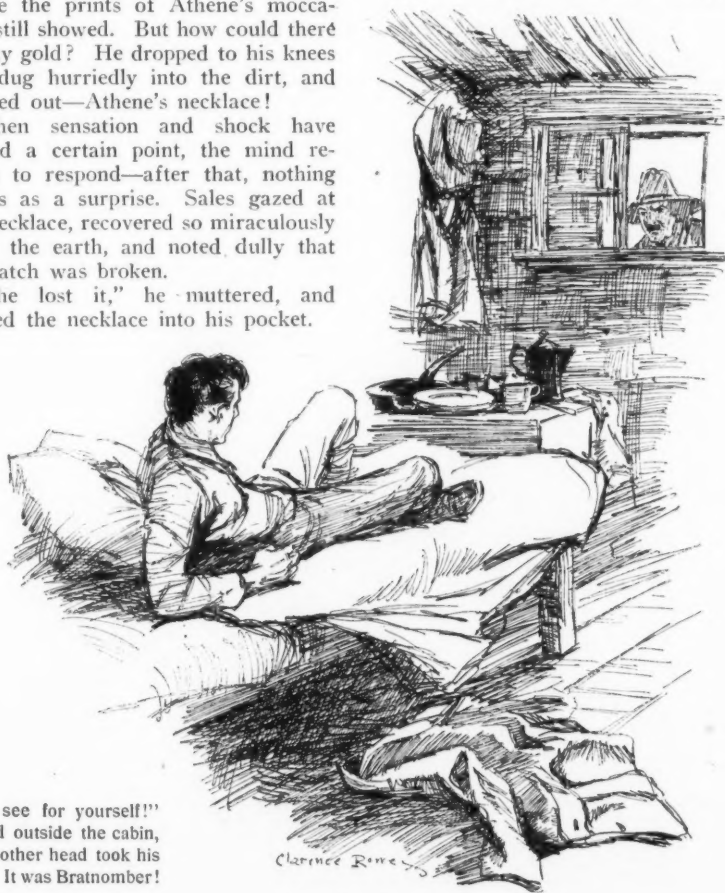
When sensation and shock have passed a certain point, the mind refuses to respond—after that, nothing comes as a surprise. Sales gazed at the necklace, recovered so miraculously from the earth, and noted dully that the catch was broken.

"She lost it," he muttered, and slipped the necklace into his pocket.

But Athene, in a rage, had torn it from her neck and stamped it into the dirt. It was her answer to his kindness, her return for his fair words, her despair at the loss of the gold rod.

## CHAPTER XX.

The desert sun, riding up over the black bulwark of the dome, poured its blazing heat down on Oro Fino. In the battened shack where Sales lay sleeping, the warping boards snapped



"Just see for yourself!" he said outside the cabin, and another head took his place. It was Bratnomber!

and popped as if the feet of unseen enemies were creeping across the floor to seize him. The wind came up and buffeted the frail house, rattling the sliding window in its frame, but still he lay sprawling on his bed. The hot air grew closer and, struggling in his sleep, he tore open the throat of his shirt, careless of the gold rod that lay beneath. Hurried steps came up the trail; there was a knock at the door; and then they ran impatiently away. Sales roused up drowsily and looked out of the window, but whoever it was had gone. That alone proved that it had not been Penhallow.

Sales threw open the window and dropped back on his bed, and once more the heavy sleep came upon him. No dreams—no visions of maidens in distress or of bearded men on the prowl for revenge; it was the dead, drugged sleep of exhaustion. Once more there was the noise of men's boots on the trail, and then a head was thrust in through the window. It was Wadsworth, the superintendent, and at sight of Sales, he snorted and jerked back his face.

"Just see for yourself!" he said outside the cabin, and another head took his place. It was Bratnombler!

"Oho!" he observed as Sales rose up, startled. "So this is how you spend your time!"

"Why—what's the matter?" mumbled Sales, and then, as his intellect returned, he attempted a feeble alibi.

"I've been sick," he explained. "Couldn't sleep all night. My Lord, but it's hot in here!"

"Well, come outside, then!" rasped out Bratnombler. "And be quick about it. I believe you're right, Mr. Wadsworth—he's drunk!"

The last was an aside, but Lewis caught it and swung both feet to the floor. There was something in the wind—started by Wadsworth, of course. Perhaps they had made a strike. For

the past few days, he had hardly gone near the shaft and— He gasped and clutched at the gold rod. It had slipped from his shirt and almost fallen to the floor, and Bratnombler was just outside! He pushed it back and thrust it far down his trouser leg, where it would work down inside his boot; then hastily unfastened the door.

"Come in," he said and threw it open, but Bratnombler stood gazing at him wrathfully.

"Mr. Sales," he shouted in a towering passion, "you may consider yourself discharged! I am informed by Mr. Wadsworth that you have neglected your duty in order to experiment with that witch rod! You may turn your papers over and quit!"

"All right," replied Sales, with a calmness that surprised him. "The job is nothing to me."

"Apparently not!" returned Bratnombler cuttingly. "But if you ever need a recommendation, you will not receive one from me! You have ruined your reputation, and as for this folly about the witch rod—" He paused and choked with spleen. "Come down to the office, sir, as quickly as you can. There's the devil to pay with the directors!"

He whipped off down the trail, and Wadsworth ambled after him, looking back with a leering grin. Sales washed his face, combed out his rumpled hair, and stumbled sullenly after them, still trying to gather his wits. But he had the gold rod in his boot; all the rest was a side issue. The main thing was to keep it to himself.

The spacious office of the company was crowded with men when he stepped in out of the blinding glare, and the only friendly face was Dillon's. He was backed against the wall, behind a lugubrious row of stockholders who had come to hold a financial post-mortem. The Oro Fino at last was bankrupt.

"My assistant, gentlemen," announced Bratnombler briefly. "Mr. Sales, kindly answer any questions."

"I should like to ask, sir," began the president of the company, a nervous little man named Macomber, "your opinion as to the value of our mine."

Sales glanced at Bratnombler, who glared at him forbiddingly, and then at the despondent stockholders.

"Well," he said, "it all depends on one thing—whether or not we can locate that vein."

Several men sprang up at once, shouting questions and accusations, but the president motioned them all to sit down.

"One at a time," he observed. "These gentlemen, Mr. Sales, are an investigating committee of the stockholders, to decide whether we shall abandon our mine; and after some discussion, we have called you in to see what you know about the case. Mr. Wadsworth has suggested—in fact, he has openly charged—that you know more than you will admit about that vein. He claims that you have conspired with a certain Mr. Penhallow to discover its location with a divining rod, and that you have kept your knowledge a secret in order to gain possession of the mine as soon as it is abandoned by us. Will you kindly state if these charges are true?"

He paused, and a hush fell upon the room, as Sales gazed hatefully at Wadsworth.

"Well, all I can say," he said at last, "is that Mr. Wadsworth is mistaken. He came to me several times with a proposition of that nature, but I refused to have anything to do with it."

"What's that?" clamored the stockholders, and Wadsworth rushed forward, but Macomber motioned him back.

"Just a moment!" he commanded. "We want to hear both sides of this, and, Mr. Sales, you don't need to be afraid. Whatever you say will be held

in the strictest confidence. What we want is to find the vein."

"There's nothing to be mysterious about," answered Lewis bluntly. "When this Mr. Penhallow first came to Oro Fino, he persuaded me to try his indicator, which he claimed would point to gold; and ever since that time, he and Wadsworth have been after me with one proposition and another. They wanted me to take their gold rod and go down the shaft and try to locate the vein, but I have consistently refused to do so. That's all I've got to say."

He shut his mouth and looked around grimly, as the stockholders conferred among themselves.

"Do I understand, sir," quavered one, "that this indicator *worked*? Did it really point to the gold?"

"That has nothing to do with the case," returned Sales, and a glance went around the room.

"Well, Mr. Sales," began the president, after a significant silence, "we wish you to be perfectly frank. If you know of any method, such as Mr. Wadsworth has suggested, of locating this lost vein of ore, we would like to have you try it. That's about where we stand, I take it."

A murmur of assent went up from the stockholders, but Sales only shook his head.

"No," he said, "I don't know any such method; and if I did, I wouldn't use it. I'm a mining engineer, and it would ruin my reputation. I won't have a thing to do with it."

He started for the door, but they surged about him and forced him unwillingly back.

"Now listen," announced Macomber. "This is unofficial, of course, but we're willing to give one hundred thousand shares of our treasury stock—which has been selling until very recently around a dollar twelve a share—to the man who will find that lost vein. Our



treasury is empty, so we can't offer cash, but the mere discovery will automatically adjust that, since it will restore the value of the stocks. Would you be willing to consider such a proposition?"

"I object, sir!" thundered Bratnomber, who, up to this time, had stood by with his face set like iron. "I hold a prior claim! Under the terms of my contract——"

"Never mind," broke in Sales. "I won't interfere with you. Go ahead. The proposition doesn't interest me."

Bratnomber stopped short, gazed hard at his former assistant, and then at the disconcerted stockholders.

"Very well," he announced. "I will inspect the workings and come to an early decision. And if the prospects are encouraging," he went on, turning to the president, "I will accept your offer of the shares."

A murmur of astonishment and indignant objection went up as he stalked from the room, but Bratnomber had gained his point. He started up the trail, and as the rest followed after him, he beckoned peremptorily to Sales.

"You must excuse me," he said. "I evidently misjudged you. Now tell me what you've done since I was here."

Sales' heart leaped at the words, but he answered soberly, for he knew that he was still on trial. But he had been loyal to his chief and Bratnomber knew it; it was now only a question of his judgment. He explained briefly the developments—the crosscuts east and west and the presence of the water and the stringers—and Bratnomber responded with a grunt. They strode on in silence, but as they passed Penhallow's camp, Bratnomber broke his frigid reserve.

"What about that indicator?" he demanded abruptly. "Do you think there is anything in it?"

"No," answered Sales, and looked

back over his shoulder to where some stockholders stood staring at the camp.

"Huh!" observed Bratnomber after a minute's rumination, and hurried on to the shaft.

They went down on the bucket, balanced on either side of the rim, and for an hour explored the crooked drifts. Bratnomber looked at each face, examined the walls, and gazed long at the stringers of pay quartz. Then he mounted up on the bucket and gave the signal for the engineer to hoist away. They rose up to the light, and as they stepped off, half blinded, Sales was aware of a babel of voices. Then all was hushed, and from behind the engine house he could hear Penhallow talking.

"Who's that?" demanded Bratnomber, and without waiting for an answer, he strode around the building.

Sitting in the narrow strip of shade along the north side of the house was the committee of investigating stockholders, and standing in the hot sun before them was Penhallow, the gold-rod man. His eyes were blazing, his hair was disheveled, and his long, patriarchal beard wagged fanatically as he talked.

"Yes, gentlemen," he cried, "you are near the vein—very near, and it is wondrous rich! Long ago, if you had taken my advice, you might have been mining out its gold. But it is not too late, even yet. All I ask for myself is ten thousand dollars, to pay me for my years of toil, and I will point the way to the gold. My instrument never fails; it is as simple as the compass, as certain as gravity, and Mr. Wadsworth, there, has seen it work. So has Mr. Dillon and——"

He ran his eyes down the line until suddenly he caught sight of Sales.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, hurrying eagerly toward him. "Here is the very man who worked it!"

He pointed triumphantly to Sales,

while Bratnomber bridled and drew away.

"Mr. Sales, sir," Penhallow entreated, "will you do me a great favor? I want you to demonstrate my gold rod!"

The crowd rose up suddenly and Sales drew back, not knowing what was in Penhallow's mind. Had he gone mad entirely, as his appearance seemed to indicate, or— He caught his breath suddenly as he realized the truth. Penhallow had not yet missed his rod!

"No!" he said curtly. "I told you before, and it's no use asking again. I won't have a thing to do with it!"

"But surely," reasoned Penhallow, as the crowd gathered about them, "you will not deny that it works."

"It works for money," admitted Lewis grudgingly, "but that is different from ore."

"Then try it for money!" cried the whole crowd at once, but once more Sales shook his head.

"No, no!" he protested in an agony of apprehension, as Penhallow whipped out his case. "Say, don't pull that rod on me again! My God, can't I ever get it through your head that I won't have a thing to do with it?"

"But, Mr. Sales, sir—" began Penhallow reassuringly, and then he stopped and clutched at his case. An oath escaped his lips as he tore loose the fastening; he thrust in his hand and started back.

"What's this?" he screamed. "My gold rod is gone! It's been stolen! It's gone from the case! Ah, you, sir!" he cried fiercely, advancing upon Sales. "I know you have stolen it at last!"

He shook his grimy fist in front of Sales' face, but Sales knew better than to flinch.

"I have not," he answered, looking him squarely in the eyes, "and don't you dare to say so!"

"Wadsworth!" shrieked Penhallow,

and started wildly after him, but Wadsworth had ducked behind the house.

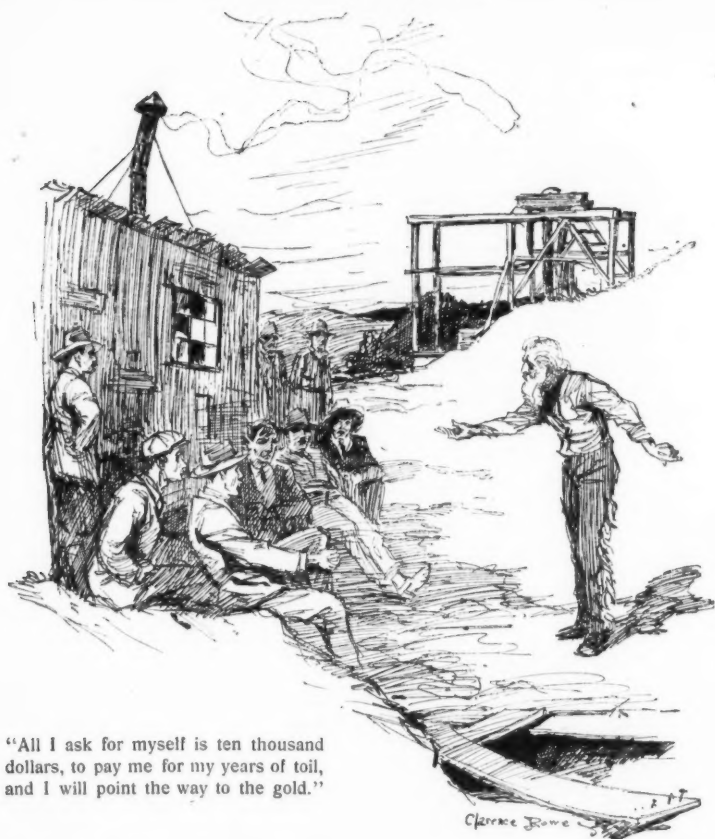
He was a coward, after all, this fat, spineless superintendent, and a tricky devil, to boot. Sales looked after him scornfully as he fled from Penhallow, then halted and tried to explain. All right; it was coming to him; it would teach him a lesson; he was hoist with his own petard.

As Penhallow threatened and besought him, revealing all the details of their dealings and demanding the most preposterous sums, the faces of the committeemen became grim. So their trusted superintendent had been juggling the assayer's account and giving Penhallow credit at the store! And, not satisfied with trying to buy the gold rod, he had come under the charge of stealing it! They drew off together, away from the riot, and finally adjourned to the office. When Wadsworth returned, his books were being audited, and Dillon was in charge of the mine.

## CHAPTER XXI.

In the mad medley of bandied charges, fierce denials, and counter-threats, that filled up the remainder of that day, Lewis Sales felt a swelling sense of power. Where others faltered, he held his head high; when they threatened him, he faced them down; and all the time, inside the leg of his boot, he held the key that would solve it all—the gold rod. It would pacify Penhallow, exonerate Wadsworth, and locate the Oro Fino vein; but what would that get for him? Not even a pleasant look. It was up to him to be cool and calculating, to play the long game and win! That was the way men got on—they thought far ahead, and the one who thought farthest won.

Wadsworth had schemed to get him fired for dabbling with the gold rod, and now he was fired himself. Penhallow had taken advantage of every



"All I ask for myself is ten thousand dollars, to pay me for my years of toil, and I will point the way to the gold."

opportunity, but now the screws were on him.

What thanks, what respect, would Sales get from Bratnomber if he went down and showed him where to dig? He would be discharged again for daring to experiment with the witch rod and be left without money or job. And as for the stockholders' committee, at one moment they raged against him like disappointed children because he would not do business with Penhallow, and the next they turned around and wreaked vengeance on Wadsworth for doing the very same thing. No, it was

a bedlam world, and the only way to beat it was to look out for number one.

The exhilaration of his triumphs had left Sales fairly dizzy as he returned from a final interview with Bratnomber. He had been released from his position as field assistant, with full credit and a good recommendation. He was free now to work for himself. Bratnomber had refused the company's offer and abandoned all claim to the lode, but he had paid Sales his salary up to date. It was the risk he took as a mining expert, and he had pocketed his losses without a word. The next

big retainer, the next lucky strike, and those losses would be made up, and more. And they had parted the best of friends. Even Bratnombler had learned to respect him!

Alone at last, Sales stretched himself on his bed and thought out his future plans. He must hide the gold rod, keep it absolutely out of sight, and wait until Wadsworth was gone. Then, when the excitement had died down and the gold rod was forgotten, he could slip out quietly with it at night. That shaft in the North Hills—ah, there was a bonanza! It pulled like a fighting trout! He must go up there again, after Penhallow was out of the way, and see what was at the bottom of that hole. Then he would locate the claim and get options along the lode before any one knew what was up. If he struck the ore soon—

He squirmed uneasily on his bed; there was something hard underneath him that irked him whichever way he lay. His mind, up in the clouds, returned to the tumbled bed and the lump that ground into his back, and he rose up and felt beneath the covers. Something hard met his hand, something long and heavy; he hauled it out—it was Athene's necklace. Athene! He had forgotten about her. And this was the necklace that she had offered to give him, that he had given back to her. But— He started at the thought and stared at the broken catch; it had been pulled out forcibly.

Had he been so rough, then, when he had wooed her to gain the rod? No, he had been rough enough; but he remembered perfectly that after he had kissed her, he had found it unclasped in his hand. And she had put it on herself, since he could not bear to touch her, for fear— Ah, well, there was something wrong somewhere. It had been trampled in the dirt, stamped into the ground; and he had discovered it, miraculously, with the

gold rod. Could it be that Athene— He saw it suddenly, like a vision that springs from nowhere and yet is more vivid than reality; he saw Athene tearing off the necklace. She had waited for hours, expecting him to come; and then, convinced at last that he had used her for a purpose, she had hurled his gift into the dirt. He smiled, half pityingly, and then he sat silent, gazing absently at the necklace.

Wadsworth, Bratnombler, Penhallow, the committeemen—he nursed some grievance against them all; but Athene had always been his friend. She had trusted him—too far—and now she was undeceived; she knew he had betrayed her childish love. Sales forgot about his mine. He forgot about the shaft, and the rope he must buy to lower himself to the bottom, and the gold rod that was to show him the gold. In every great struggle there is always some innocent who is trampled and left underfoot, but it was hard that Athene should be the one to suffer.

A footstep seemed to fall outside his cabin. Perhaps she had come for the rod! But should he give it to her? Should he keep his promise and endeavor to make amends, or should he hold to his plan? He rose up noiselessly and peeped out of the window, and there in the moonlight stood Dillon. He was gazing up the trail, and at last, as if satisfied, he came lightly to the door.

"Oh, professor!" he called, and as Sales let him in, he carefully closed the door. "Are you afraid of ghosts?" he asked with a grin. "Then so am I, me boy. 'Tis a spooky place, and you may well be frightened. But listen! I've got something to tell ye. Your friend Wadsworth is fired, Miss-ter Bratnombler has quit, and it's up to you and me. I know you, professor; I can read your black heart and I love you like a brother. You're sure to get along, now that we have a *man* for

supe. But here's the p'int. I have an agreement with the committee, signed by every man jack of them, to turn over that treasury stock. It's worth nothing to them, so they've made it two hundred thousand, and it's share and share alike.

"Whist! Not a word, Mr. Sales! I know you're a busy man and there are others busier still. As I came up the trail, I thought I saw some one peeping, but my business is open to all. I wish to employ you as my consulting engineer in regard to the vein we have lost. We have no money, except to buy powder and pay the men to the end of the month, but if you'll kindly go down the hole and point out where we might dig, I'll be glad to pay you in stock. A hundred thousand shares will be yours for the asking on the day that we break through the wall. Is that fair enough? Then good night, Mr. Sales, and I hope our relations will be pleasant."

He winked, mysteriously, yet with leering cunning, and stepped swiftly out of the door. Sales heard him stumbling as he circled rapidly about the cabin, and then he thrust his head in again.

"To-morrow night at twelve," he whispered through the window, "and I'll watch while you go below."

He ducked back swiftly and went crunching down the trail, while Sales gazed after him, stunned. Could it be that Dillon had guessed his secret already, and was hinting at the use of the gold rod? No other interpretation could be placed upon his words, and yet no one else had suspected. No one? Then who was this person that Dillon had seen peeping? Sales buckled on his pistol and stepped out of the door, and for a long time he sat watching the trail. Was it Athene—or Penhallow? Or was it Wadsworth, spying about for a belated revenge? He watched until his nodding gave him

warning to retire, and draw tight the windows and door. So passed away his brief hour of triumph and left him robbed of his sleep.

He was a marked man already; perhaps even his life was at stake. A word to Penhallow, from Wadsworth or any one, and he would come with his rifle in his hand; or, worse than that, he would skulk after Sales silently and shoot him down for the gold rod. The story of Brown, the witch-rod man at Leadville, now filled him with vague alarm. Penhallow had followed after him until he had caught him using the silver rod and then had attempted to kill him. Would he do any less for the gold rod? Sales slipped it under the pillow with his pistol, and fell into a troubled sleep. He had won it, but he was paying the price.

Yet the night passed safely, and none of his lugubrious imaginings happened; and in the morning there was Dillon, grinning.

"Good morning, professor!" he hailed through the window. "Have you heard the latest of Wadsworth? The cowardly dastard, he skipped out in the night and left his trunks to be packed by the Chinaman! But whether it's his books, which, it seems, don't balance, or the fear of that smoke-eating Penhallow, is a secret we'll never know. Get up now, and we'll go to the shaft."

Sales rose up gladly, for something told him that this was the day of all days to act. The envious Wadsworth was gone; Penhallow would be following after him; and the whole camp was torn up with confusion. He must slip down the shaft at once. They hurried to the shaft, where the day shift of miners were awaiting the orders of their new boss. Dillon seemed to sense his anxiety.

"You can lay off to-day, boys," he said to the men, "while the professor finds a new way to dig. Faith, we've

dug east and west, and northeast and northwest, like a badger after a chipmunk. I wonder which way it will be now."

"North, sir," ventured a miner, with a wise look in his eye, and Dillon feigned a scowl of disapproval.

"None of that, Denny, now," he ordered severely. "The professor will do the thinking, and we'll go any way he says. I've a hunch he'll change our luck."

"By grab, we need it!" observed the miner, and went away with the rest.

Sales glanced at Dillon and started nimbly down the ladder, at which Dillon nodded and filled his pipe. At the bottom, Sales looked up and saw him watching; then lit his candle and explored every crosscut and drift. He stood silent at the shaft, listening long for any movement that might indicate the presence of a spy; then he drew out the gold rod from his boot. His hands trembled as he gripped the wires, and as the charm turned writhing toward the north wall, his heart leaped and seemed to stop. That had been the last word of the hard-faced old miner as he had left the collar of the shaft.

Sales held out his candlestick and smoked a cross on the wall, and then went to the end of the east crosscut. The rod pointed northwest to the very same spot, and he smoked another cross on the wall and noted the angle with his compass. In the west crosscut he did the same, and then went out into the drifts and sketched the results in his book.

The lines from the different spots converged at the same point. They had dug on three sides of the vein, but always too far to the south. But was it the lode? Was the vein really there, or were there allowances to make? Did the gold rod point to the ore itself, or did it deviate, as Penhallow had claimed, in answer to laws known only to himself? Only time could tell—

time and flailing at the hard rock and blasting a way through its heart. The rest was in the hands of the men. Sales measured his angles and calculated the distances and then called up to Dillon. He came down like a mine rat, hardly touching the ladder, and Sales led him to the northeast drift.

"Here's the place," he said, stabbing the wall with his candlestick. "I figure it at less than forty feet."

"For-ty feet!" echoed Dillon, cracking his heels for joy. "And do you think there's annything there?"

"I don't know," answered Sales. "Just shoot your way to it. But have them put that stock in escrow."

"Right you are, me boy!" cried Dillon enthusiastically, and clapped him on the shoulder. "Enough said, me dear lad! And now mark this spot with the miner's lucky cross. Give me the angle to follow, and on me word as a hard rock, I'll pull me ten feet a day! But tell me one thing more, now, that's a good lad! Is she big, professor? You know—does it pull, like?"

He poked Sales in the ribs and made a motion with his hands as if restraining the tug of a rod, but Sales thrust out his lip.

"Never mind about that," he answered shortly, and Dillon sighed and touched his hat.

## CHAPTER XXII.

The great game had been played; the master plot had been executed without the least hitch or slip; and still Sales' brain ran on, seething with endless thoughts. They came from nowhere and got him nowhere, but he could not turn them off. It was like some monster flywheel that had been set in motion to achieve an allotted task, and that whirls on and on after the work has been performed and the power turned off at the switch. There was nothing to do now—in fact it was nec-



essary to do nothing in order to escape the jealous eyes of Penhallow—and yet every nerve in the young man's body clamored for action. He wanted to climb, to hike, to dig, to slip down the shaft at night or to prospect the hills by day. But Penhallow would certainly be watching.

There were tracks in the dust outside Sales' cabin that had not been made by Dillon—not hobnailed tracks, but the smooth imprint of moccasins and the trailing paw marks of a dog. Penhallow had been there the night before. He had been there before Dillon, and he had returned after Dillon, stepping by as soft-footed as a wild cat. Was he prowling to get back his gold rod? Sales watched for him that night, for the moon was nearing its full and the rock piles were flooded with light, but the gold-rod man did not come. Perhaps he was watching from a distance, ready to slip out and follow if Sales started off down the trail.

Sales slammed his door and went off down the hill, but no one dogged his footsteps. He lay in hiding until he was satisfied and then went home and to bed. The day came again with its dazzling sun and breathless oven-dry heat, and he went up the trail to the shaft. The road was safer, but by some perversion of logic, he decided to go past Penhallow's camp. His very avoidance of it might excite Penhallow's suspicion; and besides, he must keep track of Athene. She alone knew the secret of the whereabouts of the gold rod, for Dillon had only guessed.

He had watched Sales closely and by some Irish acumen had sensed what the young man was trying to conceal. But Dillon would never tell. The delicate way in which he had consummated their agreement showed him distinctly the tactful diplomat. But Athene—what would she do?

Sales paced past her camp and looked it over intently, but no one stirred, and

the clanging hammer was stilled. He went on to the shaft, where the miners were all excitement over a stringer that showed colors of gold. But they had encountered stringers before. Sales returned past Penhallow's camp, and at last, far up on the hillside, he spied Athene and the hound. She was gathering seeds and cactus pears like some half-starved Indian squaw, but he dared not offer her food. The finding of that necklace, stamped so savagely into the earth, had destroyed his last hope of peace; it would be war to the knife with her now. And if Turco before, when he had followed her to the heights, had left a mark on his hand, it would be death to approach her now.

The sun set, flaming, and as the evening came on, a fierce unrest came over him. He strode down through the town, where the deserted cabins stood vacant and bursting with heat, and then circled and lay watching by his house. If he was being spied upon, he wanted to know it, and to come to a showdown with the spy. No man in the world, not even Penhallow, could watch him and not be called to account; but on this night no man came. On the first night, to be sure, Penhallow had gone by, but perhaps he was hunting for Wadsworth. To-night he might be down in his hole. Yes, down in his kiva, flailing away at his copper and singing that high, sustained chant. He was crazy; who could say what he would or would not do?

Sales went back through the open town, paused, and listened for dogging footsteps, and then crept up the hill that overlooked Penhallow's camp. The uncertainty was maddening; it was better to take a chance and see what was going on. The camp was in darkness, but the rumble of a man's voice came up through the still, hot air. It was Penhallow's voice—reproving, exhorting, threatening, in a steady, ever-changing tirade. His words were lost,

but the tone of his voice registered every turn of his mood. Sales strained his ears, and then, slowly, soundlessly, picked his way down the hill. The half-moon was low now and cast a shadow down the hillside, but the hound heard his steps. He challenged instantly, and, breaking off his monologue, Penhallow raised his voice to a shout.

"Down, Turco!" he raged. "In the name of forty devils, is there a man behind every rock? Shut your mouth, sir, instantly, or I swear——"

He paused, and the thump of a club was followed by a startled yelp.

"Well! Enough, then!" he went on sternly. "I will be obeyed by some one, if it is only my worthless dog. Are you still sulking, Athene? Then take warning from Turco. I will not be balked any longer. To Mexico you shall go, and to Yucatan, unless you restore my lost rod. Come, Athene! This is not like my little girl. You have never stolen before. Now all I ask is the truth. If you have traded it to the storekeeper or sold it to Wadsworth, or to that lying young whipper-snapper, Sales—— What's that? You hate him? You were foolish about him once!"

"I was not!" spoke up Athene, her voice shrill with resentment. "And I never touched your old rod! I hate the sight of it, and if I ever get hold of it——"

"Hush your mouth!" commanded Penhallow, and then, falling back into the old undertone, he went on with his entreaties and threats. The moon sank lower and cast the deep cañon in shadow, and Sales crept silently back over the hill. From the valley below, he could still hear the babblings of crack-brained, crazy Penhallow; but Athene spoke up no more. She was enduring it, then, and, rather than reveal his perfidy, was assuming the blame herself.

Sales felt for the gold rod, which of a sudden seemed to burn him. It had served its purpose; why not return it to Athene and allow her to make her peace? What was there about the accursed thing that should tempt him to steal at such a cost? He gazed up at the stars. Perhaps she was right; he was out of tune with the Infinite. A rush of blood, a quick blush of shame mounted his cheeks as he remembered that night when she had harmonized him with a kiss. But she said she hated him now. He drew out the rod and balanced it in his hand—and then he clutched it close.

It was his key to the world of success. Without it, he was a nobody, a poor engineer, a tool for better men to employ; but with it, he was a wizard, one man in a hundred million, the man who could locate gold! And should he give up, just to save a girl from a scolding, this key to the treasure house of the earth? Should he give up Gladys, sign away all hope of distinction, and condemn himself to mediocrity for life, just to keep his word with Athene? Those other men who had succeeded where he had failed—would they give back the gold rod, in this case? Most assuredly not, if one could judge from their eyes and the deep, hard lines in their faces. There was only one way to the success he sought, and that was to be firm, like Bratnomber. He thrust the rod back inside the leg of his boot and turned away down the hill.

But to succeed, one must act; the great stakes in mining have gone to men who played high—played high to win, never considering what they might lose, never looking for a soft place to drop. Sales rose up at daylight the following morning and went down to the store for some rope. He had his pistol and canteen and enough food for the day. The rope was to lower him down the hole. Let Dillon run the

mine. He had his orders and the stringer was leading him on. The big bet was the North Hills claims. The time to locate them was before a big strike, when the whole country would be staked out for miles—and there was a chance of a strike any time at the mine. If it came at all, it would come with a rush, and every man who was working down the shaft would be out staking before Sales got the word. With miners, it is number one first.

The storekeeper came out sleepily, for it was before the store hours, but when Sales ordered the rope, he woke up. It was straws like this—an order for one hundred feet of rope—that often showed which way the winds of fortune were blowing; and Sales was reported to have a witch rod. He measured off the rope and coiled it up neatly, without daring to ask what it was for. And then he remembered something else.

"I've got some mail for you," he said, playing craftily for an opening. "What's the matter you don't come around now? Are you opening up something good?"

"Well, give it to me," returned Sales, ignoring the question. "And hurry up. I've got to be going."

"Just sign this receipt first," replied the storekeeper officiously. "You've got a registered letter."

Sales signed the slip, and then, pocketing his mail, he strode off up the road, tearing open the letter as he walked. It was from Gladys.

"My dear Mr. Sales," it began quite formally, and he stopped and dropped his rope. What did Gladys mean by that? He read on hastily, his eyes big with unbelief, hardly catching the drift of the words. She had broken their engagement—just because he hadn't written! Didn't she realize how busy he was? It was all for her, all this

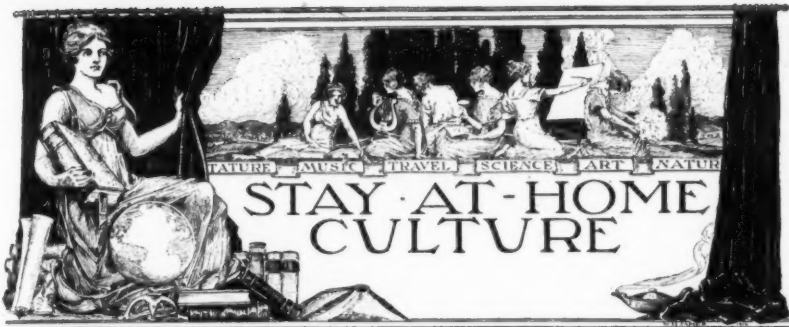
breathless activity, this desperate maneuvering, this fighting the whole world for a stake! And then she blamed him for not answering her letters! But no, it could not be that! There must be somebody else—there must be—and this was by way of an excuse. And yet she must know, if she knew anything at all, that no one could love her as he did. He had sacrificed everything, even his word of honor, for this opportunity to make her rich—and then she had broken the engagement!

He picked up the rope and walked blindly up the road, then stopped and read the letter again. It was unbelievable. No, it was not like Gladys; she would never do that by herself.

I have written you three times without receiving an answer, so I am sending you this letter registered. If I get back your receipt, it will be answer enough. I will know that you no longer love me.

The registered receipt! He started back— But no—the postmaster would not return it. What should he do, then, to win her back, to make up for this terrible mistake? It was plain to him now how it must look to Gladys, his long silence as the weeks had slipped by. He had put every moment of his waking time into scheming to get hold of the gold rod; and, since that moment when he had got it at last, he had been working night and day. But how could he explain—and especially about Athene? He could not even tell Gladys about the gold rod. If Bratnower so much as suspected him of dabbling with the witch rod, he would forbid his daughter to speak to him.

As he hurried on to the north across the broken ridges and the bone-dry, water-washed gulches, a plan began to form in his mind. He must make a clean-up with the gold rod and go back and win her again. His answer lay in the North Hills.



Conducted by D. E. Wheeler

### "Canned" Music as an Art

LIKE the proverbial ugly duckling that turned into a beautiful swan, the phonograph, once despised by the cultured, has become the object of their admiration. Present-day enthusiasts go so far as to assert that not since the invention of printing has there been such a medium created for spreading the gospel of art and beauty. Through it music has taken a big leap ahead of her sister arts in reaching the heart of the people. Mechanical music once seemed a contradiction in terms, a monstrous incongruity, but to-day it is a wonderful reality that has an incalculable influence and that brings delight to rich and poor, old and young.

When one visits friends now, their family album is more likely to be one of phonographic records than of photographs and one rejoices that it is so, even if one is compelled to listen to music that is not exactly to one's taste. The chances are that there will be something well worth attention, for good music has an insidious way of mixing with the bad in these phonographic albums, and the two sides of a record often show a splendid democracy in giving an everlasting classic together

with an ephemeral contemporary composition. In speaking of "bad" music, we do not mean to condemn those compositions that afford pleasure to a multitude, but possess no real worth—as a matter of fact, many of them are clever and captivating—but we wish to distinguish between the diamond and the bit of glittering glass among the gems in the literature of music.

Developing a sound musical taste and appreciation by means of phonographic records is really the chief reason for possessing one of the so-called talking machines. And you can accomplish this almost without effort, provided you are sufficiently interested in the art of music. Take the case of our friend George as an example.

George is a young man on the threshold of life. During his school days, recent enough to be unappreciated, he could not carry a tune, and the singing lessons bored him more than anything else in the curriculum. To add to his distress, his father one day suggested that George learn to play the violin, and offered tempting inducements. George replied that it would be a waste of time and that he would prefer play-

ing football or studying engineering. Later, his mother, undaunted by her husband's defeat, urged George to take piano lessons, but the boy refused to have anything to do with what he dubbed "girlie-girlie stuff."

Two years ago, the father bought a phonograph for Christmas, so that there might be some sort of music in the house. Unexpectedly, George evinced considerable interest in the machine and listened attentively to the various records. Dances and popular songs appealed to him at first. Then it dawned on him that many of the light-opera selections were even more pleasing. Some of the arias from the more familiar grand operas next claimed his ear. Liking these, he was insensibly led to find charm in the higher-class songs. Of course, the orchestral, violin, and piano records came to be preferred accordingly. At the end of a year, George had progressed to the point of declaring that Bach's G string aria for the violin was the finest of all their records in his opinion. He asked his father, then, if he might take up the violin, a request that the elder man was glad to grant. At the present time, two years after the installation of the phonograph, George is an enthusiastic and promising student of the fiddle, attends every recital he can, and squeezes himself in more ways than one to be a standee at the opera.

Such extraordinary musical development may be far from typical, yet we dare say that there are thousands of similar experiences of which we know nothing. We had been inclined to consider his case unique until we heard a middle-aged woman of our acquaintance describe her recent growth in musical discrimination through her phonograph. The machine had been presented to her about six months before. Up to that time, she had liked music merely in a general way and had had a penchant for "lively tunes." But

since the acquisition of the phonograph, she had come to a profound admiration for Beethoven's "Funeral March" and fairly reveled in the "Lamentoso" movement of Tschaikowsky's "Pathétique Symphony." Furthermore, she assured us, she enjoyed listening to these selections as she went about her housework; they lightened her labor and lent romance to her drudgery. Washing the dishes and making the beds to orchestral renditions of Beethoven and Tschaikowsky struck us as the sublime and the ridiculous appropriately associated for once in the course of human events.

Anecdotes aside, our purpose in this little essay is to assist you in choosing your records and, if possible, to indicate how you might make up programs for home or club entertainment and instruction. Obviously, the field is limitless, and you must not expect that we can do much more than serve as a signpost on the road to good music. Songs and dances of the day we will leave to your own preferences. As we said before, many of them are ingenious and pleasing, but they will pass with the season, just as most of the "best sellers" in fiction do, and you must be prepared to tire of them.

To begin with, we will suppose as a working basis for our advice that you would like to have a moderate number of records covering the different departments of music—records of fine music that readily appeal to average intelligence and feeling. We will begin with songs, exclusive of operatic arias, which we will take up later on; also we will not consider the songs every one knows, like "Home, Sweet Home," or include hymns and sacred numbers known from childhood.

First, let us mention those composers who have shown the greatest genius in song writing. These are Schubert, Schumann, Franz Abt, Brahms, Grieg, Tosti, Gounod, Chaminade, MacDowell,

Foster, and Nevin. Others there are, greater, perhaps, in certain instances, but these names are fairly representative in the world of song, and you are not likely to err if you choose their compositions. The following is a list of songs that ought to please eight out of ten persons:

"All Through the Night," an old Welsh air.

"Angel's Serenade," by Braga.

"Ah, Moon of My Delight," by Lehmann.

"Absent," by Metcalf.

"At Parting," by Tosti.

"A Dream," by Bartlett.

"Am Meer," by Schubert.

"Ave Maria," by Bach-Gounod.

"Beauty's Eyes," by Tosti.

"Boat Song," by Ware.

"Cradle Song," by Brahms.

"Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," an old air.

"Elégie," by Massenet.

"Erkling, The," by Schubert.

"For All Eternity," by Mascheroni.

"From the Land of the Sky-blue Water," by Cadman.

"Good-by," by Tosti.

"Hark, Hark, the Lark," by Schubert.

"I Hear You Calling Me," by Marshall.

"Il Bacio," by Arditi.

"Ich liebe dich," by Grieg.

"Ich grolle nicht," by Schumann.

"Lo, Here the Gentle Lark," by Bishop.

"Matinata," by Tosti.

"May Night," by Brahms.

"Mighty Lak' a Rose," by Nevin.

"Morgen" ("Morning"), by Strauss.

"Nina," by Pergolesi.

"Nymphs and Shepherds," by Arne.

"O Sole Mio," Neapolitan folk song.

"Oh, for the Wings of a Dove," by Mendelssohn.

"Parted," by Tosti.

"Rosary, The," by Nevin.

"Sapphic Ode," by Brahms.

"Sing Me to Sleep," by Greene.

"Thy Beaming Eyes," by MacDowell.

"Two Grenadiers, The," by Schumann.

"When the Swallows Homeward Fly," by Abt.

"Who is Sylvia?" by Schubert.

Among grand operas, there are several that seem to please the majority of mankind, and any of the vocal selections from them are almost sure to satisfy the average listener. Here they

are: "Aida," "Carmen," "Faust," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Il Trovatore," "Lohengrin," and "Tannhäuser." Some of the most popular selections from other operas are:

"Barcarolle," from "Tales of Hoffmann."

"Berceuse," from "Jocelyn."

"Casta Diva," from "Norma."

"Cielo e mar," from "Gioconda."

"Connais-tu le pays?" from "Mignon."

"Je suis Titania," from "Mignon."

"Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," from "Samson and Delilah."

"O Paradiso," from "L'Africaine."

"Quartette," from "Rigoletto."

"Rudolph's Narrative," from "Bohème."

"La ci darem la mano," from "Don Giovanni."

"Serenata," from "Don Giovanni."

"Sextette," from "Lucia."

"Una voce poco fa," from "Barber of Seville."

"Un bel di redremo," from "Madama Butterfly."

"Sigmund's Liebeslied," from "Walküre."

"Vissi d'Arte," from "Tosca."

It is difficult to pick out orchestral numbers to please a mixed audience such as our readers must be, but we will attempt it. Perhaps the records given over to the "gems" and "selections" from the various light operas are the surest to hit the mark. So we are reasonably safe in recommending "Pinafore," "The Mikado," "Pirates of Penzance," "The Chimes of Normandy," "Erminie," "Robin Hood," "Babes in Toyland," "The Bohemian Girl," "Martha," and "Maritana." Of miscellaneous compositions we would choose the following for the ordinary musical taste:

"Peer Gynt Suite," by Grieg.

"Intermezzo" from "Jewels of the Madonna," by Wolf-Ferrari.

"Blue Danube Waltz," by Johann Strauss.

"Grand March" from "Aida," by Verdi.

"Adagio" from the "Fourth Symphony," by Beethoven.

"Andante" from the "Fifth Symphony," by Beethoven.

"Largo," from the "New World Symphony," by Dvorák.

"Largo," by Handel.



"Adagio Lamentoso" from the "Pathétique Symphony," by Tschaiakowsky.

"Nutcracker Suite," by Tschaiakowsky.

"Unfinished Symphony," by Schubert.

"Funeral March," by Chopin.

"Polonaise Militaire," by Chopin.

"Magic Fire Scene" from "Walküre," by Wagner.

"Rhine Journey" and "Funeral March" from "Götterdämmerung," by Wagner.

Isolde's "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde," by Wagner.

And from the favorite overtures, a form of music that seems to delight the people in general, we select these: "Poet and Peasant," "William Tell," "Freischütz," "Stradella," "Rienzi," "Zampa," "Tannhäuser," "Oberon," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Roman Carnival," "1812 Overture," "Meistersinger," and "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Without endeavoring to select from the vast literature of the piano, we want to assure interested readers that they will usually be gratified by the pieces bearing the names of Chopin—he is the greatest of all composers for the piano—Liszt, Schumann, Grieg, Beethoven, Schubert, Sinding, Von Weber, Rachmaninoff, and MacDowell.

From the mass of compositions for the violin, we would recommend the following dozen to begin with:

"Träumerei," by Schumann.

"Hungarian Dance in G minor," by Brahms.

"Cavatina," by Raff.

"Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet.

"Minuet in G," by Beethoven.

"Humoresque," by Dvorák.

"Air for the G String," by Bach.

"Aus der Heimat," by Smetana.

"Capriccio Valse, Op. 7," by Wieniawski.

"Le Cygne" ("The Swan"), by Saint-Saëns.

"Meistersinger Preislied," by Wagner.

"Zigeunerweisen, Op. 20," by Sarasate.

In making up your programs for home or club entertainment, it is well to offer a variety, unless you are planning an educational soirée. Open your concert with one of the vigorous overtures, follow this with some symphonic excerpt, then introduce your soloists, and finish up with a merry medley. Educational concerts can be given on the symphony, the development of song, piano music, oratorios, and so forth. In this connection it would be interesting and instructive to read aloud appropriate portions or chapters from standard works on the topics. Thus the book by Goepf, "Symphonies and Their Meaning," would prove invaluable in presenting Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Tschaiakowsky to your listeners. Likewise, the volume by Sir Hubert Parry on "The Evolution of the Art of Music," or that by W. J. Henderson on "How Music Developed," would give you plenty of material for a short talk on any of the branches of the "heavenly maid's" province.

If you desire further information on the subject of these "talks" on music in connection with the phonograph records, we will be happy to serve you to the full extent of our power.



## LOVERS

LIFE and I are very young.

Ah, we love each other so!

Cheek to cheek our song is sung,

Lips on lips we watch time go.

Oh, the laughter lore we know!

Oh, the secrets we have told!

Shall we love each other so,

Life and I, when we are old?

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

# The Better Way

By Kathryn Jarboe

Author of "The Owner," "The Weakest Link," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

**Can you think of a wiser remedy for the divorce  
evil than the plan this young woman put to the test?**

THE Overland Limited left only two passengers at the small station in the high Sierras, one a girl in dark-blue serge, the other a man in gray flannels. Together they had left the city by the Western sea, had crossed the bay on the same boat, had climbed the rolling foothills and the sharp slopes of the Sierras, but neither had been aware of the other's presence. Even now they did not see each other until two gray-liveried footmen approached to receive their various impedimenta of travel. Then each spoke only one word—the other's name:

"Nanette!"

"Geoff!"

Possibly, if it had not been for the proximity of the highly respectable, very respectful footmen, they would not have shaken hands. But under the watchful, liveried eyes, the small hand lay in the big one for just a second. The girl recovered her composure first. As she settled back in the long gray motor, she said—and the quiver in her voice could only have been due to the laughter in her eyes and on her lips:

"It's so good to see you again, Geoff."

He, always a little slower than his companion, murmured unevenly:

"Surely there must be some mistake. Even Célèste couldn't have been so tactless as to ask us—why, to ask us—together—for the same week-end!"

"But why not?" she returned, looking not at him, but up into the tall pines

that climbed the mountain on her side of the road. "She probably doesn't realize that we haven't met before. And—that is the curious part of it—that we haven't met before—in all this year."

"I—I went away immediately." Geoffrey's voice was still uncontrollably husky.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I believe I did hear that you had gone—was it to South Africa?" Voice and manner were adorably careless.

Apparently he ignored both words and manner.

"Of course I won't go on to El Paradiso. You can tell Célèste that I had a telegram calling me back."

"Oh, absurd!" she laughed. "Why do men always think that a telegram will get them out of every disagreeable predicament? And wouldn't it be idiotic for me to walk up onto Célèste's veranda and announce that Geoffrey Brigham, when he saw me, received a telegram calling him home at once? I'm afraid that even I couldn't do that. Surely we can be civil to each other for a couple of days. We don't need to bite and scratch each other, you know. We didn't do that—even in the old days." The break in her voice was uncontrollable, but, in Geoffrey's ears, the words were punctuated only with laughter. "Oh, see," she cried as the car swung round the flank of the mountain, "there is the lake! Was there

ever anything so marvelous, so wonderful?"

They had almost reached the end of the pier before Geoffrey spoke again.

"You're sure—you really think, Nanette, that I'd better go on?"

"Why, of course," she returned. "It's the only thing you can do."

If Geoffrey had hoped for some personal note in her reply, he must have been sorely disappointed, for nothing lighter or more careless than her tone could be imagined.

"We evidently have to cross the lake alone," she added a few moments later. "I suppose the others all came yesterday or on an earlier train, and Céleste couldn't leave them."

Geoffrey's reply to this sounded like the assertion that Céleste was a fool. Possibly the same thought was in the girl's mind, but she ignored his words and her own opinion. It took only a moment to make the transfer from the car to the tiny motor boat that was waiting for them. Courteously enough, he moved one of the wicker chairs as if to place it for her, but she sank down on one of the cushions at the edge of the boat. On the tip of her tongue was the question: "Don't you remember that I always sit here?" But she did not speak it.

They had gone some hundred yards when she asked him if he would not smoke. Mechanically he offered her his cigarette case, and a faint flame of color swept across her cheeks as she said that she did not—care to

smoke. It was the first outward sign of any emotion that she might have felt since they had met, and the man, watching her from under half-lowered lids, found himself wondering why the trivial courtesy should have moved her. She had drawn off her gloves and was dragging her fingers through the water. On the small white hands he saw the great bizarre rings that she had worn when he had first known her. The lines about his mouth grew hard, but it was only in his effort to still the throbbing of his heart, to withhold the words that clamored to be spoken.

Some halfway across the lake they went in absolute silence. Then, without looking at him at all, she said:

"I'm sorry it's so hard, Geoff, and I don't mind how—why—how grouchy



you are when we are alone like this, but I'll have to ask you, when we come in sight of the veranda—why—to try—to act—why—as if you didn't quite loathe me. Céleste wrote me that she was asking some twenty people for the



"The launch is coming now," John Langhorne exclaimed, and there was a joyous rush for the multitude of glasses that lay about on chairs and tables.

opening of El Paradiso, and of course they all know us and——"

"Oh, as you said, I suppose we can be civil to each other for a few days," he interrupted and, again, the silence that might have been of heaven itself settled round about them.

On the veranda of El Paradiso, Célèste Langhorne's country house at Tahoe, she and her guests were drinking tea or its social equivalents.

"I thought you said Nanette Howard

was coming?" one of the girls questioned out of a momentary silence.

"Yes," Célèste drawled, "I did. She's coming this afternoon."

"But why didn't she come, yesterday, with us?" demanded half a dozen voices.

"It—why, it wasn't—I believe it wasn't quite convenient."

With a long white hand, Célèste suppressed an apparent yawn and lifted bored eyes to the nearest of her questioners. Célèste's eyes were blue as the lake she loved, but they were always bored eyes and, almost always, veiled

with heavy lashes that screened her thoughts—or lack of thoughts.

"The launch is coming now," John Langhorne exclaimed, and there was a joyous rush for the multitude of glasses that lay about everywhere on chairs and tables.

"Yes, it's Nanette."

"But who is with her?"

"It looks like——"

"Good heavens! It's Geoffrey Brigham!"

Glasses were dropped and Célèste was besieged by clamor.

"For Heaven's sake, Célèste!"

"Célèste, you've never asked Nanette Howard and Geoffrey Brigham together!"

"Why, why not?" Célèste's question was interrupted by the little yawn that was overapparent now.

"But you can't have forgotten——"

"Don't you remember, Célèste, that they were engaged?"

"Don't you remember how Nanette broke the engagement almost the very day—just the day before the wedding?"

The questions, all the same, though expressed, perhaps, in varying words, were hurled at her. Her eyes were resting on the lake, and this time the little breathless yawn preceded her answer.

"Oh, engaged, yes. But what earthly difference does that make? When most of your friends are divorced from each other and married to some one else—why, it's almost impossible to arrange a house party. Fancy having to consider broken engagements, too!"

"I'll bet five to one that Geoff pretends he has a telegram calling him back to town," interposed one of the men.

"Why do you men always think of that one excuse?" laughed the girl who stood next to him. "Now, I'll bet five to one that Nan says she has a sick headache and takes to her bed. That's what I'd do."

"A sick headache, then, is the feminine equivalent for a telegram," snubbed another of the men.

"Oh, how absurd you all are!" Célèste interrupted. "I dare say they've forgotten that they were ever engaged, by this time. It's almost a year ago, isn't it?"

"And Miss Howard's been engaged to half a dozen men in that time, hasn't she?" demanded a little woman who had motored over from Reno and whose face had flamed for an instant when Célèste had spoken the word "divorce."

Mrs. Langhorne's heavy eyelashes were lifted for a quick instant and, from the sharp tone in which she spoke, it might have been inferred that her habitual, yawning drawl was only an amusing pose.

"Nan Howard has never been engaged except to Geoffrey. She isn't *that* kind of a girl." The word was, perhaps, overemphasized.

"Why did she break the engagement?"

"Did any one ever know?"

"She said"—it was one of Nanette's intimates who offered the explanation—"she said that it was so much simpler than getting a divorce later."

"How perfectly absurd!"

"How idiotic!"

"How like Nan!"

"But you knew why, didn't you, Doctor Brigham?" The hubbub resolved itself into this appeal to Geoffrey Brigham's uncle, who was the rector of the church at which the wedding ceremony was to have been performed.

"Nothing more than the fact," he answered. "Geoffrey telephoned me that the engagement was broken and that he was leaving at once for South Africa. I haven't seen him since."

"I wonder if Nanette has—until today. Oh, the boat's in!"

"For Heaven's sake, Célèste, don't

seat them next to each other at the table!"

"We'll do all we can to help you to keep them apart."

"Too bad you didn't remember, Cèleste."

"We won't let it spoil your party."

And as Cèleste Langhorne and her husband trailed halfway down the steps to the landing pier, there was more than one raised eyebrow, more than two exchanged confidences over Cèleste's thoughtlessness, not to say tactlessness.

The two newcomers were effusively received, and in less than a moment after their arrival at El Paradiso, they were as effectually separated, the one from the other, as even they themselves could have desired—Nanette surrounded by all the girls and most of the men; Geoffrey taken in hand by his host, his uncle, and some two or three of the older men. Had they desired an instant's intercourse, they could not have compassed it, so determined were Cèleste's guests to make up for Cèleste's careless invitations. There was, of course, nothing apparent, nothing obvious, in any of the maneuvering kindnesses; there was no reference made to either of them as to the inconvenience of the other's presence. Only once, when old Doctor Brigham encountered his nephew on the rocks below the house, he laid a caressing hand on the younger man's shoulder.

"It isn't too hard, is it, lad?"

And Geoffrey answered: "It depends on what you call too hard. I knew what I had to face when I came home and I couldn't stay away forever."

Question and answer were equally ambiguous, and might have referred to the greater sorrow or the lesser inconvenience.

To Nanette, herself, the situation

presented apparently no difficulties. Never had she been—in better form, the men said—more fun, the girls claimed. The merriest of them all, she led in every sport, devised some new amusement for any lagging moment. Every man adored her, and the adoration she accepted as her just due. To Geoffrey, watching her, she seemed incomparably more wonderful, more beautiful, more worshipful, than she had been even in the old days. If every man who saw her laid his heart at her feet, was she to blame? If, in the joyous comradeship of her nature, she accepted the homage that was offered her, was it fair to condemn her, fair to ask—to desire—to expect her to renounce the gifts bestowed at her birth?

It was fairly late on Sunday afternoon when Cèleste, having ordered most of her guests off to dress for an early dinner, stopped Geoffrey as he was passing the low chair in which she lounged.

"Have you seen the new boats?" she asked. There was the customary drawling note in her voice, but it seemed to him that, under the dusky lashes, there was a curious light in the depths of the lake-blue eyes. "They're round in the cove, you know—the same old place at the side. Jack rather fancies one or two of them."

"I've been wishing all day that I could go out on the lake for a bit," he answered. "Have I time? Would you mind if I were—why, late—or not here—for dinner?"

"Late?" she queried, and now she yawned very deliberately. "Oh, I dare say dinner won't really be so early." She was looking not at him, but out over the lake.

The obvious, visible way to the cove at the side of the house was down the steps that led to the landing pier and across the garden. The quick way was



through the long drawing-room, across the hall, and out through one of the windows of the breakfast room. In the old days, Geoffrey had always chosen this path and Célèste Langhorne smiled ever so faintly as she saw him enter the house.

At a small table in the breakfast room, Nanette Howard, all alone, was tying up bunches of wild blue forget-me-nots. When Geoffrey saw her there, he would have turned back, but, arguing with himself that he could at least pass her civilly and quickly, he continued on his way. A sudden impulse stopped him, and he asked her if she would not go out with him on the lake for a few moments.

For fragile wild forget-me-nots, the flowers in her fingers seemed most contrary, the knot she would have tied most obdurate, and yet her hesitation lasted only an instant.

"I'd love to, Geoff. Will you wait just a moment?"

She left him and ran up to her room. There she made one slight, one very slight, change in her costume.

Over the line of new boats rocking out from the small stone causeway Geoffrey hesitated, but Nanette hung back where a few canoes were drawn up on the sand. He came back to her and, picking up the one on which her hand rested, carried it down to the water's edge. Not until it was launched, not until they were out almost even with the stone breakwater, did he notice the name painted on the tiny boat, carved deep into the handle of the paddle. A dark flush swept across his face.

"Was it by accident or on purpose, Nanette?" he asked, indicating the name. "Did you purposely choose our own boat?"

"Do accidents of that sort happen, Geoff?" she asked, leaning forward in the narrow seat and dipping her left hand into the water at the side. All

devoid of rings it was, white and bare and virginal. Geoffrey's face went white even as an instant before it had grown dark. All day long he had seen the great red-and-blue stones flashing on her hands. They had been there even when she had held the blue flowers a few short moments before. But her eyes saw none of his varying emotions. They were intent on the water, on the depths below, hundreds of feet down, where the white sand gleamed and glistened as if lighted by the hidden fires of the earth.

The man stopped paddling and leaned forward, not toward her, perhaps, but resting his elbows on his knees.

"Come to think of it, Nanette, it's rather funny that I asked you to come out with me this afternoon." She glanced at him for just an instant and saw the grim smile that tightened his lips, the sort of smile that would depict the humor of his words. Straightway her eyes again sought the glittering sands of the lake's bottom. "You don't mind if I speak of—of things—do you—just once? I—I came up here to Célèste's with a sort of purpose in my mind. I—I intended to come out here—onto the lake— We knew it pretty well in those other days—didn't we?—and I wanted to bury here something—something that I've carried with me every instant—all the time—for—it's almost a year, now, isn't it? But I thought I'd come alone and now—"

The smile broadened into a laugh that held as little humor as the smile itself. He took from his pocket a long, narrow envelope and laid it on her lap. She did not even touch it for an instant, did not look at him at all. Then, slowly, she opened the packet, and there fell into her lap two rings, one set with a sapphire, blue as the lake under a twilight sky, the other plain and round as the eternity it symbols. For a little while they lay there, and if there was



"Would you—will you ever put this one on, Geoff?"

hope in the man's heart, his eyes alone revealed it. His mouth was grim and hard in the grip of an agony almost too great to endure.

"You—you were going to drop them down there on the sands?" she asked.

He made no answer, and after a moment she lifted the sapphire ring and slipped it onto her finger.

"I—I love this ring, Geoff," she said, and after another silence, she held the other out to him. "Would you—will you ever put this one on, Geoff?"

It was only a fragile canoe. The water under them was fathoms deep and would uphold no living human thing. He could only take her hands and hold them fast, but it was all he asked, more than he had ever dared to hope. Lips and eyes could speak and did.

"Will you tell me why, Nanette," he asked after a little interval of silence, "can you tell me why you did it?"

"Yes," she answered simply, "if you will understand. It was because I was so desperately, so horribly afraid that if I married you, I wouldn't live with you—I would divorce you—and I hated—I hate divorce! I loathe it so—the sacrilege of it—the life it means for both—the man and the woman! Don't you remember—don't you know how many of our friends were divorced at that time—were getting divorces for such foolish reasons? And they had all started out just as much in love with each other as we were.

"I had been bridesmaid for nearly all of them. I'd seen the beginning and the quick, quick end of every romance. They'd all told me how the divorces had grown out of such infinitesimal things. You know how you found fault with me for flirting—for letting every man make a fool of himself over me, as you said. You didn't like my smoking. There were—oh,

such heaps of things that you seemed not to like. It didn't any of it matter while we were engaged—we could quarrel and make it up—but I knew that all those little things would grow into big things when we were married, and I knew that I would do just what all the others were doing. I'd know that I could divorce you and I would. That Wednesday morning—it was Wednesday, you know—Eileen Crane came to tell me that she had her decree, and when she kissed me for good-by, she said, 'It's good fun for a little while, Nancy, but just keep in mind every minute that you don't have to stand him a minute longer than you want to. That really ought to be the beginning and end of the modern marriage service.'

"It was so horrible, Geoff, and I—oh, I was panic-stricken! Every marriage I could think of seemed to have only that one end—divorce. I mean the marriages of our own people—the people I belonged to—the people you belonged to—and I knew that I was like them—that you were like them—and the only way to avoid the horror of the divorce—why—was to do what I did."

"But you loved me, Nanette?" He was holding both her hands fast clasped in his.

She answered after a long silence and very slowly.

"The love I had for you, Geoff, then, at that time, was just a pretty toy to play with, a thing to juggle with. I loved you as I said, just now, I loved this ring."

"And now, Nanette?"

"Oh, boy, boy," she cried, "I've learned in all this long year of loving you and longing for you and wondering if you would ever come back to me and—and forgive me—that I can't live without you! It wouldn't have been any use to have learned that after I had divorced you—and I know now—

that if you can forgive me for what I did, for the way I did it—that you would forgive me for anything. If you—marry me now—I know that it will be like this"—she held up the wedding ring—"for all eternity."

He took the ring from her and was about to slip it onto her finger, but she drew back and, with a little rippling laugh that was much at variance with the gravity of the words she had been speaking, slipped the paper from the envelope.

"Is this the license that we got that day? Don't you think—wouldn't it be possible—wouldn't your uncle marry us, now, to-night?"

Fortunately the little cove where the boats were moored was around the corner from the house and well out of sight. But, even so, the first kisses of the reunited lovers were not unduly prolonged.

Doctor Brigham, rector of a church that denies divorce, accepted the girl's explanations, agreed to the man's solicitations, and in the presence of the guests, dressed for a dinner that was, after all, unusually late, the delayed ceremony was performed.

When it was over, Célèste slipped her arm around the bride's waist. Nanette, clasping her, whispered:

"Was there ever anything luckier than your asking us here together?"

"It wasn't all luck," Célèste drawled. "I wanted you to have your chance before any one else saw him."

"You planned it, then?" Nanette drew back.

"Every bit of it from start to finish," Célèste answered. "And you know you were going to spend your honeymoon up at the little lodge on Echo Lake? I had it put in order the other day and"—she bravely suppressed a yawn—"the motor car's at the side door. I'll send your things up to-night."

# Personality

By Doctor Lillian Whitney

Dr. Whitney is always glad to answer all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health, but she cannot undertake to answer letters which fail to inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, or to letters inclosing Canadian stamps. Every week she receives many letters of this sort, in spite of the notice always printed at the end of this department. Sometimes, even, the post office sends notification that letters are being held for her, which careless writers have posted with no stamp. If you have failed to receive a reply to your letter, you may know that it is for one of these three reasons.—EDITORS.

WHICH would you rather possess —personality or beauty?" is a question often put, especially to artists, and of course the answer invariably comes, "Personality, to be sure." Yet personality is beauty in that, from an artist's standpoint, it is *charm* or beauty of the mind, the spirit that suffuses the entire being and gives even to the commonplace an attractiveness that is as rare as it is appealing. That the ordinary person, even the lowly, can be endowed with these qualities which beautify and ennoble has just been exemplified in a recent work by an American painter, who, inspired by the lofty thoughts of his scrub woman, used her for the central figure in a wonderful painting, in which she is shown in all the poverty of her calling and raiment, while above her is revealed, as if in a vision, the beauty of her spirit.

A year or so before the war, a distinguished Frenchman, who was at that time the arbiter of fashion in his own country, was "doing" the United States on an extensive lecture tour. He preached upon the cultivation of those graces of manner, speech, and—notably—dress whereby class is distinguishable from mass. "I may say that beauty, except in cases of extreme youth and exceptional gifts, is simply the result

of a perpetual struggle against ugliness," he said, among other things; but he did not touch upon those qualities of the heart and mind whereby one person wins great popularity, and another, for all his clothes, speech, and manners, is fortunate if his friends tolerate him. These are, of course, extreme words, but the point is that any one can be beautiful by sheer force of endearing qualities, which may be summed up in one word—*personality*.

The world to-day has grown far away from the brocades, laces, perfumes, and fripperies of the last century, just as we no longer have time to spend in such elegances of manner, as, for instance, the low curtsy and kissing the finger tips, exquisite baubles of a more slowly moving era! All the more reason, then, that in our swiftly moving times we should cultivate *consideration for others*, which is the keynote of good breeding and from which rises all beauty of spirit.

To-day, when the mere struggle for existence is fiercer than it has been at any period in hundreds of years, and the individual is lost in the new order of things, which puts the good of the whole above the selfish aggrandizement of one, it behooves us to cultivate beauties of the mind, that we may not only thereby endure life's on-

rushing complexities, but *stand out* above them. This pertains particularly to the gentler sex, for whom it does seem that things grow more complicated each day.

"It is so often the something so difficult to define that we call 'personality' that is the crowning feature of a woman's beauty. Though she may lack in much that the law of beauty demands, the spirit that animates her may make her a greater beauty in the eyes of others than many of her sisters better favored by nature"—so writes a critic in analyzing the paintings of six of the most beautiful women in art. These women were all famous in their time and have become immortalized through the painter's brush. They could not have become so through any other medium, because in each instance the portraiture brings out—in vivid color, in design, in arrangement of lines and forms—those qualities that *made*, say, the dashing Duchess of Devonshire one of the notable figures of her time. Why?

On her death in 1806, the Prince of Wales remarked, "We have lost the best-bred woman in England," while her old friend Charles Fox said, "We have lost the kindest heart in England." It is said that her personal charms were the least part of her beauty. And so of Queen Louise, of Germany, the famous painting of whom by Richter, familiar to every schoolgirl, glorifies the exquisite purity of her mind and the gentle qualities of her heart.

Madame Récamier carried her wonderful charm into old age, because greater and more lasting than feature or form was that personality which, reflected in her face, "rendered it irresistibly lovely from its expression of goodness." What distinguished this delightful Frenchwoman beyond all else was her sympathetic nature, which permitted her to listen to and to enter

whole-heartedly into the cares, sufferings, and difficulties of others; and this it was that endeared her so passionately to her friends and made her the most popular woman in France. Are these qualities, without which mere beauty of feature is "dead perfection, no more"—are these beautiful qualities on the wane? Do we see them exemplified in our womanhood of to-day, or are we characterized by traits that Kipling summed up in his "Female of the Species?" It may seem from many accounts that there are girls of to-day drifting toward the opprobrium with which this poet's stinging pen would slay her!

For in endeavoring to adjust herself to the maelstrom of seething activities through which the world is at present struggling, woman is in danger of neglecting those charms peculiarly her own, by virtue of which she reigns supreme in her particular circle. The concern that the evolution of a certain type of modern girl gives her sisters is fully justified by the specimens that we see about us on every side. We note that this type of girl is not modest; she is not chaste in her idea—how can she be when fashion for the last ten years has made a caricature of her?—she falters in her womanliness as something rather to disparage, and apes the bizarre, because she fears being lost in the general *mêlée* and so assumes a mode of dress and a manner that puts her in the public eye. She believes all this necessary to attract and so blazons her "charms" to all the world, that he who runs may see. She lacks a sense of propriety and decency, purity of thought, reserve. One observes this even in some girls of gentle birth, who seek the highways of life instead of being sought in the byways. Modesty is one of the chief traits of an entrancing femininity which is in danger of becoming a lost attribute, for when a quality is not used it degenerates.

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The "blushing bride" and the "fair maiden flushed with innocence" are creatures of another era; they have faded from our recollection and we meet them only in tales of a past generation. The modern girl knows more than she can wisely assimilate; she is therefore not sanely intelligent or clean-minded. She has not time to cultivate womanly graces; she has not a clear perspective on life. Otherwise she would adjust herself to existing conditions more speedily and make herself secure where she alone can reign supreme—in the heart of man.

She is not clean in habit of thought, for even some very young girls have lost the faculty of blushing. Their emotional centers are played upon from early childhood, so they are quite blasé while yet in their early teens. Nothing surprises them. Modesty is not synonymous with ignorance by any means, but with innocence. Blushing, by the way, arises in one of sensitive nature from a variety of emotions; the play of color upon a delicate young face is greatly admired by men and women of the world, and attests to simplicity, goodness, and sweetness of the mind.

Many mature women of highly strung temperaments complain of an embarrassing reddening of the face as a result of any sudden emotion or sensation; this is due to instability of the



"Yes, I will give up my pleasure for yours!"  
*Unselfishness.*

nerves that control the blood vessels, as all quick color changes are of course produced by variations in the circulation of the blood. The best physiologic tonic for this condition—which in the mature is abnormal—is the cold bath or a rubdown on arising.

On the other hand, in the pale and anæmic, blanching of the face commonly takes the place of blushing. Luckily for her, this anæmic type has not the hardihood to enter the ranks of hybrid modernity! She is the very antithesis of the girl who projects her charmless personality upon an unappreciative audience, but she runs the

danger of living a colorless, undeveloped life, too, because a cultivated spirit springs from *warmth* of the heart and mind. The blood must be in a good condition and all the organs of the body must functionate normally that one may possess the equilibrium so necessary to a balanced life.

The pale and anæmic girl runs to the other extreme and shuns society; bashfulness may amount to a disease, and an extreme shyness or diffidence overshadow every prospect in life. The daughter of an American family that was very much in the public eye for some years is characterized by a personality of this type, and one cannot help but regret the stasis that resulted in so barren a life amid advantages affording such boundless opportunities for development. Parents should take their little ones in hand early in life, in order to guard against the *health* conditions that are really at the roots of the qualities that mar their beautiful mental and spiritual growth.

It is said that the great American defect in feminine beauty is pallor of the complexion. Pallor dependent on bloodlessness requires a life lived in the open—even to open-air sleeping—such foods as make blood speedily by their ready digestion and assimilation, and such gentle exercises as the strength permits. Shyness and diffidence must be met and overcome by cultivating

the social amenities. Children so handicapped should be sent on little social errands, and given duties and responsibilities that lay the foundation for self-reliance; especially should their self-esteem be fostered, for this is the quality they lack most. And thus there will be unfolded, quite unconsciously, that assemblage of qualities—self-respect, tranquillity, and deference—that we call good manners.



"You've dropped your gloves!"  
Thoughtfulness.

These are not always found in the highest social state, although we are wont to confound them with a minute acquaintance with all questions pertaining to etiquette. No, all those matters can be found in any book on social customs, but good manners are *inbred*, and come from the heart. No book on conduct can teach us those qualities of the heart and mind that spring quite spontaneously from kindness, consideration, unselfishness, good-

ness of heart, and the desire to *please*.

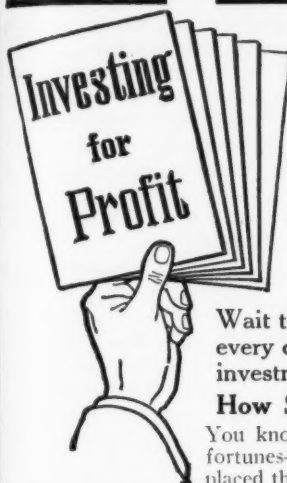
Manners are not dependent upon one's status in life. The girl who earns her own bread is, if anything, in greater need of this valuable asset than the society belle, who too often relies upon her superlative accessories for the realization of her hopes. The average girl has only herself, and from within herself there must emanate those traits that distinguish and that endear.

Most people are interested almost exclusively in themselves; therefore, to

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**LOFTIS**  
1844  
Published 1

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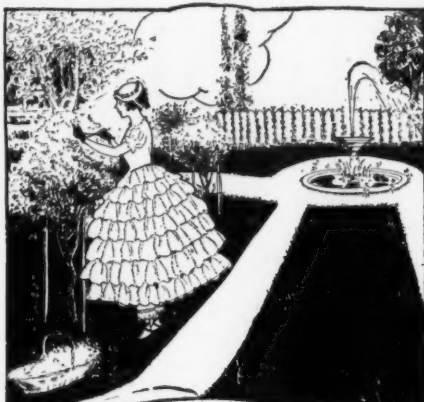
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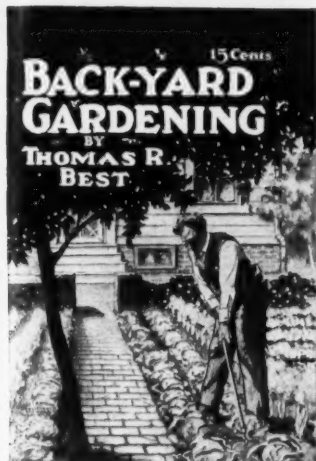


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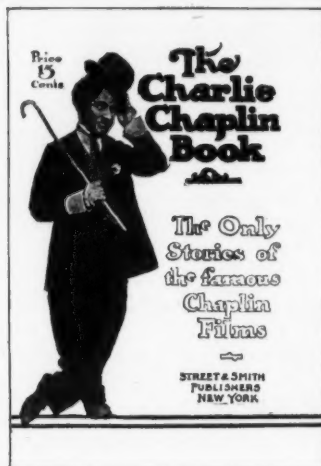
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